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# HOLIDAYS ABROAD;

OR

## Europe from the West.

BY

MRS. KIRKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," ETC.

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# HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

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## CORPUS DOMINI.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.—We have just returned from witnessing the ceremonies of Corpus Domini, one of the most imposing of all the festivals of the Romish Church. It commenced at eight o'clock, and we were fortunate in securing seats in the colonnade of St. Peter's, through the whole length of which it passed, the arc of the semicircle being sheltered from the sun by awnings decorated with wreaths and drapery, while the way was thickly strewn with fine sand intermixed with box and myrtle. All the clergy and religious orders take part in this ceremony, with the cardinals and high functionaries of government; so that we had the best possible opportunity of seeing every variety of official and religious costume. The monks were of nearly all the orders—Dominican, Franciscan, Benedictine, Carmelite, those of St. Vincent de Paul, and others, all marked in some peculiar way, far more picturesque than beautiful. The Franciscans wear the beard at full length, while the top of the head is shaven; some other order a mere ring or crown of hair,

being close shorn above and below this ring. Many have only a small tonsure, perhaps two or three inches in diameter, the hair being left abundant elsewhere: most of the monks were sad, dirty looking fellows, whom all our romance fails to invest with a single grain of interest; but some of the orders looked at least clean, though we sought in vain for any appearance of intelligence in their faces generally. Almost without exception they wore a stolid, sleepy, indifferent look, and in some faces the traces of a dogged superstition were so evident, that we felt they were men as capable of presiding at an *auto da fe* as ever had been their brethren of past centuries. The priests are better looking men, though we were disappointed to find so few marks of intelligence among them. It would seem as if the false position they occupy had extinguished their genius, and made mere machines of them, though it is not to be doubted that some good heads as well as hearts, are to be found under that dull exterior. We have been particularly struck with the gentle and kind manner of some of those who have shown us the churches; but there is a painful difference between their aspect and that of the nuns, in point of cheerfulness. The priests wear a look that cannot be called anything but sad. They have not the appearance of men who are satisfied with their lot in life, or who have found the best consolation for its ills. The nuns, on the contrary, as far as our opportunity for observation has extended, are more cheerful than most women. The blood mantles in their cheeks, their eyes light up easily, they show you their precious things with an evident enthusiasm, and when you ask them if the recluse life is a happy one, they answer with

such warmth and earnestness that it is not possible to doubt their sincerity. Perhaps it may be that women are more naturally satisfied with a round of petty duties; ambition is not the vice of their sex. The care of the poor and the suffering, and the education of youth, fill up their lives, and leave them no leisure for repining. With the priests it is easy to conceive matters may be quite different. Those who have no love of learning and no warmth of devotion, must find many an hour hang heavily, and may perhaps look with bitterness upon other men, who are busily engaged in the exciting affairs of this world. Many of the roads to power and influence once open to the Romish clergy are now closed; few of all these thousands of priests can hope to attain eminence, and their present lacks wholesome stimulus.

At least so say their dull eyes, if we read them aright, and it is only the stolid that we can pass without a feeling of pity. But to return to our festa of Corpus Domini.

All the religious orders were represented, and every monk carried a printed book of psalms, from which he either read aloud or sang, as he walked, while in one hand he bore a trio of flaring wax tapers, some three or four feet long. These tapers were carried by all—young and old, superior and inferior; even the foreign ambassadors, who all wore military uniforms, were not exempt. Now and then came a man with a bell, which he struck at regular intervals; and banners and various emblems were borne aloft by people in quaint dresses, who seemed ready to sink under their burthen. The basilicas or royal churches were represented by great embroidered tents or canopies, under each of which the unfortunate who carried it fairly

tottered. Great numbers of boys in ecclesiastical dresses—pretty little priestlings, as it were, looking far better than the full-blown specimen—marched in the procession, each with his book and candle, but not destitute of eyes for what was going on on either side. Then came the generals of the different orders—the consistory—the curates—the prelates—the cardinals. These last were not in their most showy and picturesque costumes, the long-trained robe of scarlet silk, but in a shorter purple one, while the red hat was borne by a gentleman in waiting. At the approach of these dignitaries an official preceded to see that all hats were doffed, and soon after them came His Holiness himself—borne on men's shoulders, with his eyes shut, looking as much like the Grand Lama of Thibet as possible. His white damask and silver robes were made to enclose a kind of table or reading desk, before which he is supposed to kneel, though in reality he is sitting. The Host is borne before him, and he appears in prayer throughout the whole ceremony. We were sorry to have seen him thus. His appearance was not such as to command the respect we are accustomed to feel for the man in whom his people hope to find the liberator of Italy. "Pio Nono, Liberatore," is placarded on every corner of every Italian town, and his name has been on every lip; but it is hard to connect this enthusiasm with the face and form we saw to-day.

It would not be fair, however, to judge him in point of appearance by the same rules we apply to other men. His costume, attitude, and even countenance, are no doubt all prescribed by law, or custom which is stronger than law; and having been educated to these ceremonies,

and accustomed to regard them as sacred, he falls in with them naturally, quite unconscious that he is looking all the while like anything but a man of sense and spirit. Certainly it would be impossible to see him under more unfavorable circumstances ; and we shall try to think of him as he appears on paper, rather than as the Grand Lama of the procession of to-day.

The people are just now a good deal dissatisfied with him, because of his reluctance to prosecute the war with Austria. He is naturally unwilling to go to the last extent in resistance against the most potent catholic sovereign, and would fain play what is called a prudent part—viz. : a temporizing one, often the least safe of any. There are those who assert that the Pope never did give his assent to the war against Austria ; that he never gave the troops his blessing, nor sanctioned their proceeding beyond the frontier ; but that the people have asserted what they wished should prove true, and put into the Pope's mouth sentiments that he never uttered. That his position between his people mad for liberty, and Austria bent on despotism, is a very difficult and dangerous one is most obvious, but his safety lies in perfect sincerity and candor, which will secure him the friendship of one party or the other, while by temporizing he must lose both. His appearance does not bespeak a soul ready to hazard all for the right.

But in judging a man Napoleon was wont to ask " But what has he done ?" and tried by this test we must yield all honor to Pius IX. His course of life from his youth up has been of marked excellence, and the benefits he



has already conferred upon Italy are enough to entitle him to the most favorable construction.

I was here again constrained to notice the gentleness of an Italian crowd—an air of humanity and sympathy very different from the belligerent tone so apt to prevail where people are crammed together to the general discomfort. I imagined that a highly sensitive and passionate people would flash out fiercely under the inconveniences arising under such circumstances. And there must be some reason why they do not. Is it their education in the love of the beautiful, by the continual presence of works of the highest art? Or is it the teachings of their religion, which holds up always, and with every possible closeness of personal application, the love and pity of Jesus, the tenderness of Mary; leaving out of view the sterner attributes which belong to the God of the Scriptures? Be it what it may, the result is remarkable; and I do not perceive it to be inconsistent with the violence of which the Italian may be guilty under certain powerful excitements. His passion is more vivid, and its manifestations more reckless than is the case with slower natures; but I think to infer from this that he has more devil in his heart is shallow. No one can see much of the Italians without perceiving them to be a most amiable people, with all their faults, which seem to me greatly owing to so many centuries of misgovernment. I cannot but hope God has much good in store for a people whose land he has so highly favored in many respects.

But of the crowd about the procession. The colonnades were furnished with chairs, let out at so much each by certain privileged persons; and it was necessary

to secure these early in order to enjoy a good position. This, however, we had not done, for F. was no better than a stick in such cases, doing nothing but what he was expressly desired to do, which could be but little, since people who have never been in Rome before are ill-fitted for giving orders as to these matters. We were obliged therefore to content ourselves with seats in the third or fourth row back, from which it was difficult to see anything. But as soon as the Italian ladies on the front rows perceived that we were strangers, they insisted upon giving us their places, and took pains to point out and explain what they thought would interest us; and this with an air of simple and hearty kindness very different, I am constrained to think, from anything that English or American ladies would have ventured to exhibit on a similar occasion. English people are cold and exclusive on principle; it is part of their system; an outwork to protect the pride on which they pride themselves. But why Americans, whose theories are so different in essential respects, should ape them in this, passes comprehension. I long for the day when an honorable, humane and dignified simplicity shall mark our national manners as well as our political theory. I cannot help looking upon an American who attempts, through pride, to ignore the existence or slight the claims of all who are not certified to belong to a certain class in society, as an essential humbug. This kind of people among us are always toadies upon occasion, but very haughty and exclusive among people they do not know.

After the procession had passed, we went into the church, to see the conclusion of the show, but there was

a great crowd about the Tribune, and we saw but little—perhaps because there was little to see. The Pope was apparently as weary as ourselves and soon retired.

There was mass performing—I think on some funeral occasion—in the beautiful chapel of St. Sacrament, and as we were passing out of the church, the spectacle of numbers of kneeling worshippers attracted us for the moment. We remained there a little while, looking principally at the grand bronze monument of Sixtus IV. which I think one of the most exquisite things of the kind that I have seen. Whether some of the kneeling penitents around me chose this opportunity of stealing the large black lace veil which I had worn while witnessing the ceremonies at the high altar, or whether, as is more likely, it slipped from my shoulders where I had placed it on resuming my bonnet, I shall never know. But I lost it, vexationously; and after having given some trouble in attempting to find it, concluded to be glad it was gone, since there is always one thing less to take care of. A veil that costs a dollar would answer every purpose and then one could lose it without feeling vexed.

There is nothing so tiresome as gazing at processions, and we were glad to go to sleep before dinner, after witnessing that of Corpus Domini. After dinner we set out again, with a modicum of new strength; drove to the Pyramid of Caius Cestius; could not find the *custode*, and so could not get in. We had reserved the English burial-ground, which is close by, as the object of deepest interest; and congratulated ourselves that we had such a blessedly beautiful hour for standing in the sacred place. What was our vexation, then, to find that the *custode* of

that locked and moated enclosure was missing, too ! No entrance for us, and we stood blank and half-angry at the disappointment.

These festa days are very well while you are looking at their shows, but they put everything else out of the way. No *custode* can be found ; the post-office is closed, and the Vatican, even the painters' and sculptors' studios. The stranger in Rome is ready to count the festa days lost time, though in truth there is always plenty to see and to do.

How difficult and how arrogant we become by indulgence ! Any one of these delightful Rome days would have filled us with enchantment only a little while ago, and I am grumbling because we cannot have everything ! And at home one is always scolding because there are no festa days.

Rome wears an air of absolute leisure on these days, and there are so many of them that it is difficult to imagine when the work is done the proofs of which we see everywhere. People go about in full dress from early morning until bed-time ; every woman with a silk apron, at least, and multitudes in silk dresses, of the richest kind and gayest colors ; the unfailing coral necklace about the throat, the equally constant long earrings, and braided locks, through which passes a glittering dagger or a long silver bodkin. No one seems to be thinking of trade, but the market people and stall-keepers ; unless we add the beggars, who practice theirs with double spirit on festa days. At such times what swarms of priests, monks, and friars, of all colors !

After our disappointment at the pyramid and the cem-

tery, we came back to the Café Nazari for an ice, and then walked down the Corso to the Piazza del Popolo, where we sat for some time on the brim of the great central fountain, looking about in tranquil pleasure at the beautiful area; the flowery and sculptured Pincian; the fine old Gate; the rich western sky, the speaking obelisk; the softly falling water. There is hardly a lovelier spot in Rome.

FRIDAY 23.—We set off early to day, wishing to hear the nuns and their pupils sing, at the Church of Trinitá dei Monti, but they sang not, this day. So we contented ourselves with looking at the great picture of Daniel de Volterra, a Descent from the Cross, which has been placed among the first in the world. It is indeed life-like and death-like; full of power and pathos. There is also in this church a portrait of Michael Angelo.

The ascent from the Piazza di Spagna to this church, by an immense flight of steps, built of travertine, is perhaps the most familiar thing in Rome to the traveller. In the Piazza are almost all the shops he can want; on this famous staircase sit some of the most famous of all the beggars and all the models; and by it you ascend not only to the Church of the Trinitá, but to the Pincian, the French Academy of Sculpture, and many other desirable points.

We went to the French Academy, by a lovely garden, where I would gladly have lingered instead of seeing the statuary, especially after I had seen it and found nothing very remarkable. Most of the casts are copies of well-known statues. But the garden is peculiarly charming, full of shade and flowers, rich green hedges and pretty

fountains; and the view from this high point is magnificent. Thence to Torlonia's—a banking house in a palace; fine statuary in the cortile, and plenty of fountains, making the music sweetest to the ear in a hot day like this. The arched corridors were enclosed from the sun, by immense curtains of thick striped cloth, which shaded the lower rooms where the banking is done; and within this corridor were marble seats and statues, beautiful to behold, but very odd for a place of business, though I do not know why they should be so.

From Torlonia's to the Baths of Titus—what a contrast! To-day—and a past which almost leaves the thoughts behind it,—brought so close together; this is Rome indeed. The villa of Mæcenas, the Golden House of Nero, the grand Thermæ of the conqueror of Jerusalem—all belong to this single site, if single be a term to apply to so extensive a labyrinth of foundations. Among these was found the immortal group of the Laocoon, disclosed during the reign of Leo X.; and in certain portions may still be seen the remains of paintings, —representations of birds and flowers, and far more beautiful arabesques. The blue is the brightest and best preserved of all the colors. Nothing looks so real about the whole thing as the remains of the stair-cases. They seem to speak directly and unmistakably of human occupation; while the vast extent of the chambers and corridors, their being partly under ground, and their lack of windows, give one a vague impression that they never had any real use. It seems so strange to see pictures and mosaics where you not only now need torch-light, but where there has evidently been no provision for daylight except doors, even

before the rooms were covered in by the accumulation of earth in the course of spoil and Time.

I had expected, as I suppose many or most new travelers do, to find much of elegance and grandeur in all the Roman ruins. Those of which we have pictures preserve so much of their original nobleness, that we hardly desire to have seen them perfect; the Single Column; the Three Columns in the Forum; the arches of Titus, Constantine and Severus; the Colosseum; the Temple of Vesta, and above all, the Pantheon, are of this class. But the ruins of the Baths, of the palace of the Cæsars, and many others that I need not particularize—most of the ancient ruins, in short,—being entirely of brick, stript of their marble covering, of their columns, of their very shape,—require to be introduced to the beholder by name, in order to command any respect at all. They are not in their appearance at all more dignified than the tottering walls and stacks of chimneys left standing after a great fire. When one knows what they have been, and still more after exploring their vast extent, and seeing specimens of their rich decorations and of their still richer contents, it is easy to invest them with their true dignity, and to use them as materials for re-constructing in the imagination the magnificence which they once characterized. Without leisure for close examination, however, there is little to tempt the transient visitor to use many of his precious Roman hours in walking over them.

As I looked upon the Palace of the Cæsars, now the most shapeless and graceless mass of ruins in all Rome, I could not but think all this, unsentimental as it is; and I was not sorry when we were obliged to leave it without en-

tering, an account of the custode's absence. I think it was vacation with all the custodes, who had probably taken the opportunity of the emptiness of Rome to visit their distant relations. Where we found any body to open a door for us, it was generally a slip-shod woman or some extempore person, who hardly knew what to do with us, and sometimes left half unshown. All the better, for we saw more than enough; though our greed would fain have asked for more.

Rome has its cockney shows, too. We went, after our vain attempt to get into the palace, to a certain villa on the same hill—the Palatine—where we waited twenty-five minutes in the shadow of a high wall—Francisco trembling all the while lest his horses should get a sun-stroke—for the hour of admission to arrive. At last the gates were opened, and we gained solemn admission into a showy but neglected garden, in the midst of which stood the “casino” or country-house of an English proprietor—once belonging to the Spada family, and further back, to the imperial residence, as the subterranean chambers are supposed to testify. The house itself, which was under the hands of carpenters, is a common looking paste-board affair, but the view from the summer-house in the garden is unsurpassable.

We had begun the day with the Church Santa Trinitá, and afterwards visited the French Academy of Sculpture, Torlonia's, the Baths of Titus, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Villa Palatina; perhaps the reader will think these enough for one morning, but that is not the way that people work in Rome when their hours are numbered. We had still to go to the Capitol before dinner.



This may be called the heart of ancient Rome, although the present magnificent aspect of the square is due to Michael Angelo. We approach from the street below, by one of those beautiful graded ascents which I have never seen elsewhere—called *cordoni*—a union of the inclined plane and the stairs,—each step being but two or three inches high at the edge, which is rounded, while the broad surface slopes gently upward to the next step. At the foot of this elegant access are two colossal lionesses; and at the top the celebrated twin statues of Castor and Pollux, standing by their horses. In the centre of the square is the statue of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze, the only ancient equestrian statue in bronze extant, and the finest in the world.

The square thus beautified—and I have but indicated a few of the more conspicuous ornaments—is formed on three sides by buildings designed by Michael Angelo. They are all used for state purposes. The central one is the palace of the Senator of Rome, (just now a most curious person—extremely aged, but painted, wigged, and made up in every way, so that he looks like some superannuated actor in costume for the lover's part;) the others the palace of the Conservatori, and the Capitoline Museum.

In the Conservatori is a statue—the statue—of Julius Cæsar,—who can look upon it without a glow of recognition? Its majesty is that of mind, for there is many a finer physique. Yet Michael Angelo would have rejoiced in such a subject for his chisel. But the notion of statutory portraits of the great of old is a little chilled by the dispute long pending as to the intent of a colossal head not far from this life-like presentation of Julius Cæsar—

some antiquaries calling it Commodus, some Nero, and late authorities Apollo!

The Protomoteca—eight rooms full of busts of glorious moderns, deserves more time than we could give it. Some of these are by Canova, very many of them at his cost, for there seems to have been nothing too much for his desire to secure to his country the possession of all the glory to which she is entitled; and his appreciation of merit in others is unbounded. But the Capitol is one of the hopeless subjects in Rome—one's pen refuses to begin where the multiplicity is such as to render any attempt to describe ridiculous. One cannot even single out the striking points, or mention the most exquisite things. We rushed through the halls with a sort of frantic eagerness, giving but a glance at the Bronze Wolf—"Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart"—about which volumes have been written; at the Boy extracting a thorn, which we expected to find in marble, but which is in bronze; at a thousand statues each one of which would have detained us long if we had seen it singly—to the Dying Gladiator, which the learned decide to be no gladiator but a dying Gaul, described by Pliny as "a wounded man dying, who perfectly expressed how much life was left in him." The *prestige* with which we approach this work has perhaps less to do with the feelings it excites than usual. The expression of the figure is one with which every heart instantly sympathizes, and the art of the sculptor makes us forget that marble men cannot suffer. The "Dacian mother" and the "young barbarians," come too—beautiful shadows, to help our pity. How the mind exults in such union and mutual

aid of the arts! It is by such union that they fulfill their divine mission, calling us out of ourselves, and making room in our hearts for whatever concerns humanity.

The pictures in the Capitol are not particularly valuable, in the estimation of connoisseurs, but the imagination finds much in their subjects and sentiment. The Holy Family, of which one gets fairly weary at Florence, is not so incessantly repeated here; so that one is at least spared the sight of the Virgin now in the shape of a chubby chambermaid, now of a girl of fifteen, now of a very common-place tradesman's wife, now of a skinny old woman. I think if a general conflagration of all the Holy Families were proposed, I should be disposed to snatch from the flames few beside those of Raphael, Guido, Carlo Dolce and Andrea del Sarto, the latter of whom has made some of the sweetest and holiest embodiments of the heart's ideal of this emblem of purity and tenderness.

The Hall of the Vase contains, among a throng of the most beautiful and classically sacred objects, the celebrated mosaic of Pliny's Doves, which we have all pinned our collars with, in little, without thinking that the original was two feet square. The great Saloon, the Hall of the Faun, every room, in short, has something rich and rare, full of food for thought.

One Roman morning thus disposed of, we went home to dine and rest. After dinner we went to a mosaic factory, where we saw that wonderful art in all its stages, and were shown by the enthusiastic proprietor whatever could interest us as to design or execution. In particular the plan of a table which he was executing for the Em-

peror of Russia, and on which he had allowed his fine imagination full scope. On four opposite compartments Rome was represented in different and distinct phases of her history, or stages of her progress—the design being made sufficiently obvious to the delicate and poetical observer by the introduction of significant circumstances and well-chosen emblems. The centre, which was in all the glory of light, typified the artist's ideal of Rome's triumphant eminence, while it formed a beautiful finish to the table, the whole of which was so arranged that the beauty of particulars was made subservient to general effect; flowers, representations of statues, and exquisite arabesques filling up all spare spaces. This work is to occupy several years. An examination with a strong magnifier is necessary in order to a just appreciation of the finest Roman mosaics, of which we saw many at this repository, where one of our party was over-tempted by a bracelet, of which the ground was transparent.

From the mosaics to the Borghese Gardens, where we drove in and out of the fine avenues of ilex, cedar and chestnut; met multitudes of Roman *élite*—who keep at home while the city is crowded with foreigners, but indemnify themselves now by a daily drive; stopped to admire the front of the Villa, and again to drink at one of the fountains; then back to the Pincian, where we lingered until the sunset left St. Peter's darkly swelling against a gold and crimson back-ground; and after all, to the Café for an ice, where we sat awhile and chatted with some pleasant Americans. And so ended a traveller's day in Rome. Need we wonder that one grows thin here?

SATURDAY, 24.—How good is a night's sleep! Spite of ever-trickling fountains, which suggest the idea of weeping, and make one's nights sad, here—and of serenades which keep one awake, yesterday's fatigue secured good repose, and we felt ready to set out again this morning, beginning at a quarter before six o'clock with a walk up the Corso to the Forum, the Capitol, and all that clustered centre of interest, which can never tire or even satisfy the eye with gazing, or the mind with thinking. Home to breakfast in an hour; thence at half past eight to St. Peter's to hear high mass. There was a *fonction*, as F. says, at St. John Lateran; but I preferred remaining to become better acquainted with St. Peter's, where I walked about for some three hours, it being too cold to sit down long without danger, though the weather out of doors was burning.

Perhaps no one ever looks for the first time upon the interior of St. Peter's, without asking himself whether he is not a little disappointed in the immediate impression. He may be able at once to conceive the vastness of the building; he may feel its elegance and all the harmony and perfection of its details, but a sense of deficiency may still strike him, for which it is difficult at first to account. This is the experience of many travellers, and I must acknowledge it to be my own. At first it seemed a sort of blank—as if the area were too vast for any accessories, however magnificent. The shadows were too few and too sharp; the sculptures stood out in a sort of cutting prominence, and the gilding of the roof looked new and vulgar. Many hours study of the general effect convinced me that this lack is of stained glass, to soften and harmonize the

splendors of the whole. The windows are plain and even ugly; so that even as objects to look upon and necessarily included in a general view, they offend the eye, while in their office they admit cross light and too much of it. The nave and transepts are too light; even the mosaics which engage our attention would be seen to better advantage in a softer light. The effect of the immense size of the church and everything in it, is half lost in the glare, at least such is the effect under the burning sun of June. Perhaps being so much more frequently visited in winter, St. Peter's may not have struck others as it has struck me. We are told that Roman winters are rainy, and yet travellers choose that season for a sight of it. To us the month of June in Rome is full of pleasures, and we are assured that those who reside here agree with us in thinking this a far more favorable time for visiting the city than the winter. But it is quite possible they may see St. Peter's to better advantage under cloudy skies. Yet when we remember the stained glass in the Duomo at Pisa, that at Florence, and even at many a little country town of France and Italy, we cannot but wish that the greatest and most beautiful of all churches had this crowning charm, to make a summer sun welcome. If windows painted in gorgeous designs be deemed inconsistent with the architecture, windows with merely colored panes might be used.

The temperature of St. Peter's is said to be always the same. At this season it is uncomfortably cold, so that one wants a good shawl and thick shoes, if intending to remain longer than a few minutes. There is a sharp, cold wind blowing out of the church, and the hotter the

weather out of doors the keener and stronger is this wind ; so that when the thermometer is at 90° in the shade, one will almost be lifted out of the door by the rush of air. This fact helps to bring home to the imagination the vast size of the edifice. But who shall tell of the magnificence of the whole—of the wealth of sculpture—the masses of mosaic, the incredible amount of rich marbles, which fill the eye on every side, without any cumbrousness or extravagance or the least appearance of mere expense for expense's sake, observable in so many churches. A hundred marble cherubs, each larger than a man, placed in pairs upon the pillars, are mere harmonious decorations. They pass unobserved until we begin to examine the church in detail. Those which support the vases for holy water on each side the church are often noticed. They are fine babies, and when you find by measurement that their heads are four times as large as your own, you are aided in drawing conclusions as to the size of the building which thus diminishes them. A glance across the marble pavement from the high altar to the door, gives an idea of only a moderate walk ; but when you see that a regiment of soldiers has entered without materially diminishing the apparent distance, you begin to remember that the church is 600 feet long.

One would almost expect that the officiating priests would walk with a prouder step in such a basilica, and perhaps they do, but they are so infinitely small in proportion, that they really have an insignificant look, although they are elsewhere quite imposing in their appearance. Even the Pope, who is certainly in his way one of the finest looking men in Italy, makes only one little puppet more,

as he moves about the high altar, seemingly intent upon doing nothing. As one looks from this part of the church, it is amusing to note the stream of people entering the central door, and their regular divergence towards the old bronze statue called St. Peter, exalted high on the right side, about half way up. At the foot of this uncouth image—the striking exception to the perfection of beauty observable everywhere else—every body stops—not old women and silly girls only, but stalwart men—officers in full dress, plumed and spurred; ladies attended by couriers in uniform; and now and then, though not often, an ecclesiastic—to kiss the toe of the black deformity and rub the forehead on the same spot—first carefully wiping off the kiss of the last worshipper. This is one of the most disgusting ceremonies we have observed. It is abject superstition unveiled, and superstition needs rich drapery to make her tolerable. On fête days this image is robed as splendidly as the Pope, but the worn toes are still left carefully exposed to the devotions of the faithful, and the black face of the statue looks by contrast like that of some hideous mummy.

One would never have done recalling the idea of St. Peter's. It is so surprising, so complicated, so full, so satisfying to the longing for beauty, that it is natural to talk much about it, forgetting that it is quite possible to do so without conveying any distinct idea to those who have never seen it. It is not so much the beauty of the separate parts, as the wonderful perfection of the whole, that impresses the mind after each fresh examination. Immense as it is, its finish is equal to that of a jewel made to hang to your watch—an image which suggests



itself spontaneously as you view the building in the light of the setting sun from the distant heights of Monte Mario, and still more when you look upon it from the Pincian, when every outline is marked by rows of lamps which turn the whole into burning gold. And in the interior, from the zenith of the dome to the floor of the subterranean chapel, and the long passages which lead to the Sacristy, and the porch with its equestrian termini—everything seems not so much independently beautiful, as an indispensable part of a perfect whole.

The harmonious and satisfying beauty of the oval domes of the side-chapels attracted me particularly, and the glare from an unshaded window being painful as I gazed upward, I softly put up my sun-shade, that I might study the mosaics—the retiredness of the spot and the immensity of the space making it a natural movement. This was quickly espied by an official, who said that a parasol could not be allowed in the house of God! I have been told that women who are properly under the church's wing dare not show themselves in the church in bonnets, and after this was mentioned I observed for myself that no Catholic woman ever appeared there in one. Yet in the same place are abundance of figures not a whit more ecclesiastical in their appearance than those in the galleries—figures that would not be suffered in any church, and hardly in any drawing-room, in the United States—so different is people's estimate of sanctity and the proprieties.

I walked about the church until I was ready to faint—for Catholic devotion provides few seats—paced the floor from the door to the baldacchino and to the chair of St.

Peter, more than once, in order to possess myself with some adequate conception and memory of what "six hundred feet" means when applied to the length of a church; paused before every tomb, and particularly before that which is hallowed by the beauty of Canova's "Genius of Death;" found a seat in front of the mosaic of the Transfiguration, and sat long transfixed and learning by heart its surpassing merits. Then I threaded the beautiful passages that lead to the sacristies, and walked across the porch or vestibule from side to side, admiring the perspective, and stopping long to study the ancient mosaic over the entrance—the Navicella, or ship of St. Peter, with the apostle walking on the water to his Master. The vigor and truth of this picture justify all that connoisseurs say of the originality and power of Giotto, to whom Italian art is indebted for the first examples of the merit of expression. Then I passed through the whole length of both the colonnades, and looked up the grand staircase of Bernini, in the Vatican, made by what may be called an architectural trick, to appear grander and longer than it really is. And so I spent three hours, at the end of which, thoroughly weary in body and mind, I happened upon F., who was in a terrible fume, and disposed to be very saucy, because he and Francisco had been waiting some time with the carriage, not finding me readily!

After dinner we visited several churches, drove in the Borghese gardens and on the Pincian,—a pleasure that never wearies us, though it steals part of our time from sight-seeing—then to the Café, and so home, too much fatigued to enjoy even a friendly visit, which awaited us.

Sunday morning to Santa Trinitá—but too late for mass and music; thence by the Porta del Popolo to the English chapel, an upper room, fitted up comfortably, and with truly English neatness, but not very well filled. There were about forty persons present, whom I supposed to be mostly English residents, for there are no English travellers here now. Mr. Hutchinson, who has officiated here for twelve years, is an amiable looking person, with pleasant voice and manner; and he gave us a very good sermon, but we suffered horribly from the heat, not a window being allowed to open, because of the clergyman's fear of malaria, as we were told. This was a case in which I should have thought F's. notions of "un vrai purgatoire" no exaggeration. The stillness, the stiffness, the heat, made me think of "a party in a parlor"—in spite of the preacher's mildness.

These associations gave place to others of an opposite character when we found ourselves in Overbeck's studio, in presence of the saintly artist, and of some of the creations of his devout soul. A series of scriptural designs, which he is making for Germany, interested us most, but the style which pleases in Perugino is with difficulty appreciated in a modern artist. Religion seems made too much the enemy of nature—at least so I construe the paring down of all that is free and flowing in outline for the sake of adhering to the type of early art. I grant the sacred and beautiful associations which belong to it; I venerate the piety which produces it, but I cannot but feel it to be contradictory to the spirit of the age, of which Art should be in a certain sense the exponent. Sculpture deals with actualities, and is limited in a great meas-

sure to them ; Painting has a soul beyond what is pictured ; a general and interior sense, which makes itself felt without any appeal to particulars ; but to produce this, the artist's conceptions must be spontaneous, and unfettered by any such servility to the thoughts of others, and to the spirit of any past age, as shall forbid the free expansion of his own genius. There was a time when religious painters, under some strange delusion, felt it their duty to represent the Saviour of the world as the ugliest of men ; and in the ninth century, another form of fanaticism burnt a monk for venturing to paint sacred subjects at all. Long afterwards, piety induced the painting of angels in ecclesiastical habits, and without limbs—finishing “*in aria*,” as says Vasari, that is to say in empty drapery, a Byzantine or Greco-Italian peculiarity only one step further back in art than the religious style of Overbeck. But when Giotto, with the boldness that belongs to the conscious power of genius, ventured to break away from the grave and formal restraints which had produced a stereotype effect on religious painting, when he forsook “*types arrêtés d'avance et toujours reproduits inexorablement*,”\* he was hailed by the Art-world as an inspired deliverer. Why then insist upon forgetting all that genius, —worshipping nature while profiting by the past,—has done since his day ? Why cling to the comparative darkness from which such splendor emerged ? Who can prefer the Byzantine Madonna to the Virgin of the Chair ? It seems to me just as wise as it would have been for the Greeks who made the Apollo, perversely to revert to the Egyptian type, whence were derived their earliest notions of sculptured

\* Viardot, *Musées d'Italie*.

forms, from an idea that the religious sentiment with which they are replete, being the expression of a simpler and more sensuous piety, must of necessity offer a higher inspiration to devotion than even nature herself under the influence of a colder and more skeptical spirit.

I can find no grandeur of conception in Overbeck. His subjects are precisely those which have been chosen by all religious painters for centuries past, and they cannot boast even novelty of treatment. Taste, delicacy, and a deep and sincere religiousness, seem to me to be his characteristics; but some of the results of his worship of the Byzantine model are almost ludicrous. In the picture of our Saviour as he disappeared from the crowd when the Nazarenes "led him unto the brow of the hill on which their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong," (Luke iv. 29,) the sacred form—a tall, stiff and heavy figure, looking as if sculptured,—stepping from the verge of a precipice, is received, by four bodiless cherubs, on a sort of flowery cushion, more like a confectioner's device for a bride-cake, than like any instrument of deliverance which the unfettered fancy would picture for such an occasion; and though this was perhaps an extreme case, such was in too many instances the character of the painter's effort at the Christianization of art.

MONDAY, 26.—Set out at eight—went first to Monaldini's book-store, in the Piazza di Spagna, to make some small purchases, and there met one of those Englishmen so truly English that they seem the embodiment of the national idea. He was tall and stout and burly; well-dressed in ill-made clothes—a solecism which is only such in seeming, since a man may be so dressed as to wear

unmistakeably the air of a gentleman—the grand desideratum in masculine attire—and yet have no one thing on that is cut just as it should be. This ideal Englishman has seen the world, served in India, and picked up a great deal of knowledge of life and common things;—knowledge which he does not make any particular use of, and did not mean to, when he acquired it—in which he differs essentially from an equally well-informed Yankee. The particular specimen of which I began to speak seemed to be a resident in Rome, and soon discovering that we were Americans, showed the advantages of long sojourn abroad by a willingness to take part in the conversation which arose about our purchase, apropos to a book for which we were inquiring,—Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler's "Year of Consolation," which nobody should go to Rome without—he spoke of English writers on America—said nobody had ever spoken against America but some stupid, prejudiced English people, and that the English were the most prejudiced people in the world. We were much amused with the *naïveté* of some of his observations, and set him down for something of an oddity—none the less English for that.

Willis has well said that the American people are like a paper of pins—one row exactly like another, and fixed in parallel; but the English have individuality enough, and are just so far the more true and more respectable people, spite of their prejudices.

From Monaldini's we drove to the Borghese palace—one of the most magnificent in all respects. This private residence has a gallery of seven hundred paintings, which is open to the public daily from ten o'clock. It were

vain to say what we saw here, for we did not know, ourselves, so great was the wealth of splendor and interest. Raphael's earliest historical picture—an Entombment, full of tenderness and grace—is but one of many precious things—The Cumæan Sybil of Domenichino; Albano's quartette of the Elements, among the sweetest pictures we have seen; several of Andrea del Sarto's Madonnas, holily beautiful; Titian's Sacred and Profane Love, of which everybody perversely thinks the profane the more attractive; a Crucifixion by Van Dyke; an original portrait of Raphael at the age of thirteen.

Again to the Vatican for two or three hours, about which one can say nothing, for the mere catalogue of what we saw fills a thick volume. The Hall of animals in marble interested me much to-day—nothing can be more wonderful than the expression given to these brute faces and forms. The Etruscan Museum is full of marvels, but should not detain one long, because it is more curious than beautiful, and the hasty visitor has no time to search out remote interests. The study of these alone would be quite enough for a month in Rome. My own taste is to seek rather for graceful and pleasing objects, such as I can never hope to see elsewhere. If one has time for the study of what is merely curious, or interesting from historical association, this may be done at home, and with the aid of drawings. But who can get an idea of the Apollo, or even of Canova's Perseus, from a drawing?

The immense sarcophagi and baths, in exquisite *rosso antico* and other rare and costly marbles, which line the open corridors around the cortile, are among the most splendid things here. The perfection of their condition,

not only as being unfractured, but as to the most brilliant polish, makes it hard to believe the undoubted antiquity of these superb relics. The view from the corridor in which they stand, open on one side and looking over the cortile to the distant country, is charming.

But when we went home to dinner all this was forgotten. "Forgotten! What—the Vatican, with its four thousand apartments, and eight grand stair-cases and two hundred others; its *loggie*, its *stanze*, its Sistine and Paoline chapels—all filled with treasures upon treasures of beauty and wealth and antiquity and association?"

Yes—for we found letters from home.

When we had dined and taken some repose after sight-seeing and being glad, we drove to the Villa Borghese, where we saw, besides many other beautiful things, the Venus Vincitrice, reclining in conscious beauty on a couch, in the centre of a richly decorated apartment of this country-house. She is indeed lovely, in classic style, yet quite French in expression, as her original, the giddy sister of Napoleon, is represented to have been in her tastes and feelings. In the saloon through which we passed immediately on entering the villa, is a fine bas-relief of Curtius leaping into the gulf, and a grand bust of Isis. Apollo and Daphne—the nymph holding up her leafy fingers most piteously—is a favorite subject with the artists who embellished this villa—as is St. Sebastian, stuck full of arrows as a pin-cushion is with pins—in all the collections. The number of times we have seen the same subjects treated is really something curious. The portion of the Borghese villa which seemed to us, on a general view, the most splendid, is the room called the Galle-



ria, sixty feet in length, and ornamented with pilasters in the beautiful marble called *giallo antico*, and many bas-reliefs and some statues of great merit. It is a noble mansion, worthy the wealth and taste of the family which throws open its spacious and beautiful grounds to the public.

We had not yet made enough of this day, so we drove through the Corso to the Capitol, which some of the party ascended for the fine sunset view of Rome ; but I have made a vow against birdseye views in general, and was unusually tired on this particular day, so I sat still in the carriage, much amused with the Roman panorama that moved before my eyes, giving me no trouble. There were priests and friars in plenty, lounging about with an easy, sunset air ; beggars in all varieties of rags, and more dogs than I ever saw before. Fountains were playing ; the statue of Marcus Aurelius in the centre of the square gleaming golden in the rich light, and the architecture of Michael Angelo on every side, alive with statuary and sculptured ornaments. It was a scene to be remembered, and I enjoyed it long, in a half-dreamy silence that was very pleasant.

There being yet a gleam of day when our party descended, we stepped into the church of Ara Coeli, just at hand, and on a level with us, though the ascent from the street below is by a hundred and twenty-five steps of Grecian marble, from an old temple of Venus. This church is the property of the Franciscans, who are the happy custodians of the Santissimo Bambino, to which, rather than to any pictures or other valuables of the church proper, we were bent on making this evening

visit. The church was so dark that we could see little beside a rather dirty monk who met us at the door, and who consented with great alacrity to show us the miraculous image. He led the way to the sacristy—lighted several wax tapers, unlocked a closet like a clothes-press, took therefrom, with the help of a younger brother who had followed us by way of aid-de-camp, a wooden chest, over which was spread a sort of crimson pall. When this box was opened there was another within it, and at last, after the undoing of as many wrappings as hid the atomic dog in the story of Beauty and the Beast—(I hope I am right in my references!) we had full sight of the squab little figure, covered from head to feet with mock jewelry, and looking like a very clumsily carved simulation of 'Tom Thumb in swaddling clothes.

This thing, as is well known, is carried to the house of the sick who are rich enough to pay for it, and has the reputation of working miraculous cures. The monk said it was sometimes sent for twice in the same day.

“And you really think it cures diseases?”

“The people think so.”

“And you?”

A shrug of the shoulders was the significant reply, with the addition of—“It is an ancient tradition; and if the people wish it, we are willing to carry it to them.”

“But it is said that the Bambino, having been secreted by a wicked woman, and another substituted and brought back in its place, returned to the church in the night, and knocked at the door for admission. Is this true?”

Another shrug. “It is an ancient tradition”—and there we left our Franciscan of Ara Cœli, with his

grotesque little doll, which he carefully replaced in its wrappings, and locked up in its closet, lest it should exercise its free will in going out as well as 'coming in. We paid the monk his gratuity, but sincerely regretted that he had no faith. It must be humiliating to him to show the image without it.

TUESDAY 27.—Visited the studios—Crawford's, Gibson's, Tenerani's—and saw so many beautiful things that it is useless to talk about them. Afterwards to Maldura's curiosity-shop, a dingy magazine, dirty as the street, and notably unsweet, even for Rome. This receptacle of all the odds and ends, trashy and precious, that a cunning old collector has been able to pick up during a pretty long life, offers of course many things worth looking at. Some of the pictures, in particular, one would like very much to rescue from their present unworthy atmosphere, and freshen in the abundant spaces of the new world. But the prices asked by their owner are in most cases based upon a principle well understood by such dealers—that the price asked regulates the purchaser's notion of the value of the picture. Maldura's is therefore scarcely a good buying-place for those who desire pictures for the pleasure they give, and not for any reputation they may possess. If one fancies a picture, its value is at once enhanced; yet it will be diminished if you are resolute—a proof that fancy prices are asked. The collection is rich in specimens of antique porcelain, but many of its curiosities are such as one must be furiously antiquarian to give house room to.

We visited Mr. Eames's studio, to see his full length portrait of the Pope, which, however we could not think

a very good resemblance—not as good a likeness to our eyes, as one of the small studies he had made for it. It is to go to the United States, having been ordered by some society there. I dare say after we get home, and, have not seen the Pope for some time, the likeness will seem better to us. Mr. Eames told us he had found his Holiness very affable, and even communicative. One of our countrymen at present residing in Rome—an adopted son of Mother Church—acts as interpreter on these occasions, and like every one who comes into personal relations with the Pope, is enthusiastic in his praise.

All the pictures, and all the descriptions I have seen of Rome, have never given me a tolerable idea of the fountains, which form one of its grandest and most generous features. The city would be desolate, comparatively, without them. Their number is immense, and out of these, some fifteen are ornamented by statuary; the Fontana Paolina, and the Fountain of Trevi being perhaps the most splendid in the world.

I care not to be critical, or to quote the criticisms of others upon the designs of such fountains as these. It is easy to find fault with them, but better to sit down quietly and enjoy them. The Fontana Paolina is placed in a position which overlooks the whole of Rome, and a great extent of the Campagna; and one may gaze into its immense basin, and listen to the music of its rushing waters, until he forgets that the greater Rome, the mistress of the world, has given place to a city of less pretension. The water falls in sheets so artfully managed that they look like great vases of crystal, and the sculpture and architecture, if not perfect in the eye of the con-

noisseur, are at least grand as to size, and skillful in execution. The Fountain of Trevi is on a still more magnificent scale, and the great body of water being made to fall over artificial rocks, makes still more imposing music. There is a proverb that whoever once washes in this fountain comes to Rome again; and it is easily explained and verified by the fact that no one, after having seen it once, will be willing to bid it farewell forever.

But it is the number and the liberality of the Roman fountains that constitutes their true magnificence. You come upon them everywhere, and they are everywhere surrounded by people. Besides these, in the poorer quarters of the city, are great reservoirs, as we may call, for want of a better name, those long tubs or vats through which pure water is constantly flowing, which afford to the poor the means of washing their clothing without the labor of carrying the water within doors. The grand piazza in front of St. Peter's has two large fountains, whose waters fall into basins of oriental marble, and thence run brimming over into octagonal reservoirs of another kind of stone, the top of the jets being 64 feet above the the pavement. But it would be endless were we to speak of all the fountains that attract our notice. The stranger who drives daily through the streets of Rome is more impressed by this feature than any other; and it forms one of the most agreeable recollections of the sojourn.

I have already spoken of our first view of the Colosseum, on the day of our arrival, after vespers at St. Peter's, and by moonlight. One can see it but once under such impressions, and it would perhaps be wise to leave them

undisturbed if that were possible ; but the Colosseum stands close by the dusty public way, and so near the centre of the city that to see it every day is almost unavoidable. Its grandeur thus fades somewhat upon the eye and imagination. We are indeed always sensible of its stupendous measurements ; but the light of day, illuminating every broken seat and fallen wall, does not help us to put the 87,000 spectators in their places ; to see the 5,000 wild beasts that fought in the arena when the amphitheatre was dedicated, or to call up the multitudes of Christian martyrs who suffered here for the faith. We can see but too plainly the places whence, for two hundred years, the Roman princes were not ashamed to take the materials for building their palaces, and the various defacing efforts at repairs made by the better intentions of recent popes. These repairs, however necessary after the willful dilapidations which the edifice had suffered, are completely deforming, wherever they occur ; and one would almost rather let future ages take their chance of seeing the most stupendous of all ruins, than have substituted acres of modern brick wall for the tumbling arches left by war and home-depredation. In addition to the effect of the repairs themselves, no pope ever lays a brick without placing a tablet in the wall to let the admiring world know that he did it ; so that even in the Colosseum, when one is tempted by what seems a significant inscription, one is sure to find only a boastful record of the munificence of some Pius or Sextus, who built a piece of wall and added this deformity gratis. There is hardly a malaprop thing in Rome so vexatious to the traveller as these impertinent obtrusions. ~~Saving these,~~

the Colosseum is one of the few relics of ancient Rome that look just as we expected. Pictures and mosaics of it have been so multiplied, and it is a thing so easy to picture, that we know its general outward appearance as well as that of the most familiar object at home. But the idea obtained of it from any single view or all views, is entirely inadequate, since the multiplication of the internal arches can never be understood from a picture. We think of it as a sort of shell, while in reality the lower part has immense depth and solidity, and one may wander in its cool, moist aisles without being reminded of the antiquity of the building, so excellent is their preservation. The highest part of the ruin is at present inaccessible, but a staircase leads to the upper story, whence a very fine view of Rome is obtained.

But the best view of Rome is from the top of St. Peter's—that is, from the gallery at the base of the ball—400 feet from the ground, a height which allows a birdseye view not only of the whole of Rome both ancient and modern, but of a circuit of many miles in diameter, including the mountains of Albano and Soracte, and the towns of Frascati, Grotta Ferrata, Albano and several others, on one side, while on the other the Mediterranean is in full sight, with a great expanse of the Campagna and many a vestige of the olden time. This view, at the time we saw it, was enchanting. Visiting Rome at a season not usually chosen by travellers, we saw the country in the flush of June; and certainly, for those who come to see Italy, and not merely the things contained in Italy, no season could be more favorable. The country spread out beneath us was one great garden, with walks laid out irregularly

it is true, but abundantly shaded. The heavens had the deep blue which some people have considered peculiar to this climate, and the mountains were covered with a silvery haze, with which the morning sun played a thousand fantastic tricks. "Purple Appenine" deserved his regal epithet; Soracte, which "heaves like a long-swept wave about to break, and on the curl hangs pausing," looked aerial and misty enough to justify the poet's exquisite simile, while Rome, venerable as beautiful, seemed, from that far height as if just emerged from the rich soil; a soft, earthy tint,—the tint of her tile roofs—giving a curious effect of rust and antiquity even to the modern city. To look down upon St. Peter's itself is quite compensation enough for a journey to the top: not only is the great roof a curiosity, but it partakes of the incredible elegance of the whole, every outline being as perfect there, and every corner as well finished, as in the most sacred portion of the interior. Even the six or eight domes which cover the side chapels, and which do not show from the front of the church, though each is large enough to grace a church of its own, are oval instead of round, a peculiarity which adds an indescribable grace to their general perfection. The roof has often been compared to a village, and stories are told of whole families residing there,—children living there who have never been below,—a curious antithesis to the children of the mines who have never seen day-light—but we ascertained on the spot that these are mere fables; for our guide, a very respectable person, assured us that nobody ever sleeps there, the church being entirely cleared and locked every night. There are rows of workshops for the men em-



ployed on the repairs; there is a fountain, and many other things wonderful enough in such a place; but, after all, the roof is a roof, and used solely as such, conspicuous for cleanliness and good order, but not at all fit for the residence of anybody. The means provided for ascending to it are probably the best in the world. For a great distance, as far indeed as the roof, there is a broad, paved staircase or *cordoni* of so gentle ascent that horses pass it with loads. From this the staircases become narrower and more steep, but nowhere difficult, until we reach the iron ladder which leads to the ball; and the whole is as clean as a parlor, so that one traverses it without the least fear of soil,—a complete contrast to the ascent of St. Paul's, which is equal to a day's drive over a dusty road. Thirty thousand dollars annually are spent upon St. Peter's, in repairs and general care, and the staircase certainly gets its share.

To look in upon the mosaics of the great dome from the upper gallery is very curious. What appears delicate from below, is here almost coarse enough for pavement. Shades of color which seem, from their proper distance, to melt one into the other, are here great stripes. An eye which looks mildly down into yours as you gaze up from the nave, is here a huge goggle, staring you out of countenance. The average size of the pieces used in the mosaics is full half an inch square, while the effect from below is that of fine inlaying that requires a magnifying glass. The four Evangelists on the drum are as big as houses, and they look down upon common-sized men moving about the pavement like ants. While we stood in the gallery, there was a great number of persons in the

church below, putting up hangings and making other preparations for the great festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, and they did make the most ludicrous figure, busying themselves, with such insect-like fatuity, in running about with scraps of red cloth and bits of shining tinsel. Who knows but many of the things about which we fret and quarrel, look just so to the angels?

To go into the ball when it is heated by the sun of June is not what I should advise, but if other people are no wiser than ourselves, I need not waste my good counsel. There is an irresistible fascination about those foolish things, and one does not like to come away without having done *all*. At St. Peter's the folly costs less than anywhere else, because, as I have said, the ascent is made as easy and comfortable as such climbing can be; but really—however, I have done.

We made the ascent on one of the most blessed mornings of the year, I think—Wednesday, June 28th—in the midst of the preparations for an illumination of the Cathedral. But in the spaces of St. Peter's a few hundred men make no show at all. The sacristan told us that four hundred go upon the outside for the lighting, all of whom are shrived before they ascend, because of the danger of the service. The material for the first, or silver fire, is common candles; for the golden, great pans of tallow, with bunches of cloth for wicks. These were ready in great numbers, in various chambers which we passed in our ascent. Towards the top of the spiral way we came to many slabs of marble let into the wall with inscriptions commemorating the visits of crowned heads and heirs apparent, who had honored (!) the dome by surmount-

ing it. (A member of the French Academy once congratulated the Virgin Mary on having been the subject of a dissertation in that learned body.) We enjoyed the enterprise, but I think if I go again I shall beg to be allowed a donkey.

The Barberini Palace with its winding staircase next engaged our attention. It has a valuable though not large collection of pictures and statuary, but our especial object was to see the celebrated Beatrice Cenci of Guido—one of the most disappointing pictures that can be. I was almost disposed to believe the original must have been abstracted, and a timid copy substituted, so irreconcilable did this small, and by no means striking picture, seem with its great reputation. Closer examination gives a better impression, but we came away unconvinced that the face has not been overrated. There is a Fornarina, here—an undoubted Raphael, it is said, but I do not think I should have thought of inquiring the painter's name if I had not known it. The library of this palace, so rich in manuscripts (twenty of Dante's) is no longer exhibited to the public.

After dinner we went to vespers at St. Peter's, and then sate in the carriage, at the farthest point of the Piazza, to see the illumination. It was curious to watch the lighting, which began while the west was still full of the sunset, so that the silver fires played against a background of crimson and purple. When the clock struck nine, the second lighting commenced, following the same lines, and flying from point to point with wonderful celerity. The colonnade was illuminated in the same way at the same time—the architrave and pillars marked out by

great flames of fire ; and it was not long before the smell of such quantities of burning tallow fairly drove us off. We re-crossed the Tiber and went on the Pincian, from which point the illumination shows to peculiar advantage, the cross being one body of light, crowning the converging lines which mark the beautiful figure of the dome.

THURSDAY 29, high mass at St. Peter's by the Pope in person, this being the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. Three mortal hours did we sit to witness the ceremony, of which the elevation of the Host was the only point of peculiar interest, although we are always conscious of a certain interest in St. Peter's, from the feeling that all this wondrous beauty will soon be beyond our sight. It takes the form of a duty to enjoy it while it is in our power. The music, the ceremonies, the rich colors, the picturesque grouping of humanity, the ever-burning lamps about the sepulchre of the apostle, the marble forms on the tombs around, the stupendous dome that overhangs all—how can we ever tire of a scene to which earth affords no parallel ? Yet I think the more keenly we appreciate, the greater is our weariness, or at least the sooner does our power of admiring give out.

We were absolutely unable to go sight-seeing after mass, so we drove home and took a turn in the Corso, whose whole length was hung with rich and tasteful draperies in the gayest colors, streaming from every window and balcony. This is truly a beautiful sight, and more truly Italian to our eyes than almost any other.

After dinner we crossed the Tiber again, and going out of Rome by the Porta Angelica, drove to Monte Mario, whose heights overlook all Rome from a side whence we

have not yet viewed it. This was a charming rural drive among vineyards and olive and fig trees. We paused long at the summit to gaze upon the city that so charmed us; her many domes and towers, her groves and gardens—all that we saw and all that we did not see but feel,—all that could excite the imagination and warm the heart. Who can wonder that no Italian says “Roma!” without a thrill, when we, strangers from the rude new world, are thus possessed with the genius of the place!

We stopped in returning, and climbed a long flight of steps to look at a church by the road-side, but it was locked, and we were obliged to go down again with our curiosity ungratified. To revenge myself, I have forgotten the very name of this inhospitable church.

St. Peter’s was illuminated again, this evening; that is to say the first or silver lighting was repeated; but a good many of the candles must have flared out last night, for there were many breaks in the chain. We staid awhile at the Pincian to look at it, then went to our beloved Café Nazari for an ice, and so home to sleep.

FRIDAY 30th.—A messenger came this morning before we were up, to say that the Pope will receive us this evening, at six—“Costume de Société—tout en noir,—sans chapeaux et sans gants.” Can we go out sight-seeing to-day, soberly as usual, after receiving this announcement, endorsed “Très pressé”!

Yes—for here is Francisco, punctual as lovers, with a rose-bud in his button-hole, and a smile in his dark eye for us as he touches his hat. First to the Doria-Pamfili palace, on the Corso, near the Collegio Romano. Here is a portrait of Machiavelli, some landscapes of Claude,

several Raphaels and Titians—but not much that dwells in the memory. Then to the Colonna palace, where is the most elegant as well as the largest hall in Rome, with massive pillars in *giallo antico*, and the most exquisitely-wrought cabinets in ebony and ivory—one of which is said to have occupied two brothers thirty years. The minute figures on this wonderful specimen of misspent labor are many of them whole statues, or separate trees or flowers, standing out among the bas-reliefs, all incredibly perfect in execution. Two Titians in the gallery are called Luther and Calvin, but not so accepted generally. We saw a few pictures that interested us.

Next, to the Spada palace, to see the statue of Pompey at whose base “great Cæsar fell.” Any one who enjoys a doubt about the authenticity of this statue is welcome to it. I shall believe in this until the indubitable one is unearthed. Hobhouse says of it, “So imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment, and the fiction, if fiction it is, operates upon the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth.” Our sensations attest the correctness of Sir John’s judgment. We could not look upon this majestic figure, which seems to vouch for itself, without emotion. It stands in the hall of justice of this ancient and noble house, alone, as it should. The French once carried it to the Colosseum, when they performed Voltaire’s Brutus there, during their occupation of Rome, that their Cæsar might fall at its foot; and for the sake of transporting it easily, they removed an arm! which however seems to have come home with the statue, for both are

there. I could more easily believe the Bambino miracle of this grave senator-looking man of marble, than of the bead-laden doll of the Ara Cœli.

After the Spada we went to the Sciarra, where all the pictures have characters to lose. Raphael, Titian, Guido, Guercino, Giorgione, the Caracci, Leonardo da Vinci—these are but half the great names in the catalogue, but the subjects have little novelty, and we were really too much fatigued to have enjoyed them in any case.

After dining, and resting awhile, in order to avoid the indecorum of yawning at the Quirinal, we went in the prescribed black dresses, with veils instead of bonnets, to the palace, where we found our very polite and obliging vice-consul, who was to present us, and several Americans equally desirous with ourselves of the honor of a personal interview with a sovereign so greatly respected in our country. Besides these, there was a German lady who has recently become a convert to the Catholic faith. We had been given to understand that we should be received in the garden, papal etiquette not permitting the presence of ladies in the part of the palace occupied by the Pope. But we were shown to one of the outer rooms, where were several gentlemen in waiting, in the priestly costume, one of whom civilly entered into conversation with us, saying that the Pope would receive us in the palace. This apartment looked upon the garden, cool and green, with high hedges of holly and box, and old-fashioned arbors impervious to the sunbeams at noon, now fresh and moist-looking under the declining rays. The room itself was bare enough—his Holiness providing no luxurious accommodations for those who wait in his antechamber.

There were no seats except a sort of painted wooden stools of ungainly form—a kind of boxes, in fact, on each of which was inscribed in conspicuous gold letters, PIUS IX. P. M., as if they had been some post-master's receptacle for dead letters, or in themselves so precious as to be liable to be stolen. On one side was a plain chiffonier or sideboard, over which hung the worst possible picture of a troop of French soldiers; on the other, over the mantel, a tall crucifix in terra-cotta; and this list comprises every article that the room contained. An open door showed a sort of throne-room, but with bare floor, and seats covered only with plain red cloth.

His Holiness did not keep us long waiting. The usher counted us, and then opened a door which we had not observed, and bade us enter. We found the Pope standing within a few feet of us, so that the prescribed three reverences were easily made, and nothing could be more gracious than the manner in which they were acknowledged. There are few handsomer men of fifty-six than Pio Nono, and his ready smile lights up an eye which, whatever goodness of heart we may read in it, certainly does not look as if it was made to be always counting the stones in a cloister. He was quite alone, and "in his habit as he lived;" a long robe of white stuff—merino, perhaps—in shape not unlike a lady's wrapper, buttoned closely from collar to instep, barely disclosing the red slipper and its cross of gold. He bowed many times in reply to our salutations, and took snuff from a gold box which he held in his hand, almost as often as he bowed.

Our fears that we should find nothing to say were relieved in a moment, for his Holiness began at once a stream



of talk which lasted, with little intermission, throughout our reception. Indeed it seemed wonderful on reflection that he could have said so much in five or six minutes, for it was not probably longer. He took time to make some polite inquiries, and then apropos to some expression of the respect with which he was regarded by the American people, he spoke of what he desired to do—of his attachment to liberty, without which religion cannot prosper—of the distinction between himself and other sovereigns, in that he could have no ambition to extend his temporal dominions, though he was bound to maintain them inviolate. He said as head of the church, war must always be odious to him—that he desired peace throughout the earth. He expressed himself very handsomely with regard to our country, saying how much he valued our sympathy and regard, and that it gave him pleasure to receive Americans. Saying all this and much more, he spoke alternately French and Italian, using the former for our convenience, but breaking into his own mother tongue as he became more animated. His enunciation is excellent, not yet injured by the snuff which he takes incessantly ; and we came away, as everybody else does, quite charmed with the sovereign pontiff, who appears at home like anything but the Grand Lama. When we were dismissed, Mr. Ardisson, the American vice-consul who introduced us, being a Catholic, knelt for the benediction, and some of us would have liked to follow his example, and almost regretted afterwards not having done so. It seemed for the moment unsuitable to leave the presence without some mark of reverence, so imposing were the words and manner of the Pope ; and as some Pope

once said, "an old man's blessing can do you no harm." He is praised by every one for his extreme kindness and consideration, which are said to have been equally remarkable before he attained the highest dignity.

We have inquired in vain through Rome for some account of the Pope's life. No such thing is to be found. It is known, however, that he was once a soldier, and engaged to be married, to a lady still living at Malta. Some obstacle to the marriage occurring, he took orders, and devoted himself to the church. He was for some time in South America in his youth, and has enjoyed perhaps better opportunities of knowing mankind in general, than fall to the lot of most priests. His health appears excellent. He has a fine rich color in his cheek, and his eye is as full and bright as that of a young man. It would be hard, while looking at him and hearing him talk, to believe any of the foolish reports about slow poison. No poison has yet reached him beyond the gêne of eternal ceremony and constraint. His family—his own mother and sisters, if he has them, are prohibited by law from residing in Rome, and he cannot receive them in the palace. He eats alone, and knows not the solace of familiar friendship; worse off than other sovereigns in that he is debarred from all family ties. No one can see and hear him without feeling a warm personal interest in him; and people who are thus pleasing and attractive are not usually those who are indifferent to the sympathy and regard of others. So that we venture to pity the Pope. May he be found equal to the very difficult position in which he is placed. His course thus far encourages us to hope it.

Although the blazing politicians of Italy begin to murmur at the reluctance evinced by Pio Nono to the prosecution of the war with Austria, the popular heart seems to cherish him with no less warmth than before this cause for suspicion had appeared. Pictures, busts, medals, cameos of him are everywhere. One would think they were turned out, *à l'Américaine*, by machinery. Every poor woman in the street has his image hanging with the cross on her rosary; every damsel wears his face in a brooch, of bronze if she can afford no material more precious. His name occurs on every corner; "Viva Pio Nono" graces every old wall and broken arch. He has evidently a great place in the affections of his people, and he is said, on the other hand, to value it highly. He is certainly much hurt at the censures which have been passed upon his late backwardness. He loses no opportunity of reiterating that as head of the Christian Church he cannot but be opposed to war. His enemies, or rather his opposers on this point, ascribe his hesitation to fear of Austria; but Gioberti, the all-powerful Gioberti—who spent two or three weeks in Rome lately, much with the Pope—pronounced him sound in his Italian principles. This quieted the murmurers for a time, but Gioberti went away, and doubt returned. It is hard to come at public opinion here, for the great and the property holders view these matters in a very different light from the loud talkers and fervent spirits of the *cafés*, and it is not easy to guess which will carry the day. There has already been, at one crisis, no whispered talk of deposing the Pope, in case of any defection on his part; and there is little doubt that the civic guard, the Pontiff's own creation, could do

as they please in the matter. But Gioberti is decided against a republic, and therefore it is probable even in the last resort, a limited monarchy will be preferred; so our friend the Pope will stand a good chance for the maintenance of his temporal sovereignty, if he continues to exhibit the liberal spirit which has made him so popular. There is well known to be a powerful Austrian influence all about him, but the spirit of the age is against its triumph.\*

JUNE 30.—The reckoning of time according to the Roman method is very puzzling to the stranger, and would be still more inconvenient, were it not that most of the people with whom he deals understand his mode, and translate theirs for him, adding "Francese"—viz: French time. Our Francisco, when we appoint a time for the carriage, answers our "eight o'clock" by saying "Alle otte Francese," to show that he understands us, though his natural mode would be to call it the elevens or the twelves, per-

\*I have preferred letting this record of the state of things at the time remain without alteration, although subsequent events may make any comment on the Pope's character and conduct seem superfluous. We are now told that he asked the armed intervention of several of the Catholic powers, to reinstate him on his temporal throne; but when I remember his earnest words and benevolent manner, I can with difficulty persuade myself that he has in reality become willing to shed the blood of his subjects in such a cause. That he has bad advisers there is no doubt; and I find in my note-book a remark entered on first study of his face, and before my impressions had been subjected to the influence of his gracious manner—"His countenance does not impress one with an idea of much mental power." I should be ready to believe almost anything of him sooner than evil intention. But he is evidently a devoted Catholic, and I can hardly see how a sincere and satisfied Catholic in our day can be a truly great man, though he may be a good one.

haps. This peculiarity makes the Roman clocks useless to us, except that in some places there is a clock of our kind, probably for the convenience of foreign visitors. I think I saw one in one or two of the churches.

We have had the advantage, in one of our visits to the Forum, of the aid of Mr. Phyffer,—one of the Swiss family who have for three hundred years always furnished one officer or more to the Pope's body guard,—a gentleman who adds to the eye and habits of an artist, the accuracy and enthusiasm of the antiquary. He took much pains to point out to us the limits of the ancient Forum, and the ascertained position and names of some of the more interesting objects. With him we traversed the whole area once covered with the magnificent erections of Augustus, where now we find the remains of the Temple of Saturn; the famous Three Columns which have had so many names and now pass for part of the temple of Minerva Chalcidica; the Arch of Septimius Severus; the Temple of Antonine and Faustina; the Temple of Vespasian; Temple of Concord; the Single Column, with a base no longer buried, standing in a large hollow some twenty feet below the present level of the street; the three arches of the Temple of Peace; the Arch of Titus; and other objects of the highest interest. We trod the ancient Roman pavement, laid bare by excavations made by one of the late popes, the worn track of wheels as evident as in the days of the emperors; we sought out the site of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and of the fountain at which they are said to have watered their horses after having brought to Rome the news of the victory at Lake Regillus. We visited the Tarpeian Rock, by no means brought by the

accumulation of earth at its foot to so contemptible a height, or want of height, as we had been led to suppose from late accounts. It would give one an ugly fall, even now; and when we brought away some chips of it, we felt quite sure they had felt the shadow of the falling, in days long gone by. It is a spot to remember; gloomy, mysterious and unique. There could hardly be two such places in any city. We felt justified in conjuring up very horrid thoughts of this place of barbarous justice.

The utter destruction of so many edifices built with the utmost solidity, and the consequent burying of so many of the monuments of the past, and change in the whole aspect of the ancient city, cannot but be a matter of astonishment. Even in our day, when all the arts and weapons of war are so much increased in power, the bombardment or successive bombardments of a city built like this could hardly produce such effect. Rome has been subject to an unusual course of destruction. To say nothing of the fires by which she has so often suffered, when Constantine converted many of the temples into churches, he destroyed many more; Alario, Genseric, Ricimer, Vitiges, and Totila, successively laid waste portions of the magnificence which they could not appreciate; and a constant succession of earthquakes has always contributed to the desolation which the fury of human passion alone could scarcely have accomplished.

But the most effective cause is one which seems almost incredible, when we consider the love of beauty, and the high value for art, which have always marked the Italians since their acquaintance with the Greeks. It is the deliberate dilapidation of the ancient edifices, for the sake

of their rich and abundant materials, by successive rulers, down to the time when the admiration of foreigners gave these degenerate sons of the builders of all this magnificence, a hint that they might turn the remains of their ancient splendors to profitable account. Rome, in the zenith of its glory, contained four hundred and twenty temples; sixteen public baths on a magnificent scale, built of marble; two amphitheatres, of which the Colosseum is one, and seven circuses of vast extent; five regular theatres, and a vast number of fountains, all possessing some architectural beauty. Add to these the triumphal arches, the palaces, public halls, honorary columns, porticoes, obelisks—decorative buildings innumerable, in short—and we may have some notion of the quantity of material which must have been collected within the limits of the city. This seems to have been used, unhesitatingly, as a mere quarry, for the erection of modern buildings. Even buildings in a comparatively perfect state have been torn to pieces, by popes and nobles, when they wanted to strengthen or beautify churches or dwellings, or to fortify themselves in time of war. Belisarius converted the tomb of Hadrian into a fortress, and helped himself, without scruple, to whatever available stones he could find among the ancient buildings. The baths, having been rendered useless by the destruction of the aqueducts by the barbarians in the sixth century, afforded immense spoils to those who were willing to sacrifice the past and the future to the present. Totila, profiting by the worthy example of the natives, deliberately proceeded to the demolition of the great palace of the Cæsars; the wars occasioned by the contested papacy afforded an opportu-

nity to the different and rival houses of the great nobility to seize upon public buildings, and hold them as fortresses; and in this way the Colosseum, the Arch of Janus, the Tomb of Hadrian, the Theatre of Pompey, the Mausoleum of Augustus, the Baths of Constantine, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Capitol, the Quirinal, the Pantheon, were occupied by the Frangipani, the Orsini, the Colonna, the Savelli, the Gaetani, the Corsi, the Conti—as strongholds against each other; while St. Peter's was converted into a fort, by the people, and earthquakes and inundations helped on the willful or reckless injury which was the consequence of war, and afforded more and more occasion or excuse for the plunder of the precious marbles which were thus thrown open, as it were, to public spoil. St. Peter's and half the churches in Rome, are beautified with these stealings; whole temples were pulled down for the express purpose of remodelling their materials into the form which custom imposed upon a place of Christian worship. The palace of St. Mark was built entirely of stones taken from the Colosseum, and yet perhaps this wholesale spoliation was the least part of what that immense pile has suffered by the successive rapacity of after times. One of the popes in the sixteenth century, took the precious marbles of the temples of Antonine, the Arch of Titus and the Forum of Trajan, to beautify various churches; and built the palace of his family (Farnese,) entirely from the substance of the Colosseum. The tomb of Cecilia Metella was broken to beautify the Fountain of Trevi; the bronze which protected the Pantheon to make the baldacchino at St. Peter's. The Fontana Paolina is indebted to an entabla-



ture and pediment from the Forum of Nerva, for a part of its church-like decorations ; and the last column of the Basilica of Constantine sustains an image of the Virgin, in the Piazza in front of S. Maria Maggiore. All this accounts at once for the wonderful splendor of modern Rome, and for the mean aspect of the remaining ruins of her predecessor. Every statue, and almost every morsel of sculpture, has been carefully abstracted from the ruins, and placed in a position of honor elsewhere ; but the result of this exercise of care or prudence is a sad poverty in the places once so dignified by Art.

One consequence of wholesale dilapidation has been a most pernicious attempt at mending, more destructive to the associations of the past than the progress of ruin itself. The Colosseum, patched with immense masses of dead wall, built without the least reference to the general appearance of the building, is more vexatiously spoiled in appearance than it could have been by the tooth of Time in centuries. When one looks at the immense strength and solidity of the original pile, it is difficult to believe that if unmolested it would not have lasted at least as long as the memory of Rome ; perhaps to be exhumed like Nineveh, to throw light on the history of a people whose splendors had become matter of dim speculation. An earthquake, which alone could cause it to topple down, would equally overthrow these papal patches—costly but most ineffectual atonements for the barbarous sins of ages when there was little suspicion that the proud Roman people would one day live upon these very ruins—making their bread of stones.

Rome has given us one earthquake, already ; a distinct

*tremblement de terre*, although we did not recognize it until it was past. For my part, I unsentimentally took it for the freak of some noisy lodger overhead, who was amusing himself with rolling something heavy across the floor. But the Romans knew it, and reported it in their papers. We have seen no drop of rain, yet, and the weather has been for the most part charming, though rather warm in the middle of the day. No sign of drought shows itself anywhere; the whole country is as green as a rice-field.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.—We went this morning to Terry's studio, where we saw the beginning of a fine picture of Jacob's ladder—one of the angels the very ideal of loveliness. The approach to this studio is first by the regular Roman stone stair like a street, and then through a lovely garden, in all the luxuriance of vine and orange and oleander, with loads of roses; and the hilly surface on which Rome is built often allows you to have these delightful things level with the third story, on which you may find it convenient to live. A terrace will do it, perhaps, or a balcony will enable you to get to such a spot—a most pleasant feature of a Roman residence in summer. The unevenness of the ground certainly adds much to the beauty and variety of the city, making me often think with a sort of sadness of the levelling plan adopted in our own cities, which spoils everything, by forbidding the least variation from one tiresome standard in building and decoration. The utilitarian reason generally urged for it is the better cleaning and draining of the city; but no city is so well drained as Rome, though the inhabitants, from a sort of hydrophobia, never use their abundant

fountains for the washing of their streets. They are fully possessed of the notion that it would be unwholesome to wet their pavements. If this be so, it must be owing to the height of the houses, which prevents the sun from drying the streets immediately, as with us. But really one would suppose the offensive state of some of the streets of Rome must be at least equally unhealthy.

From the studio we went among the shops of *vertù* looking at thousands of specimens in mosaic, cameo, bronze and marble, and buying a few, which are to be packed and sent to Civita Vecchia or Leghorn, for shipment. Beautiful things are bought at very reasonable rates here, especially at this season, after the world has departed. Everything we want, indeed, is to be had for scarcely half the price that it would command during the winter and spring.\* We bought a number of rosaries, which are to pass through the Pope's hands, in order to make them valuable to some humble Catholic friends at home.

I am sorry to find that so many of our wealthy countrymen who like to "encourage the arts," give orders at Rome for portrait busts. A bust in marble is seldom to be coveted as a likeness. Giving up the aid of color, which so largely assists resemblance, the sculptor is

\* American travellers thus indulging their taste in Rome at comparatively small cost, should however bear in mind the expense of getting these things home to the United States. Italian charges for the simplest services about these matters—packing, carrying, shipping, &c.—are out of all proportion; and so enhance the expense of whatever is bought at Rome, that one is tempted to believe he could have gratified his fancy more cheaply in New York.

obliged to idealize his forms somewhat, and therefore seldom gives more than a reminding portrait—never a very accurate or satisfactory one. He takes, to be sure, a cast of one's very head, and therefore cannot err in the anatomy ; but the mere weight of the plaster on the flesh flattens the contours, so that a cast is far from being a likeness, and the artist must round out the outlines and beautify, at any rate.

This being the case with regard to the preservation of the true resemblance of our features or those of our friends, it seems worth while to inquire whether this perpetuation of an ideal portrait in marble is the best or most rational way, either of encouraging the arts or of gratifying our own desire to be remembered. Is there not even something ridiculous in a bust—a thing to endure so long, and to be questioned and speculated upon by posterity,—which represents any but a distinguished person ? a person whose name may be put upon the pedestal, to give value to the work forever ? Who expects to be remembered with affection beyond the second generation ? Even family portraits are generally too long-lived, since they often come to the hammer or to the fire, among other lumber, before the names of their originals are forgotten. Especially is this the case in our country, where the continual subdivision of property puts any accumulation of venerable private relics wholly out of the question. A marble bust is a very expensive way of being remembered only just as long as we should be remembered without it. If we desire to see ourselves in this form, a plaster cast will answer every purpose, and last quite long enough, though our pride may make us unwilling to believe this.

If to perpetuate beauty be the object, it is a perfectly legitimate one. Beauty is as precious now as it was in the days of Troy, and I would catch its fleeting traits, and hand them down for the delight of posterity, in the most enduring material that could be found. If public services have endowed our names with importance, so that future time—I will not insist upon ages—shall know something of us when they read the inscription with which the sculptor may dignify his work, let the marble memento be made, by all means. The poet, the inspired preacher, the orator, the philosopher, the inventor ; any one whom the world a hundred years hence will desire to have seen or known, has fair claim to be the subject of an enduring work of art, and no artist need regret giving his time and skill to such labor. But when the private citizen wishes to give a commission to his countryman at Rome or Florence, let him choose some subject which will give the work an enduring value, while it offers some little field for the genius of the sculptor. If anything can cramp and discourage a man of genius, whose particular branch of art is of slow performance, it is being obliged to fritter away his life in doing what will be, as far as he himself is concerned, entirely lost. Let him attain what skill he may, he can never secure his due position in the world of Art, if his works, when once sent home, are buried, and by their very nature can never be refound. It is customary for those who order portrait busts and pay “handsomely” for them, to feel that they have “encouraged” the artist. But to “encourage” or “patronize” a shoemaker is a very different affair from giving encouragement to Art and artists. It is to be hoped that the inge-

nious machine which gives facsimiles of busts, will be so improved as to give marble facsimiles of the living subject, so that when a gentleman wishes to immortalize his nose or his whiskers, he can have it done at so much per square inch, by lathe; while living sculptors, with souls, are spending the strength and flower of their genius on works that carry their life with them, so that they will be more precious to the new millions of the time to come, than even to us of to-day. One of the glories of Art is that it carries us out of ourselves; it is the very antagonist of petty egotism. Of all the sculpture that makes glorious the palaces of Italy, how large a proportion is in the shape of private portraiture? So little, that I cannot at this moment remember even the bust—not to speak of the statue—of any private individual.

The considerations I have here ventured to suggest, derive importance from the fact that American sculptors are taking a distinct and honorable position among the world's best artists. It is surely worth while for our men of wealth and taste to decide whether they will permit this rich growth, so glorious to our new country, to look to England and France for the generous sunshine necessary to its full development.

The misapplication of art is exemplified in the tomb of the Baker, situated outside the Porta Maggiore, near the Claudian aqueduct; an immense sepulchral tower decorated with kneading-troughs and loaves carved in stone, (*portraits*, no doubt,) and bas-reliefs of the several stages of the operation by which the staff of life is shaped for our use. The worthy baker and his wife stand conspicuous on the front, with a bread-basket between

them ; and the whole edifice is supposed to be modelled upon one of the panniers used in that day to carry bread to customers. Within is neither crust nor crumb of the encourager of Art, to whom the world is indebted for this masterpiece of taste and elegance. Would it not produce a graceful and harmonious effect if it should become customary for the wealthy thus to commemorate the trades by which they grew rich, as the warrior does by a sword (obelisk,) or three-cornered shield (pyramid,)? The carpenter could erect a stone plane of gigantic dimensions ; the shoe-maker a last—(there would be some aptness in that ;) the merchant a ship or a bale of goods. Or suppose the law should place over every man's final resting-place a lasting memento or symbol of the means by which he acquired wealth—the effect might be moral, if not artistic. Every man is not willing, like the Baker Erysaces, thus to write himself down for posterity.

We have debated much and long—though rather lazily, for the weather is warm—about going to Tivoli ; but have concluded at last that this is one of the things to be renounced. We are entirely of the mind that for Americans to spend much time in search of European waterfalls, as such, is not wise ; and the antiquities by which Tivoli is surrounded are only just as interesting as those of a thousand other points which we have seen or may see elsewhere. So we give up Tivoli.

But we go to Frascati ; and we choose for it a lovely morning—if choosing it may be called where all are lovely—and going through the Corso and the Via di Marforio, and the Ripresa dei Barberi—where the horses are stopt at the Carnival races : by the Forum and the Colos-

seum and the church of St. John Lateran—we issued at the Porta San Giovanni, and found ourselves again on the Campagna, and on the ancient Via Latina. We passed through an arch of the Claudian aqueduct, of which six miles of ruins still remain; and not long afterwards,—reading aloud all the while Macaulay's ballads of Virginia and the battle of the Lake Regillus,—near an immense tomb, in the central chamber of which was found one of the most magnificent of all the sarcophagi that enrich the Vatican, and in the sarcophagus the celebrated Portland vase. It is pleasant thus to trace the streams from this world's-fountain of elegance and taste.

Again, the authorities point out the spot where the wife and mother of Coriolanus melted down his obduracy by a solvent more powerful than the acid which dissolved Cleopatra's pearls and Hannibal's Alps.

“What is that curtsey worth, or those dove's eyes  
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows,  
As if Olympus to a mole hill should  
In supplication nod; and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great Nature cries ‘Deny not!’”

And not long afterwards we pass a great Roman ruin, which some suppose to be a suburban villa of one of the Emperors, and then a fine fountain, where the road branches. The whole way is diversified with arches, towers, fountains, aqueducts, tombs, and masses of ruins. A very long paved ascent leads to Frascati, which partly covers the ruins of the ancient Tusculum; but our principal object was to visit some friends, who had left Rome



for the summer, and were lodged in the Villa Muti, the road to which branches off a little towards the right. We drove through a fragrant wood to a gate near the back part of the villa, and there found an artist friend waiting for us. In the court was the largest and most beautiful box-tree I have ever seen; which reminds me to say that this plant, which is but a small shrub of somewhat uncertain growth with us, attains such perfection in Italy as to be one of the most precious ornaments of the shrubbery, emitting a delicious, nutty odor, under the influence of the night-dews. It is so abundant that the leaves and sprigs are used freely to strew the pavements of the colonnade of St. Peter's, when processions are to pass, on festa days. I remember noticing at the time of the Corpus Domini, that the air was full of the fragrance of box and myrtle, trodden under the feet of men and horses; adding an element of elegance to the show, unattainable in climes less genial and bounteous.

The Villa Muti is a great rambling old palace, once a favorite resting-place of the exiled Stuarts,—the Cardinal of York in particular, whose residence here is commemorated in various inscriptions about it—but now ~~let~~ out in *pianos* or suites of apartments, to anybody who desires a rural retreat from the Roman sun. Several families now occupy it, living just as separately as they choose, but all alike enjoying the most magnificent of views from that most lovely height. No wonder that this is a favorite retreat of artists. One cannot go five steps in any direction without finding some suggestive object, or some exquisite combination of color, or some delicious effect of light and shadow. And I think by what we saw at the

Villa Muti that the actual result is to make artists of everybody, for common life never assumed a more romantic form than in the domestic arrangements of our friends. We dined *al fresco*, in a beautiful wood near the house; and the dinner being served in the Italian style, dish by dish, the central part of the table,—usually occupied with solids in our prosaic home *menage*,—was elegantly filled with flowers arranged in the form of a five-pointed star, and so graduated as to color as to produce the most beautiful effect. Although we had left Rome baking under the fervors of July, the mountain breezes were so cool here that the ladies dined with light scarfs or veils thrown over their heads, (no unpicturesque arrangement,) and the gentlemen in their straw hats or steeple-crowns, or the tasselled cap of the artist. It was a dinner to be remembered.

The gentlemen were resolute enough to go in search of some frescoes of Domenichino at the church of Grotta Ferrata, belonging to the immense castellated monastery of St. Basilio. These are ranked among Domenichino's best; but the luxurious beauty of Frascati was too much for us, and we chose rather to enjoy the good we had, than to search for other at the cost of some exertion. An old garden, most Italian and lovely, afforded all the pleasure we were able to take in walking about; and when the hour came to bid adieu to this seeming shelter from the disagreeables of common life, we chose to have the carriage wait at the foot of the hill, while we walked to it by a circuitous path, in conversation with our friends.

The way homeward seemed all down hill. A cool breeze met us, bringing shawls into requisition, and

making us even wish for cloaks; Francisco and his horses were excited by the cold to a flying speed; our memories were full of pleasant thoughts, and F. for once held his tongue. So we returned to Rome delightfully, took our ice at the Café, and went to sleep to dream of Frascati and the poet's paradise.

JULY 3.—Leave-taking. Santa Maria Maggiore has inspired us with a sort of affection. There is a harmony in the beauty of that church which we hardly find in many of the others, and we walked about it with a lingering and half-sad pleasure. Its rows of beautiful Ionic columns; its ancient mosaics; its rich chapels; its many tombs—all contribute to the effect, but hardly explain it. Its piazza, too, is elegant, and lay this morning in the softest shadow. Some old women were begging on the steps, and several worshippers kneeling at the various altars; otherwise, all was solitary, and quiet as a summer noon.

To Torlonia's for letters; alas—none for me! and then home to write. Back to Torlonia's with our letters, and then to St. Peter's for a last look. But there is no such thing as a last look at St. Peter's, for we shall carry it with us wherever we go. We quitted it and the Vatican with sighs, but,—as people generally do in such cases,—consoled ourselves with thinking we might see them again. Our polite and most obliging Vice Consul dined with us, and told us many pleasant and instructive things about Rome and Italy in general.

After dinner we went in search of mosaics and conchiliæ, for our attention has been more taken up with sight-seeing than with making purchases to carry home. Then to the Fountain of Trevi, at which we alighted to drink

of the waters. Marble steps lead from the street down to the great brimming basin, the water looks all alive, from the many and abundant streams falling into it from above. Colossal figures of men and animals decorate the upper portion, but the rock-work is the best part of the ornamental design. Around this glorious symbol of purity and abundance were the human creatures for whose delectation it was designed—the common people of Rome, in all attitudes of leisure and repose. It was one of the most charming scenes I remember ; and as we scooped out a little of the water with our hands, the wish that this might not be our last look at the Fountain of Trevi, amounted almost to a prayer.

After this we looked in at a curious old shop where drugs are sold from the very same vases, bottles and mortars that held them three hundred years ago,—a curious, quaint old place, where we ought to have found an apothecary like him in *Romeo and Juliet* ; but the master here was more like friar Lawrence. Here we bought some incense, that we might recall Rome, by humble means, after our return, when we happened to feel sentimental.

The Forum next, and then the Colosseum ; then St. John Lateran for its dignity and its magnificence. Afterwards on the Pincian—long looks at St. Peter's and Monte Mario, and the beautiful Piazza just below us ; and then sad adieux, and homewards to our Piazza di Spagna, and our café and our accustomed ices—our last evening in Rome.

This short sojourn has left a very striking impression. It seems almost as if we had never seen anything before, and should never see anything again, so vividly has this

scene of wonderful beauty, dignity, splendor and romantic interest, written itself upon our imaginations and our hearts. When I think of what I have written, and attempted to write about Rome, I feel vexed to find how little I have been able to convey of what has enchanted myself. Mere description may be had in the guide-books, to any extent of detail; and to that one must resort who would know what Rome affords to the visitor. But it is impossible to be much among these things without desiring to impart to others some idea of how they affected ourselves. The heart is so full of a sense of pleasure, that the pen runs on, with only a chance of being able to interest others. The result is inadequate indeed.

Many things that delighted us I have not even mentioned; and I have not been able to give any notion of the glow with which we have contemplated these treasures of Art and remains of the buried Past.

Byron has told more of Rome in a few stanzas of *Childe Harold*, than a prosaic describer could tell in a volume; for its glories must be spiritually discerned, and ask a poet's power of expression. At least so it seems to me under the excitement of the time. Perhaps my feelings may seem extravagant to others—even to myself, at a cooler moment—yet I am willing to record present impressions, for I am not sure but they are more to be trusted in such a case, than the result of colder reflection.

TUESDAY, JULY 4.—Our countrymen in Rome were preparing to celebrate their national day by a social gathering, when we turned our backs upon the eternal city, and with many a lingering look took our journey towards Naples. We chose our old friend the *Diligence* again, for we had

no time to linger by the way, though we might have found enough to interest us if our arrangements had allowed any latitude. We took leave of our palace in the Via della Croce ; its uneducated fleas and its "wholesome" stable-yard, and its ever-weeping fountains; its balconies, its artists, its unlighted stairway, its unswept carpets,—all tolerable because they were in Rome. We drove up the Corso, almost weeping to think it was the last! looked at Francisco with affection, which indeed the poor fellow deserved, for his untiring patience and good humor ; gazed upon the very paving-stones, quivering hot in that intense sun, as if we would fain carry them with us to hallow some Campo Santo at home. We thought we would stop once more at Torlonia's, lest some letter should escape us, and there, to be sure, were several ! This consoled us a little, and kept our eyes off the pavement for a while.

When we reached the place of the Diligence, there was the usual appearance of perfect leisure. A few passengers were waiting, but the people whose business it was to forward us seemed quite at ease. Happily the piazza was shady, so we sat down on an old cart to await the course of things, knowing that sometime during the day we should certainly get off. We felt in no hurry to leave Rome, and could afford to wait. For my own part I should have been glad to sit upon the cart all day, looking about, and "realizing" that I was still in Rome. But after a while the word was given, and we took our places—not in the *coupé*, for somebody had been beforehand with us there; but in the interior, which was tolerably pleasant,—when the people in the *coupé* did not smoke. A tall gentlemanly man, massive in form, and

reminding me of the German ideal man in Retsch's outlines—a Maltese, but in the service of Great Britain,—recounted with great animation all the particulars of his quarrel with the Diligence agent, who had, as he thought, tried to impose upon him ; and he finished by the assertion that he had broken his cane over the rascal's back, and wished he had had another. Some little discussion ensued upon this, but he remained firm in the belief that the cane was the best argument in such a case.

The sun was intensely hot, and our voiturier so careful of his horses that we were nearly an hour reaching the Porta San Giovanni, the ground being ascending all the way. So we looked and looked on all sides ; strained our eyes and necks for a last glimpse of objects that had particularly impressed us, and bade adieu to Rome. My own private choice would have been to stay there until it was time to return home.

The grand object was now to get through the Pontine marshes before midnight, that nobody might be tempted to sleep while we were passing them. To this end the tall burly Maltese fee'd the driver, and we went at a good pace over the Campagna.

The road through the marshes has a ditch as wide as a canal, on each side ; and this is bordered with trees, a most monotonous tameness, of course, pervading the whole. At Terracina there was a detention on account of the customs, and here we waited in the forlornest of taverns, and finished by changing carriages, the one into which we were now put being incomparably worse than the other. So our hopes of sleeping after we had passed the marshes were completely quashed, and we had the pleas-

ure of a sleepless and most uneasy ride to Fondi, and through the rest of the journey. Whatever ought to have been seen between Rome and Naples may, I dare say, be found in the guide-books; but for ourselves, we saw little that interested us until we reached Capua, which is a curious and very picturesque walled town of great antiquity, where we found some delicious iced lemonade, which after the excessively dusty ride we had been enduring, was a matter of more serious importance than it may seem to the reader.

The white dust went with us all the way to Naples, filling the air completely, and making the trees and herbage look light grey, and ourselves like a company of millers. I think even in Italy I have never seen such dust. The Mediterranean was in full sight much of the way, and at Gaeta we had some fine views.



## N A P L E S.

The city has a new, ample and elegant look as you enter it; there are no walls, and you drive down a wide and well-paved avenue into the heart of the place; passing on the right a magnificent Insane Asylum, of great extent. But I began to think it ought to be large enough to contain a good part of the inhabitants, for they certainly look and behave as little like rational beings as one can well imagine. Beggars beset us at once,



dressed in every variety of rags, and exhibiting every species of deformity and mutilation. When we were stopt by the doganieri, a little boy in a ragged shirt began tumbling in the road for our amusement, performing the strangest antics, and concluding by playing castanets with his teeth, striking his chin alternately with fist and elbow, and I think with his knee too—but of the elbow I am certain—making an inorevably loud noise, so that it was long before I discovered that his teeth were the only instrument. Fruitsellers cried their wares; whole families were cooking their dinner out of doors, on furnaces in the street; immense caldrons of Indian corn were boiling, also in the street, for sale to the passengers; and people stopped to buy and eat, as coolly as possible. Some merchants were frying fish, others making a sort of fritters; but we saw no macaroni.

We drove on through this strange swarm, to the Hotel de Russie, which our gigantic friend of the Diligence had recommended very highly. It is situated in the Strada Sta Lucia, directly on the bay, scarcely a stone's throw from the water. The quay in front was covered with lazaroni, in every graceful attitude of repose or enjoyment. Multitudes of stalls were thronged with purchasers, and cooking and eating went on everywhere. In the midst of all this, splendid carriages were passing to and from the Chiaja—a very beautiful public promenade which follows the line of the bay westward as far as Pozzuoli. The scene was altogether unique and indescribable. The bay calm and smooth as a mirror, and enlivened everywhere by craft of all varieties; Capri in the distance, faintly blue with vapors touched by the declining sun; the Mole

on the right, a tall, frowning, warlike mass ; on the other side, Vesuvius and his brethren ; the air transparent, and full of mild sunshine ; the earth seeming instinct with life and joy, from the gay crowds visible everywhere. An American ship of the line lay in the bay, and like the other vessels, exhibited her colors, dear to our eyes. We looked while we could, but we were very tired, and very, very dusty.

Pleasant rooms at the Hotel de Russie ; a good table and the best possible attendance. When we had dined, we stepped out on the balcony to look again at Vesuvius. Not a wreath of smoke bore witness to his identity, and I was half ready to suspect F. of having blundered in introducing him. He has been very quiet for three weeks past, they say. We watched the sunset changes on bay, mountain, ocean and swarming street, where the fires and lanterns began now to make a figure. Lights appeared on most of the vessels in the harbor, before the last sunshine had left Capri. No picture could be more perfect.

We drove out the next morning, having exchanged our Francisco for a new Antonio, with a smart cockade in his hat, and a sort of livery trimmings about his cuffs and pocket-holes, by way of adding to the attractiveness of his barouche in the eyes of travellers. The box was so high that I felt a little afraid, sometimes, in going up hill, that he and F.—who was wedged in by his side,—would come toppling in upon us, backwards. But it was a very stylish affair in the eyes of its owner and the beggars, and a very comfortable one for us, so we liked it very well. We passed through the Toledo, the middle of which was as much thronged as the sides—the pavement being, as every-

where else in the Italian cities, all alike flagging—so that we were obliged to drive very slowly, to avoid crushing the crowd under our horses' feet. Thence to the Chiaja, past the Royal Gardens, made originally by the French under Murat—a sort of miniature Tuilleries, with the additional advantage of looking out upon the bay.

The business of the morning was the Museum, however, and we could not go as far as we should have liked to go, on that delightful shore. The Museo Borbonico or Degli Studj is rather a majestic edifice, once intended for a University, but appropriated to the reception of the treasures of art which had been accumulating in Naples, by Ferdinand I. in 1816. He placed there all the antiquities and curiosities from the various royal residences, the royal libraries, the pictures and the statuary.

The entrance is very grand and ample, and decorated with colossal figures in marble. It was undergoing some repairs, so that we have not seen it to the best advantage. On the first floor are the paintings and mosaics from Pompei, a collection both wonderful and fatiguing, from its extent, complexity and repetition. Truth to say, if the things had not been found at Pompei we should have bestowed but little time upon them. Such things I like to glance at *en masse*, but not to examine simply to say I have done so. And we were bored with an excessively tedious Cicerone, who (by authority,) insisted upon dilating upon each scrap in succession, in about as interesting a way as if he had said "This is a nose—that is a fish—the other a flower." In short he told us nothing that we wanted to know, yet his handsaw of a voice rang in our ears incessantly. I remember a Sacrificia of Iphigenia

with the Agamemnon hiding his face in his mantle, after the celebrated picture of Timanthes, mentioned by Pliny; the parting of Achilles and Brisëis, from the house of the Tragico Poet, at Pompei; the stony mould of a woman's bust, found in the House of Diomed, surrounded by her jewels and her money—one of the most awful of all those relics;—and some curious and beautiful mosaics, of various kinds of fish, birds, bacchanals, a cock-fight, and a cat eating a quail—excellent.

The Egyptian curiosities are very numerous, and well worthy of examination, especially the mummies, in their great cases of sycamore. They made my blood thrill, and that is what we are apt to like sometimes. Death stares into one's eyes out of those great glassy ones; all the horrors of mortality make themselves felt as we look upon the baffled arts of the embalmer, who has been able to preserve only the most revolting resemblance of humanity.

In the galleries of statuary the eight figures of the family of Balbus are exceedingly conspicuous; two of them are equestrian, and compare in excellence to that of Marcus Aurelius in the Campidoglio at Rome, as well as in variety, being the only equestrian groups extant which date from so early a day. They are from Herculaneum, where they were found in and near the Basilica. An Apollo playing the lyre, and inclining his head to enjoy the sound, is delicious. The busts of celebrated Roman ladies engaged a good deal of our attention, from the very odd way in which their hair is dressed. Such curlings, and braidings, and frizzings, and toupee-ing has never surely been seen since—unless in the days of Queen

Anne, when the tops had to be taken off the sedan chairs when ladies went to court. We thought of the cruel beatings, pinchings and scratchings that these mistresses of the world are said to have treated their poor slaves withal, when they failed to raise these towers aright; of the half days that were spent upon each fabric, and the ugliness that was the result; and we wondered whether the dressy dames of our times would ever be driven, by desire for variety, into similar extravagances. I hope if they do, they will be done in marble and sent down thus to posterity, by way of punishment, every one's name inscribed on her pedestal, as in this case.

The Aristides, which has by some been considered the first statue in the world, for expression, dignifies a recess in the new gallery of Flora. Aristides is, by the bye, merely a fancy name for it; for the costume is that of an orator, and there is no reason beyond the conscious worth and nobleness of the statue, for calling it after the just Athenian. The regard is fixed; the *pose* perfect; the gazer is inspired with an instantaneous respect, and quits such august companionship with reluctance. I felt gratified to hear that one of my fellow citizens of New York had procured a copy of this statue.

I recognized in the gallery of Adonis the original of certain devices in the 'artistic' designs for household utensils,—Cupid entangled in the folds of a Dolphin—a group as grotesque as if a huge bass should jump off the dish and begin waltzing with the carafe, or stand on his head making pirouettes about the epergne. The thing is wonderfully well-executed, but as wonderfully unpleasing.

The Battle of Issus—the greatest mosaic come down to

us from antiquity, found in the House of the Faun at Pompei—is in this museum; and a celebrated bust of Homer, which pleases one's imagination; and more than fifteen hundred ancient inscriptions on marble. But it is easier to tell what is not here than what is. The Farnese Bull is perhaps as celebrated as anything, but who wants to see bulls, whether in flesh or marble, when there are so many pleasanter things to look at? This immense group was found in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome. It was sculptured from a single block, but has suffered many restorations. The life is wondrous, certainly, and very interesting to those who like starting muscles, strained eyes, and other marks of fury and violent exertion. To me the whole is simply painful.

The world-famed Hercules is here, too; found, like the Bull, in the Baths of Caracalla; an immense mass of bone and muscle; the ideal of physical force. The Dancing Fawn detained me longer, for only curiosity prompted me to look at the Hercules, and curiosity is soon satisfied. The *Faune Ivre*, in bronze, is exquisite. Never was tip-siness so pretty and so innocent. A bronze Mercury, too, we all admired exceedingly. Indeed we found among the bronzes very much that interested us. There is a colossal Horse's Head, belonging to an animal once believed by the superstitious Neapolitans to have been constructed by Virgil under the influence of a particular constellation, and endowed with the property of healing diseases in horses. To do away with so gross a delusion, the archbishop caused the body of the horse to be melted, and made into bells for the cathedral; but the head fortunately escaped. It is the perfection of ancient art. A

bronze head of Dante, said to be the best likeness extant of the poet, is full of a sort of reproachful sadness—perhaps only because we know the original was so.

The Farnese casket, in silver-gilt, is a splendid relic. The engravings on the plates of rock-crystal which form its sides are unsurpassable. One must look through them at the sunlight to appreciate the perfection of their workmanship. This work has been attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, as are all achievements of the kind in Europe at some time or other; but the name of Bernardi is engraved in several places, and the learned agree in considering him the author. The whole Farnese contribution to this grand collection is of wonderful magnificence.

The *vetri antichi*, from Pompei comprise drinking glasses, salt-cellars, bottles, water and perfume-flasks, lachrymatories, incense-vases, funeral urns, window-glass. An Amphora of blue glass covered with white enamel, wrought into scenes of the vintage, and adorned with superb arabesques, has been compared to the celebrated Portland vase. This piece and several similar ones, are wrought with the delicate accuracy of the small cameos. The window-glass is thicker and less transparent than ours. The cabinet of works in gold, silver and precious stones, including cameos and engraved gems, contains nineteen hundred objects. In the floor is the mosaic from the House of the Tragic poet at Pompei, representing a chained dog with the motto "Cave Canem." By the by, I noticed in London this motto and its companion "Salve" wrought in house-mats—one laid at the door, and the other at the stair's foot—and I thought it a very ingenious and pleasant piece of classicality.

The Farnese vase—cut out of a single sardonyx, in cameo,—would require pages of description, for it has whole histories symbolized in its endless devices. This is said to have been found at the Adrian Villa, at the sacking of Rome by the soldiers of Charles de Bourbon.

The antique personal jewels—earrings, bracelets, rings, seals, necklaces, &c.,—are arranged in a grand octagonal case of plate glass, made to revolve for the convenience of the visitor.

After all this, and ten thousand exquisite things more than I can indicate or remember,—we had little strength or spirit left for the picture gallery, the greater part of which is dark, and crowded with pictures in perfect confusion, so that no catalogue is of any service. The Venetian views of Canaletti always rivet our attention, wherever we find them; and here in one room are twelve of these inestimable pictures. The grand Hall of chefs-d'œuvre contains pictures by Bellini, Spagnoletto, Titian, Palma, Jean de Mabuse, Albert Durer, Claude, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, Domenichino, Luini, Bassano, Sebastian del Piombo, Annibal Caracci, Raphael, (I take them in their jumbled disorder on the walls,) Garofalo, Guercino, Caravaggio, etc. The gallery of the Prince of Salerno, the king's uncle, has others, by Pietro del Vaga, Gherardo delle Notti, Guido, Daniele de Volterra, Lionel Spada, Sassoferrata, Baroccio, Perugino, Salvator Rosa, Mirevelt, Van Dyck. The picture that dwells firmest in my memory of all, is a small one of Peter walking on the sea to our Lord, by Salvator Rosa. I believe I have never seen a picture that seemed to me



comparable to this, in atmospheric effect, and the life and tenderness of the figures are inexpressible.

The nude pictures in this collection are placed in a separate room, which makes them very indecent. It would surely be better either to disperse them among the other pictures in the usual way, in their general character as works of art, or to lock them up altogether. One feels insulted at finding one's self unexpectedly in the midst of an exhibition thus particularized.

The cabinet of Papyri is curious indeed ; and it is most marvellous that the fires of Vesuvius should have been the means of preserving thousands of these precious rolls, which would have decayed long ago if they had not been charred. A simple but most ingenious method of unrolling these burnt papers was invented by Father Piaggi, and by this process the work goes on daily. About five hundred rolls have been unrolled and decyphered. The whole number preserved is about three thousand, very many of which were found in excavating at Portici. We saw the process of unrolling, and of attaching the crumbling fragments to a sort of tissue which gives them continuity. All these burnt rolls, disposed on shelves about the room, had a strange, exciting effect on the imagination. These still legible written words were like missives from the buried centuries, claiming for their writers close kin with us, full as we were of life. Will thoughts of death and sepulture ever be so closely connected with the thought of resurrection as to pass through our minds without leaving a chill and a shudder ?

After all this, and dinner, we drove out by the Riviera di Chiaja to Posilipo. After leaving the city, the road

runs between the bay and a high perpendicular wall of rock, with villas on its summit, and the gayest of pavilions and garden-houses hanging on its very brink ; some of these are in the Chinese taste, with pagoda eaves and India blinds ; another through whose *jalousies* we could espy statuary. In the face of the rock are many mysterious looking doors, by which the people from above obtain access to the shore, steps being cut in the rock within. Close on the shore an English lady has bought some old building and made it into a castellated villa, which she has taken much pride in adorning both within and without. The grounds, the shelving position of which affords opportunity for great variety, are laid out with much taste, though on a small scale. The Island of Procida is in full sight from this charming drive, and all the "skyey influences" were in perfection for our enjoyment. (Beggars do not come from the sky.) It was near dusk when we returned, and we found the Chiaja thronged with elegant carriages. We alighted at the upper gate of the Villa Reale, and walked through its shady and statued alleys to the esplanade at the lower end—a distance of one mile, it is said ; and it seemed to me at least as long as that, after a warm and fatiguing day. The gardens are too artificial to be agreeable, and the trees and shrubbery are still in their youth, leaving a certain bareness which Time will lessen. The view of the bay and its numerous vessels is the main charm, although some of the sculptures are very beautiful.

We drove to the Café, thinking of the ices of our dear Piazza di Spagna at Rome ; but alas, the room was perfectly thick with tobacco smoke, and when we would

have had our ices in the carriage, as is customary at Rome, the beggars gathered round us in such force as to poison everything. The ices at Naples are celebrated, and nothing can be more elegant; but they are too highly perfumed for our American taste. They are very cheap.

The throng in the streets to-night was unusual. It is the festa of the Queen mother's saint, and the colonnade of the great church of San Francisco di Paola, opposite the Palace, was illuminated. This colonnade would be quite a grand affair, if one had never seen that of St. Peter's, of which it is a far-off imitation. It made a fine appearance delineated by its lines of lamps. A good many lights are about, although the illumination is far from being general. The prettiest thing of all is a vessel in the harbor, which was this morning drest with flags of all colors flaunting in the sunshine; it is now as closely strung with small lamps, which being fastened in rows to the ropes, sway about with the breeze in the most beautiful curves, changing every moment, and repeating themselves in the water.

FRIDAY.—We meant to have set out very early for Pompei, but reached the railroad a few minutes too late, owing to some difference between our watches and the Neapolitan time. Another train was to start in two hours, so we drove about meanwhile. The cathedral of St. Januarius, which we visited first, is that in which the famous miracle is wrought three times every year—first after vespers on the first Saturday in May, and eight days thereafter; secondly on the morning of the 19th of September and through the following week; thirdly on the

sixteenth of December. The thought of this prodigious imposture really gives one a disgust to the church, which however contains much that is curious and elegant. Over the principal door are some curious old tombs; and on the high altar two precious columns of red jasper. The font is of Egyptian basalt, and ornamented with bacchanalian emblems, thyrses and festoons of the vine—a relic from some heathen temple. In one of the side-chapels is the genealogical tree of our Saviour, springing out of the bosom of Abraham, who lies on his back on the ground. An old church, San Restituta, founded in 334, opens into this one, where are seventeen columns from the Temple of Apollo, on whose foundation it rests. We did not choose to see the “Treasury” of St. Januarius, for such sights have lost their charm, and we preferred giving our precious time to something more satisfactory.

It is said that while Naples was in possession of the French, the priests told the people that the blood of S. Gennaro did not liquidate as usual at the appointed time—an announcement which threw the whole city into a transport of mingled consternation and fury. Murat hearing of this, and knowing the object of the priests, sent them word that if the liquefaction did not take place within twenty minutes, he should bombard the town. The miracle was no longer withheld. And the people enjoyed the consolation of believing that fire, famine and pestilence were not necessarily to be their lot on account of the presence of the French.

Our next call was at the Church or Chapel of Santa Maria della Pietà, belonging to the Princes of San Severo. This small chapel is one of the most curious places we

have seen. It has been partly destroyed by an earthquake, and the door to the sacristy is walled up with large rough stones, and the whole church has such a tumble-down air that I wished the curious things it contains could be bestowed more safely. It is here that we find the celebrated veiled statues, which, whatever may be said of them as works of the highest order of art, are full of interest, and detain the unlearned observer, as well by the beauty of the execution and the originality and tender sentiment of the designs, as by the wonderful skill which was requisite to produce such effects. A charming statue of Sincerity faces the entrance, adorning the tomb of a noble lady; on one side is the man struggling in a net partly broken, called *Il Disingannato*—symbolizing successful efforts against the entanglement of worldly cares and vices; this is all cut from a single block of marble, although the net seems almost altogether separate from the figure. Opposite to this is another tomb, to the memory of another daughter of the house of Sangro, on which stands a veiled statue of Modesty, most sweet and beautiful.

Not far off is the marble figure of the Redeemer, extended in death on a couch of porphyry, and covered from head to foot with a winding-sheet, so delicately wrought that the eye loses nothing of the outline of the figure, which is of a pathetic and awful beauty. Around the figure are disposed the various instruments of the Passion, cut from the same mass of marble.

Over the principal entrance is a curious monument of Cecco di Sangro, Prince di Sansevero, getting out of an iron-clasped chest, in memory of his having obtained pos-

session of a besieged town by introducing himself into the citadel in a coffer. This figure being colored to represent life, has a rather startling effect. The church contains other statuary, but we had no more time.

We took care not to miss the train again, and were soon whirling along the borders of the Bay towards Pompei. Everything was beautiful, if we except the boys along the shore below us, whose amusement it was to play in the sea awhile and then to roll themselves in the dark sand, until they looked like the most hideous baboons. We saw multitudes of fisher people, who were evidently as nearly amphibious as may be. Every building we saw was of lava—the very roofs being made of slabs of it. The peculiar aspect of the earth and the hills speaks of volcanic changes, and gives the scenery a distinct individuality. One source of the beauty of all the Neapolitan views is doubtless the contrast afforded by the harsh outlines of these formations with the general softness and luxuriance occasioned by the climate.

At Pompei we alighted at a station-house, and went through it, and by a very long, sunny way, to the excavations. The Amphitheatre—the Tragic Theatre, the Forum, the Temple of Jupiter, the Street of Tombs, the House of Diomed, &c., &c., everybody knows all about, for never was any place better represented by drawings than has been this very Pompei. I knew almost as much about it before I saw it as afterwards; and I would much rather look at it in engravings than by the light of a hot sun, for neither roof nor tree affords an inch of shade.

A very intelligent soldier of the guard conducted us through the city, pointing out with the utmost minute-

ness everything worthy of notice. But the interest lies in the whole, not in particulars. A disinterred city—the traces of common, domestic life—of trade, of gaiety and pleasure; of grief, of worship—in places which have lain in the darkness of death for centuries;—the marks of sudden desolation, of flight, of despair; the change in the very position and locality of the city, effected by volcanic action—these fill the mind in traversing the streets of Pompei. The gates and paths which led to the sea, now lead to green fields, for the sea is forced back by new formations. The sun of noon shines in upon the most secret recesses—upon the luxurious retirement of the rich, upon the hidden trickery of the temple. The tombs built for the dead have outlived the habitations of the living. The lead pipes are still firm in fountains whose sources have been dry since the days of Pliny. In the cellar of the house of Diomed are on one side the amphoræ which held his wines, on the other the impress of the form of one of his loved ones, who died there in agony.

The frescoes are praised for their life and freshness; it is in strange contrast with the sepulchral air of all around, Many bits of the mosaic floors are still of as bright blue as the brightest eyes, but where are the eyes for which they were laid? The amphitheatre is so nearly perfect that it looks as if it were waiting the return of its former occupants. One portion of it has even been repaired, restored to its original condition, as if to make ready. The two theatres—the tragic and the comic—are also in wonderful preservation. Vesuvius appears to have shown more respect to the places of amusement than to the House of the Edile or the temples of the Gods. Only about

one third of the city is as yet excavated, and in the present disturbed state of the country it is hard to say when the work will be resumed with the vigor with which the French prosecuted it during their occupation of Italy, though the thirty thousand lazzaroni of Naples might surely be well employed here. Whenever a crowned head visits the ruins, an excavation is made, and any curiosities which may be discovered are presented to the guest; but crowned heads are becoming fewer and fewer, every day, so that even these occasional efforts will probably occur but seldom. A fine garden is cultivated within the walls, from which our party gathered figs, oranges, lemons, apricots, peaches, strawberries, blackberries, and plums; and it required no great effort of imagination to think that the former lords of the soil might be partaking, in some ethereal way, of these earthly dainties, once no doubt as pleasant to them as now to us.

A railroad to Pompei! and a restaurant, or something like it, on the spot! What strange confusion in one's associations.

I soon wearied, and felt so ill from the heat, that I was obliged to return to the station-house. Here a man brought oranges, peaches, lemons, figs, strawberries, fresh almonds, apricots, and I think some other fruits, and some cool water. The place was quiet, and the blinds closed; and I found a sofa on which I lay down and fell asleep. In about an hour I awoke, shaking with an ague—whether the bequest of the Pontine marshes, or of the wild Western woods of the United States, I cannot say; but I fancied it of home extraction, since I was the only one of



the party thus favored, and we had all passed the marshes in the night.

This was not very comfortable, but we were *en route* for Pæstum, and must go on. We got into the train for Nocera, where a frantic crowd of vetturini were shrieking as if they had imbibed some maddening gas; thrusting their whips into our faces, and looking very much as if they would stab us, one and all, if we did not hire their carriages. But the Italian's bark is far worse than his bite, and you may push your way through the densest crowd, civilly, without fearing injury.

We secured a tolerable carriage, with three horses abreast, and à perfect Jehu of a driver, like most of the Italian drivers; who never scold their horses or give them drink on the road, nor yet use the whip with the least severity. They seem to understand the arts of persuasion.

I hardly know how I reached the carriage, but only that I was very wretched, and rode to Salerno in great distress; was put to bed immediately, and lay burning with fever, through the night. In the morning I felt better, and knew very well that I had had neither more nor less than a regular ague-fit, with whose features I had become tolerably familiar years before. Oh, the pleasant anticipations of the return of such a visitation!

SALERNO, JULY 8.—This town, situated on a beautiful bay surrounded with mountains, is one of the most truly Italian that we have seen. It swarms with human life, almost in a state of nature. The Hotel Vittoria stands directly on the shore, where the soft music of the waves is incessant, and the view of the bay enchanting; and the beach is the theatre of operations for an incredible num-

ber of people. At four o'clock in the morning the place was as thronged and as noisy as Broadway at noon ; not indeed with carriages, of which there are comparatively few, but with men, women and children, chattering like an army of crows—buying and selling, crying their wares, performing their domestic operations, and seeming to forget that anybody else had eyes or ears. It was the most singular scene that can be imagined, at that hour.

We think of the Italians as indolent, and so indeed they are, in the latter part of the day ; but no people get up so early. Travelling all night, as we frequently do, we have noticed this everywhere, with surprise. At this season daylight appears at three o'clock, and the people begin talking and working very soon after. In spite of their proverbial indolence, there certainly must be a great deal of work done in this country. Everything is built of the most substantial materials. A wooden house, for which the different parts can be cut out in immense quantities by machinery, is unknown here. Hewn stone or excellent brick are the only materials used. The very sentry-boxes are of brick, covered within and without with stucco. The commonest garden walls, throughout the country, look like fortifications, and the supports of the vine are often substantial brick pillars. Add to this the attention everywhere given to ornament, and it is easy to see that somebody must work. There is not a ceiling in the commonest country tavern that has not something in the shape of fresco painting ; and in many cases this is done with no little skill and elegance. Statuary and bas-reliefs in plaster are everywhere, and no fountain but has some ornamental carving in stone. All

the bridges are of stone, and most of them have some memorial tablet, arch or pillar which has been executed with no trifling labor. Then the wealth of statuary in the churches; the wonderful prodigality with which pictures are hung on every side, and in the most unexpected places; the elaborate magnificence of bronze doors and iron gates; the immense labor bestowed upon roads, through the mountains and elsewhere—are enough to make us conclude the Italians to be the most industrious people in the world. The very dinners must cost a good deal of labor; for you are never served with less than half a dozen different dishes in succession, for each of which a clean plate, knife and fork are furnished, while what is considered an elegant dinner is much more extravagant. However they may love the *dolce far niente*, the Italians are anything but a labor-sparing people. It is often observed in the Pope's praise that he rises at four in the morning and works all day.

The Gulf of Salerno is very different from that of Naples—more open, more like the great sea. The mountains which surround it descend more abruptly to the shore, and have a more wild, volcanic, thunder-smitten look. They are very little if at all cultivated, while the shores of the Bay of Naples rise so gradually that they afford the greatest advantage of position, both for dwelling and cultivation. But Salerno is a most charming place, and the journey to Pæstum from it is a very easy one.

I think I never saw so gay a bustle.

Great awnings striped with red or blue, serve for shade to dozens of women engaged in sewing, knitting or washing. One would think they had all things in common,

to see them pursuing their labors together. One old woman will take care of a dozen children, while the more active mothers are more profitably employed; though truth to say, the children get no very wearisome amount of care, for they run about half naked, and roll in the sand like young sea-dogs, without seeming to annoy their caretakers in the least. Salerno is a city of twenty-four thousand inhabitants, but the houses are surprisingly few. Certainly a large part of the population must live out of doors.

The trip to Pæstum has an ill name lately. Several parties have been robbed this spring; and we saw at our Hotel Vittoria the names of five gentleman, with a doleful story of their having suffered the loss of "five gold watches and ten pounds in money," taken from them by "fifteen armed brigands." We could not help thinking of Falstaff's eleven men in buckram,—but the gentlemen certainly were robbed. Gens d'armes are kept at certain distances on the road, but there is still a portion of it which is considered unsafe.

The drive from Salerno to Pæstum is about twenty-five or six miles, and so good that a good vetturino takes you there in three hours and a half. The way is not particularly interesting, but being nearly all the way near the sea, it is tolerably cool during the hottest weather. There is no hotel at the ruins, but a sort of stable in which the traveller may boil his tea in a pitcher, in company with a donkey or two, a pig, two cats and a number of fowls, which last, however, pay their board and lodging by providing very excellent eggs, which may be had for a consideration. This establishment has one cup and one

plate, but a very obliging landlord ; and it would really be a pleasant little piece of romantic generosity, to carry out some common utensils for the use of the party, and leave them for the benefit of the solitary landlord. (It is odd to think that Pæstum was originally the country of the Sybarites.) A boy whose rags flutter in every breeze acts as cicerone, and really seems inspired by the position. He shows up the ruins ; indicates the remarkable points ; speaks with a swelling chest of their superiority to all other ruins ; and when our courier asked him how many years old the temples were, replied, " We do not count here by years, but by ages." But the wonderful preservation of these three temples, which are said to have been antiquities in the time of Alexander, is not their only merit. They are of an extreme beauty, and satisfy the taste as well by their exquisite proportion, as they excite the imagination by the undetermined remoteness of their origin. The Phœnicians have the credit of these solid blocks of stone, and it is said that the older buildings, beautiful as they are, are not constructed after the rules of Grecian art ; so that there is an originality about them, although it may not be evident to the unlearned observer. The principal temple is however strangely like the Parthenon. Some armor and vases have been found here, as well as many coins and other significant relics.

The whole trip from Naples to Pompei and Pæstum, is easily and satisfactorily performed in two days, even in hot weather, and we advise all travellers coming to Naples to make it by all means. If the stories of banditti on the road to Pæstum should appal the ladies of the party, I

none the less advise them to go as far as Salerno, and spend the nine or ten hours occupied by the trip to Pæstum at the Hotel Vittoria, which, according to our experience, affords all that reasonable people can desire. The journey to Salerno is well worth making for its own sake. I speak from experience, having been obliged to take Pæstum at second-hand.

Salerno is certainly one of the most charming places we have seen, and I should have delighted in staying there to enjoy so truly Italian a prospect, air, sky, and people. We had a well-served dinner at the Hotel Vittoria, and then set out on our return. It is eight miles from Salerno to Nocera, and a more beautiful road cannot be found. Mountains and valleys of almost every conceivable variety of form lie on either side, while the road is comparatively level, being carried along a sort of ridge for the greater part of the way. Beautiful dwellings hang on the mountain sides ; woods, terraced gardens, and vineyards enrich the whole view. Scarce a peak but is crowned with castle, tower or ruin ; scarce a level expanse among the slopes but has its monastery or its chapel. Here an aqueduct, there a bridge ; now a merry harvest-field, now a close-built town, whose narrow street has an arcade on one side or both, beneath which sit the people and their children, engaged in spinning flax from distaffs, winding bright-colored worsteds, plaiting straw, sewing, working at their various trades, or chatting together when work is done.

We reached Naples about 7 o'clock, sent for some ices, looked at Vesuvius from the balcony, and so to rest. Our next expedition is to be to Vesuvius, who has obligingly be-

gun to make some demonstrations. For the first few days of our stay he did not show as much smoke as may be seen about any *café* in Naples.

MONDAY, JULY 10.—Here am I all alone, and our party joined by several Americans, gone up Vesuvius without me. Yesterday brought me another chill and fever, and I was too weak to think of a fatiguing jaunt for to-day. Heigh ho! I feel a little home-sick. \* \* \* \*

Our party returned about one o'clock—having set out before sunrise—so tired, so dirty, so disgusted with the labors and troubles of the way, that I try to be glad I did not go, though I know the thought will haunt me through life, or till I come again, that I have been within sight of Vesuvius and did not ascend it. I shall set down here an abstract of the account given by the more fortunate of our party. “After the jaunt is over—and it is one which no sojourner in Naples ever thinks of omitting—it must be confessed that an excursion more thoroughly disagreeable can hardly be imagined, while the sight at the top does not pay. If the mountain is quiet, so that you can look into the crater, there is nothing to be seen but a sort of seething smoke; if in action, the heat of the lava, the danger of red-hot stones, and the vile smell, are quite enough to destroy or balance whatever pleasure might arise from the gratification of curiosity. You begin with a toilsome drive of seven up-hill miles from Portici, and when, after much fuss, you have taken chairs with bearers,—the most odious mode of conveyance imaginable, especially for an ascent,—you have an hour’s tedious dragging in order to get to a place where you can see nothing but *scoriæ*. Then you alight amid hot cinders,

and burn and tear your shoes to tatters in the effort to get near enough to some stream of lava to have a good look at it; and when you have attained the object, and roasted your face, you come to the conclusion that a common iron-furnace affords quite as fine a sight. You may eat a sulphurous egg boiled, not in, but by lava, and you may melt as many silver coins as you like, or incrust as many copper ones, and you may also purchase any quantity of specimens done up in little red boxes. But to look at Vesuvius in eruption, with a good glass, and to buy at the shops in Naples every possible variety of Vesuvian wares, is, to my thinking, far pleasanter and therefore wiser for the unambitious traveller; leaving the actual ascent for the geologist, the ennuyé, who is in search of a sensation, and the professional tourist who must "do" Vesuvius or make a sad hole in his narrative. The idea of Vesuvius is a great deal better than the thing itself. A safety-valve for the great central fires is a stupendous affair; but it is far grander at a distance than too near. The picture-makers are wise in giving "Vesuvius as seen from the Bay of Naples;" the only tolerable views we have seen of the top are caricatures, showing the various distresses of ladies who heroically make the ascent."

Tuesday afternoon we drove out to Pozzuoli, one of the pleasantest of the neighboring wonders; Pozzuoli, the Puteoli mentioned in the Acts, and celebrated as having been the scene of the summer splendors of Augustus and other Roman Emperors. The drive to it is delicious, by the shores of the bay, with the high volcanic steepes of Olibano on the right, Misenum and Procida before, and



the rocky island of Nisita on the left. After some miles of never to be forgotten beauty, we came to Pozzuoli, where the antiquities are of great interest. The amphitheatre is only one fourth less than the great Colosseum, and in wonderful preservation. The dens of the wild beasts are as fit for use as ever; the complicated arches under ground as perfect as when Caligula looked upon them in his pride. The form is a beautiful long oval, and the arrangements of the arena differ somewhat from any amphitheatre we have seen. In the midst we met a picturesque group, consisting of an old priest with several attendants, and a woman from the Island of Procida, in a very peculiar costume. We were told that the women of that island dress on festa days in the Greek style, with jackets heavy with gold and silver, and other things equally peculiar. The costume of the pretty woman we saw was black and crimson, but arranged with remarkable taste. The priest tried to say some civil things to us in Italian, and when we inquired whether he could not speak French, which was more familiar to us, smiled and said that not having learned French in his youth, he was too old to attempt it now; adding that French was the language of the world. This seemed to touch the pride of an Italian who was with him, for he observed "When Pozzuoli was in its glory, in the days of Cicero, French was not the language of the world." By way of making ourselves interesting, we told the good old priest that it was but a few days since we had had the honor of speaking French with the Pope; upon which he took off his hat and uttered a sentence of congratulation. He wore

a splendid ring, and, our cicerone said, was a canonico, next in rank to a bishop.

The temple of Serapis is of such antiquity that it is said to have been *restored* 105 years before the Christian era. It was completely buried under cinders from Solfatara, and only exhumed in 1750. It has been stripped by the powers that be, of all its more precious treasures—the rich marbles, the statues and the vases which adorned it; but enough of elegance, in form and material, remains to show what it must have been. The temple is very large, and besides its own peculiar and sacred area, it encloses a great number of brick edifices, placed at equal distances about it, for the use of those who came to try the hot baths under its auspices. These baths are still much used, and they are almost boiling hot, Solfatara being as generous in fuel as ever, though outwardly he makes but little show.

The villa of Cicero is another object of interest to the visitor. It was here that the great orator built the portico which he called the academy, in honor of the Athenian one; and he gave the preference to his villa at Puteoli, over the more fashionable retreats at Baiæ and Cumæ, which on account of their sumptuousness, he called kingdoms, though they occupy but insignificant places upon the map. The villa of Cicero is however so ruined, that it derives its principal interest from association.

The famous Grotto of Posilipo is neither more nor less than a tunnel through the solid rock, as complete a thoroughfare as any street in New York; very high, and perhaps wide enough for three carriages to pass abreast. The tomb of Virgil, with which we have been accustomed

to associate this grotto, is in reality far above it, on a hill; and the grotto, which we somehow expected to find supplied with stalactites, and a pool or two with pale nymphs reclining in marble silence around their brims, is a dusty road, lighted by a few lamps, where we met to-day a flock of goats, two men riding at once upon a poor little donkey, several groups of peasants returning from their work, and more Neapolitan carriages than we had patience to count. So we tore one leaf out of our book of romance, and therewith lost a pleasure.

The tomb of Virgil, which stands, as we have said, on a hill not far from the grotto, has been stripped, like most of these monuments, of much of its ornament. It is a sort of tower with a square base, overgrown with creeping plants, and not more remarkable than many a nameless sepulchre we have seen by the way-side. It is said to have contained a sepulchral urn, but no traces of this now exist. But the tomb in its present state has been visited by Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch, who delighted to offer their homage to the great master and it can never be an object of indifference while it bears his name.

WEDNESDAY.—Went shopping; bought quantities of gloves, some corals and cameos, and some strong Catanian silk. We examined the splendid Turkish shop, but bought nothing, for the prices were enormous. Went to the Studj again, and spent two or three hours. We have been making inquiries about a steamer to Leghorn or Genoa; went on board one, the *Capri*, and chose state-rooms, when we were informed that the King would probably put the boat under requisition to carry troops to Sicily, so that no places could be engaged until the pleasure of the government was known.

I am surprised to find I can already go about all day without remembering to look at Vesuvius, which is in sight all the time.

We went in the afternoon to Capodimonte, the King's summer palace, surely one of the loveliest spots on earth's bosom. It is situated on the very summit of the elevation which overlooks Naples, the Bay, the mountains,—including the three peaks of Vesuvius,—the fortresses which overhang the city and those which defend the harbor; the islands in the distance and the Mediterranean still beyond. The palace is vast in extent, and placed in the midst of a garden in the English style, which makes the most of the natural beauty of the position. The interior is both splendid and tasteful, but not being rich in pictures or statuary, did not detain us long from the balcony, where we could never be satisfied with looking. The billiard-room is immense and richly furnished; the maces and cues being fantastically carved, and inlaid with ivory. One of the bedrooms is furnished with articles from China; another in Indian lacquered ware, etc. One room exhibits the presents sent by various crowned heads to the Queen and her family, some of them only pretty toys for children, others rich and costly bijouterie, sets of Sevres china, and gold and silver ornaments, all alike locked in glass cases, shop-fashion.

As we came down into the town again, through the Toledo, a violent shower came on—one of the heaviest rains I ever saw, and we were obliged to seek such shelter as we could find. I was amused to see, as soon as it was over, people running with little wooden bridges, which they offered to the passers-by for crossing the torrent-like gutters which went roaring down the street for a while,

expecting a baïoc' in return, like our crossing-sweepers. We went on the Chiaja, indescribably lovely after the shower, which had been much needed.

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## ENVIRONS OF NAPLES.

THURSDAY, TO HERCULANEUM.—We stopped on the way at a macaroni factory, where the people were very civil, and showed us the whole process, which is curious and pretty. We were as much amused as ever at the various aspects and occupations of the crowd by the way. I do not know how many stout fellows we saw fast asleep on the tops of low walls, or down in the sand under them, with hardly any clothes on. People seem to be independent of both covering and shelter in this climate, and to find something to eat without working for it.

The entrance to the *scavi* at Heroulaneum is through the dirtiest of domestic scenes, half under-ground, where a slattern mother presides over a household which only she and such as she could endure. Her son, a decently dressed young man, showed the way down into the excavations, and I thought rather blushed for the maternal nest, but perhaps that was only fancy. I went down the long flight of steps which leads to the Theatre, but remembering my ague, ran up again, as it was so excessively damp. Each member of the party carried a wax taper.

I waited about twenty minutes in the domestic den, where children, chickens, cat, dog, vegetables, fish and dirt, were all in confused jumble, so that the only distinguishable entity was the mistress, who moved about amid

all this with a gracious calmness quite enviable. Afterwards we went by a narrow and very filthy lane to some other excavations, which are like those of Pompei, open to the air and light. These are quite interesting, and we had a most zealous cicerone, who was not willing we should see less than everything. We plucked some roses, and admired the fine rows of columns in perfect preservation, but did not stay long, for there is great sameness in these things.

When we returned to Naples, we went to a shop near the Hotel de Russie, to see some models of the ruins of Pæstum, in wood, in terra cotta, in cork, and in *rosso antico*—very beautiful, but—very dear. That in *rosso antico* or dark red marble, beautifully wrought and polished, cost a thousand dollars—one in softer material three or four hundred. We bought some vases and other things in terra cotta, designed after the bronzes found in Pompei and Herculaneum.

In the afternoon we set out a little earlier than usual to make time for seeing Baiæ, Cumæ, Lake Avernus, etc. We expected our principal pleasure from the drive, for such a tour, on such a day, offers so much in the mere face of Nature, that the mind is filled rather with pleasure than with curiosity. The sea was of a dazzling blue; the rocky heights on our right, between which and the shore our route lay, shaded our path for much of the way; the shore was all alive with people and children; the far islands were hung with silver gauze, through which we could see their beautiful outlines and their softened greens; the road of the most perfect smoothness, and F. silent—it was too delicious!

The view presented as we advance, is one which can

never be forgotten. Cape Misenum is before us, stretching far out into the sea from the Elysian Fields, over which we can see the Island of Procida. At the east, the small fortified island of Nisida; then Baiæ and her ruined temples and castle; nearer to us the heights of Solfatara; and round all the beautiful sea, with boats and large vessels giving interest to its wide expanse—it is enough to make one forget everything but Rome—and home.

In approaching Avernus we pass Monte Nuovo, a volcanic hill which rose from the earth in a single night—a bare, brown-looking eminence, which looks as if it intended to sink back again in due time. The lake is full of interest, with the single drawback of an obstinate doubt whether this insignificant piece of water can indeed be that of whose depth and mysterious importance we have heard so much. It is surrounded by hills, verifying the proverb of easy descent; and the verdure on all sides is so luxuriant and the place so quiet, that it would not require an Italian imagination to fancy it the portal to some unknown world. Here was placed Homer's city of the Cimmerians, and the fabled entrance of Hell. On one side are magnificent remains of a Temple of Proserpine, who probably liked to have a summer residence thus near the borders of her own dominions. The people of the neighborhood still believe that no bird flies over this lake of enchantments, but all I can say is that I did not see any.

The grotto of the Cumæan Sybil opens not far from the borders of the lake. We turned off to the left through a thicket path, and came to a little cleared space at the mouth of the cave, where were guides waiting, with great torches,

six feet long, or so, made of pine, rosin, hemp, and other combustibles, which they lighted, and then went flaring in before us, scattering black, oily flakes on every side. After descending for some distance we reached a branch opening on the right, which leads to the penetralia of the prophetess, and this path being covered with water to the depth of two or three feet, it is necessary for those who will try the spell to be carried in on men's shoulders. This we ladies declined, though we were politely urged to the exploit by our guides, who were most disinterestedly anxious that we should not return to our far homes without having seen all that is to be seen.

The top of the cave being completely blackened with the smoke of torches, the adventurous portion of our party returned well smutched, and having seen just nothing but a cave half full of water. It is said that a subterranean passage extended quite through to Cumæ, by which the emperors used to come privately for consultation with the Sybil—a tradition which it is quite as easy to believe as that the wise lady lived in this dripping den. When Eneas came hither for advice, perhaps the place was in habitable condition, being just over the infernal fires, which would naturally keep it dry, at least.

We came out upon Avernus again, well-pleased with our visit of exploration, though we had seen nothing; for after all there is an unaccountable charm about these things. We drove around by the shore to the Baths of Nero, to which we ascended from the edge of the bay by a steep, rocky path. Here was another cave, large and high at the entrance, and branching off in various directions, no one of which branches one can follow far, on



account of the hot steam which fills them. I crept in, for curiosity's sake, as far as I could, keeping my head near the ground, but penetrated but a few yards before I was obliged to retreat. A forlorn little old man, stripped to the waist, makes his wretched living by going in with eggs, and waiting till they are boiled—a feat which he performed less for our gratification than for his own, and came out with streams of perspiration coursing down his sallow breast and shoulders. I never saw a more disgusting sight, and the screaming whine with which he sought to enhance the price of the exploit was equally odious. But the whole thing was curious, and the interest is heightened by a secret something resembling fear, as one meets the steam, and remembers that the fires which create it are sometimes rather fitful in their behavior.

Further on, by the shore again, we came to the remains of Baïæ and many magnificent temples. How striking are these things, in contrast with the utter solitude and calm rural beauty of the scenes around! What lessons of human nothingness does this unmoved aspect of Nature offer, while we are examining the relics of the utmost efforts of pride and power at perpetuity of splendor. This slender promontory, which looks as if the sea might wash over it, still beats off the great sea with its light, shifting sands; but the palaces of the emperors are gone, so that few vestiges of their massive walls are to be traced by the curious antiquary. The peasants wade into the sea for scraps of mosaic, and pieces of marble pavement. Sometimes among these they find gems, cameos, seals, penates and sculptured fragments, which they sell to the traveller or send to the curiosity shops of Naples—perhaps

bits of the house of Seneca, or intaglios once worn by Petronius or Cicero. In truth we have ourselves bought a seal head of Cicero which is said to have been found here.

The remains of temples along this shore are stupendous. From those of Proserpine and Mercury, on Avernus, out to the very point of Cape Misenum, the soil is loaded with their ruins, some of which preserve enough of their original grandeur to give us an idea of what the whole scene must have been, when it was preferred to Rome by the masters of the world. The largest ruin still standing is that called the Temple of Venus, on the very edge of the sea—a circular, vaulted edifice of prodigious size, called by the stricter antiquarians a bath and not a temple. Indeed all these ruins are by some concluded to be *Thermæ*—perhaps not without some reason beyond their apparent design of construction; since those whose unbounded love of pleasure led them to make of this peninsula a City of Delight, were doubtless more likely to build luxurious baths, which included provision for all the amusements of the day, than temples of the gods in whom they had ceased to believe, or whom if they still feared they would be desirous to forget.

It was from Misenum that Pliny watched the eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Pompei; and it was in hastening hence to Stabies, (Castellamare,) to offer assistance, that he was himself overwhelmed and lost. Not far off was the villa of Marius, and also that of Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, “who here received her friends and strangers, and entertained them with accounts of the exploits of her illustrious father, and of her two sons Tiberius and Caius.” What a good-natured age! Cornelia

would be voted a dreadful bore in these days, her sententious virtue to the contrary notwithstanding. Once these shores swarmed with the legions of Octavius and Antony, while the sea was covered, far as the eye could reach, with the fleet of Sextus Pompey, with whom the great triumvirs concluded a treaty on board his ship. Here it was that a satellite whispered to the naval commander—"Wouldst thou now be master of the universe?" making a sign as of cutting the cables, and so carrying off the world's then masters. "Thou shouldst have done it without speaking!" was the reply. Roman virtue!

We stopped at a sort of rustic inn for some Falernian, but it made us make faces. Surely nobody ever wrote sweet poetry under such sour inspiration. Two boys danced the tarantella, one of them a complete buffo by nature. Some peasants came home from their work with their tools on their shoulders, and some dark-eyed girls brought us pieces of marble and mosaic, all wet as if they had just come out of the sea. This is to bring out their colors, and make them look polished and attractive. After one gets them home they look like fairy-gifts disenchanted. *Avis au lecteur*, who will perhaps be tempted to buy, as we were.

We went home by Posilipo for the last time; gave the last *baioo* to an old man with a monstrous tumor on his chest, who has always met us at the entrance of the grotto; passed down the beautiful Chiaja, and waved our adieux to the Villa Reale, and began to feel that we might in time become attached to the environs of Naples, if not to the crowded, beggar-haunted city itself. Every day has improved our impressions of it, and I cannot doubt

that if we had not seen Rome first, we should have found Naples much more charming.

Naples is a city of the imagination quite as much as Rome, though in a different way. Our idea of Rome brings with it all that is splendid, classical, dignified and powerful in ancient history; that of Naples the grace, beauty, gaiety, *insouciance*, versatility and indolence; love of pleasure and subjection to superstition, characteristic of modern Italy. If Rome would be like a mausoleum after Naples, Naples is a puppet-show after Rome. Naples should be sketched in gamboge and vermillion; Rome in sepia or Indian ink. Rome sits like an uncrowned queen, majestic in the drapery which veils her repose; Naples like a dancing girl, with castanets or tambourine, a scarlet kerchief wreathed in her dark locks, through the luxuriant braids of which gleams a silver dagger. Sunshine seems rather impertinent at Rome; Naples is nothing without it. In Rome you think of St. Peter's; in Naples of the San Carlo. The very atmosphere is different; for in Rome narrow streets and tall churches make a perpetual shadow, while at Naples all is glare, so that even the smoke of Vesuvius when it beats down into the streets, scarcely tempers the blinding light. It would certainly be wise to see Naples first. Its very picturesqueness seems childish after the grandeur of Rome. The proverb says, "See Naples and die"; we are disposed to manufacture another—"See Rome and live."

But take Naples as it is, and for what it is, and it is full of beauty. In Genoa only, of all the cities we have yet seen in Europe, there are pictures painted in fresco on the outsides of the houses; in Naples *tableaux vivants* al

*fresco* are in every street,—groups which would make the painter's fortune who could transfer them faithfully to canvas. The taste which marks the costume, the attitudes, the step, the voice, the language, of the Neapolitan girl or boy of the lowest ranks, is the evident result of ages of civilization and refinement, of the presence of classical statuary, and a constant familiarity with exquisite natural scenery. The most ordinary talk is a sort of musical chaunt; the coarsest dress a drapery rather than a mere covering—which last it is not always. A great country boy passed us this morning with literally nothing on but a pair of short linen drawers; but his hat, which he had slung over one shoulder by a string, had a knot of gay colored worsted in it; and the black cherries which he was offering for sale were tied in bunches, with vine leaves intermixed, so artfully, that we took them for grapes; and these were piled in a flat basket which he balanced on his head with a "grace beyond the reach of art." A more beautiful figure we have not seen anywhere. The young girls are very coarse and brown when you come to examine them closely; but seen from a little distance, and when they are in full action, and unconscious of observation, they are charming. The earnestness of the Italians is very picturesque; it gives them individuality, and throws a freedom into their movements, which our people at home will never possess while the approbation of others is so much an object with them. Every body lives in the street here,—in July, at least; and business and pleasure, bargaining and condolence, conversation and quarreling, go on as coolly, without the least reference to the passers-by, as if shielded by walls and

jealousies. This habit makes pictures of course ; and they are pictures as different from those which the streets of New York can furnish, as the drapery of a Roman statue is different from that of a modern hero in cocked hat and epaulettes.

The swarm of life is incredible. Naples is said to contain four hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and one can well believe it, though the houses do not strike you as capable of holding more than half that number. But in the streets you can think of nothing but a disturbed ant-hill. A less good-natured and social crowd would certainly get into fights twenty times a day, from the mere annoyance of elbowing. It would seem that all buying and selling must be transacted in the street. Wares of all sorts are either spread upon the pavement, or arranged on low temporary stands, that look as if a breeze would blow them over. Yesterday we saw what seemed quite a respectable collection of new books, exposed for sale after the first mentioned fashion. The owner stood by, looking for customers with eager eye, but none came while we staid. Hard by was a stand of hosiery, and next to that a fruit stall—all in the open street, and indeed in the carriage way, for there are no side-walks, and therefore the lines are not very accurately defined. Cooking goes on in the street with great vigor ; it would seem that there need be few kitchens in Naples besides these, which require no expense in building, but consist of an awning and a furnace of charcoal. Fish, flesh and fowl ; macaroni, tomatoes, fritters,—may be had at any moment, fiery hot, and *looking* eatable, at least. The variety of fish is very great, and among the shell fish are

several kinds quite new to us. A large part of the population would seem to be employed in fishing, for the shores of the bay are every where lined with seines, fishing tackle, and boats, not to speak of the amphibious men and boys who live among them, and who spend at least half their time in the water, till their skins are of considerably darker red than those of our Indians.

It is in the environs of Naples, that we must look for objects of peculiar interest. Pompei, Herculaneum, Vesuvius, Capri, Pozzuoli, Solfatara, Cumæ and several beautiful towns on the borders of the bay, afford excursions more or less interesting. The climate is so delightful that to be out of doors is of itself a pleasure. The heat of the sun, even in July, is so tempered by the sea-breeze that it presents no obstacle to the sight-seer except during the middle hours of the day. From eleven or twelve till four or five, it is pleasanter to sit in a cool, stone-walled and stone-floored parlor, looking upon the bay, enjoying the breeze through the green blinds and watching the bizarre doings of the active creatures in the street below. But all the rest of the long day—which begins, with the prudent and industrious traveller, at five in the morning,—may be used in exploring, since the churches, of which there are three hundred in Naples, are open from the earliest hours of the morning, and may thus be viewed while other places of interest are closed. Many of these churches are well worth examining; but they are so amply described in the guide-books, that our private opinion of their merits need not occupy the time of the reader.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 14.—We have been uncertain until the last moment, about the steamer, but this morn-

ing find that the king *does* want the Capri for his warlike capers, and that our only present resource is the French government steamer from Malta, the *Sesostris*, which is to sail some time to-day. So we have been packing, and F. has done the usual amount of worrying about the passports, and the little, forlorn Italian modiste has brought my dress at the very last moment, and we have taken our leave of the Hotel de Russie, and its gentlemanly *maitre d'hotel*, and accommodating waiters, (not to speak of the pursy landlord,) with many assurances that we are "*bien content*," and sundry promises that we will recommend their house to our friends—which we shall be sure to do if the world ever travels any more in Italy after this year, for we have been exceedingly well served.

We went on board a small boat at the nearest stairs, almost opposite our Hotel, and were rowed completely across the bay, dodging in and out among the innumerable boats and ships that cover it, to the Health office. There we lay waiting for some time, much amused with the gay picture, while F. went into the office to settle the point, whatever it may have been. I felt very willing to leave at least the ague behind me. A girl came to the water and filled a small cask, which, when she had done, she found it impossible to raise it to her head, where she had placed the usual small ring cushion to receive it. Every body on the quay seemed quite too busy to help her, and after sundry efforts she was about to give it up in despair, when an old man lent a hand, as the sailors say, and hoisted the heavy burthen to her cushion, after which she walked off in great state, with her hands at liberty. This carrying of burthens on the head gives a



lazy, graceful air to the common people, and no doubt helps their manner of walking, which is very stately when it is not frolicsome. Near us was a man raking for shell-fish, and all about were small boats like our own, with awnings, in which people were rowed about on their various errands of business or pleasure. At length F. reappeared, Mon Dieu-ing and Sacre-ing à son ordinaire, and we were rowed to the steamer.

We found two Russian ladies in the cabin, mother and daughter—the latter full six feet high, and very dark—complete Calmuck. They had a courier with them, who performed the offices of ladies' maid, packing and unpacking their clothes, etc. They were quite a study, for they had the air of princesses, at least. (N. B. All travelling Russians are princes.) The stewardess was a good natured French woman, and gave us comfortable berths. Afterwards the cabin was paved with ladies, and we were right glad that we had each a window by which to breathe.

The steamer was long in starting; waiting for somebody. At last we got off, and the afternoon was beyond description lovely. We took many a last look at the Bay; at Vesuvius—which was sending up the clearest white spiral of smoke against the blue heaven; at Capri; at Misenum as we rounded it; at the Elysian fields—Procida—Ischia. Ah! lovely land—too sweet to know and leave,—yet who would not have known thee?

SATURDAY MORNING.—The Sesostriis seems but a moderate sailer. We are off Civita Vecchia; the Russian ladies and their trowsered maid go ashore; more Russian ladies—a real princess this time—travelling alone, came on

board, and many other persons fresh from Rome. An English lady and gentleman with an elegant travelling carriage—the gentleman either insane or idiotic, and the lady ill and most miserable. If ever eyes were tear-worn they were that poor soul's. We pitied them from our very hearts; they seemed mild and kind, but so wretched.

Our passengers are from all quarters. There is a Greek priest, with crimson turban and long robe of dark cloth with a broad girdle; several Catholic priests from Rome, and two Franciscans; soldiers, artists, Jews—picturesque materials for deck-groups. The captain of the steamer takes very little notice of the passengers; he wears a uniform, being in government service and carrying the mail; and his air is at least insolent enough for his position. The table is excellent—served in the successive style, so that dinner is a long operation. Afterwards anybody has coffee or tea who chooses to order it.

We enjoy the deck, exceedingly; the weather is so perfectly delicious, and we are in full sight of the varied and beautiful shore all the time, and passing many islands. To-day being the expiration of the week from my first ague fit, I have had a slight chill and some rather uncomfortable hours, but it was only a shadow of the odious reality.

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 16.—Off Leghorn. We had thought of going ashore to breakfast, but the sun was very hot, and we lay off for an hour, so that it would have been late. Besides this, when we came on deck, we found a young artist who had come on board at Civita Vecchia, in what seemed a fainting-fit, but which proved but too surely to be the death-pangs. He was a con-

sumptive person, had been eating rather imprudently, and had afterwards gone to sleep in one of those suffocating state-rooms below, where he was found in the morning in a state of insensibility. He sat upright on one of the settees, his eyes half closed—his face deathly, and streams of perspiration coursing down it, from the labor with which he drew his breath. A person whom we took for the ship's doctor occasionally offered a bottle of salts, and at each ear was a priest—the Greek on one side, the Romish on the other, whispering—words of exhortation or consolation, I suppose. But nothing was done to save his life. The captain took no more notice of him than he would have done of a dog; and indeed the dying man's dog was the only creature that seemed deeply concerned. Perhaps the case was evidently hopeless to those who understood it, but to us spectators the coolness of those about him was most trying. The poor man was able to hold himself upright; had his senses, evidently, and seemed in a condition to have admitted of some attempt at remedy. At least we felt that at home we should have thought so.

The first symptom of interest in the captain was a desire to put the dying man ashore, lest the vessel and all on board should be subjected to twenty days' quarantine, in case he should breathe his last on board. So the boat was lowered, and the poor dying creature lifted down to it—a most distressing sight. I saw him, as they placed his head too low, catch at the seat and raise himself, and I had the satisfaction of throwing down another pillow. They rowed to the shore,—to the hospital—and the poor

artist was dead in a half an hour. He left a wife and child in Milan, to whom he was going home after a two years' absence. The Roman priest never left him while he lived, and when he came back to the ship, he brought the little dog with him.

We lay off Leghorn from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon, a weary while to me, for I did not feel able to go ashore in the heat of the sun. Many of the people from the shore came on board to look at the vessel, as a sort of curiosity ; and as their explorations were very thorough, I had but little undisturbed time for rest or reading. Most of our passengers leave us here. We are to be in Genoa in the morning.

GENOA, JULY 17.—Our poor *femme de chambre* on board the steamer, who was a most obliging creature, complained most bitterly that of all the ladies who left the steamer at Leghorn, not one gave her a sous. When we were coming away, the head-waiter tried to prevent our giving her anything, saying that whatever was given by the passengers was put into a common fund and divided among all the servants. But as there were several to whom we owed no personal civility, and we had a general impression that the men in such cases, as in most others, are apt to get the lion's share, we chose to follow our own leadings and give the stewardess a separate gratuity—with which she was somewhat consoled. These things do not appear to be very well managed.

We came to the Croce di Malta, for the sake of being with some American fellow-travellers ; but we should have much preferred our pleasant Hotel Feder ; besides that we make it a rule always to go again where we

have once been well-served. No pleasanter Hotel than the Feder can be found, and while it is under the same management we shall always make it a point to send our friends there.

After a very good breakfast we set about making up packages of letters and journals to send on towards home by the *Sesostris*, which goes directly to Marseilles, from which place our missives will be forwarded with all speed to London. We feel quite near home, at the thought that our letters will so soon be aboard of a Liverpool steamer, and reach New York in a few days afterwards. Our friends proceed to Milan in their own carriage, while we take the *malle-poste*.



## M I L A N .

WE were eighteen hours in the Diligence, and the road was dusty and not very interesting. Our company consisted of a youthful and rather pretty dame going to her husband at Lodi—dressed *à l'Italian*, with short sleeves and bracelets, and no shawl ; three young men very polite and attentive, and a very civil and obliging conductor. The young wife was modest and well-behaved, though there was a sort of unaffected, innocent freedom in her manners, which could hardly be judged safe under the circumstances. We rode all night, and in the morning, at Pavia, were met by a friend of the husband's, who had been deputed to meet the young lady, her natural protector not being able to leave his post. This person, a young mar-

ried man, whose wife was the intimate friend of our fair companion, rallied the latter unmercifully, on having come in pursuit of her husband—on having disappointed him several times when he expected her—etc., all which she bore with wonderful good humor and self-possession, though the fellow was a perfect *buffo*, and kept every body screaming with laughter at his fun, all which was delivered with a face of the most immovable gravity.

We ought to have been provided with credentials for seeing the celebrated monastery called the Certosa, near Pavia, but having neglected this, we were obliged vexatiously to pass it by unvisited. It lay uninhabited and neglected for some years, but was again opened by authority in 1843, and is now subjected to partial inspection which it well rewards by its ancient and curious splendors. It was built by one of the fierce and cruel Visconti, upon the scene of whose bloody reign we now enter.

Pavia interested us, of course, but we could not stop to explore its antique towers and rich Duomo, where they keep the lance of Orlando, the famous Paladin,—a great shaft like a mast. Such relics remind me of the offer to exhibit the dagger which Macbeth thought he saw; a vial of the milk of human kindness, etc. There is however more of reality in the possession of the body of St. Augustine which lies here, in a magnificent four-story tomb. The women of Pavia wear a black silk veil or scarf drawn round the face and crossed over the breast, as those of Genoa wear the white one. The covered bridge over the Ticino is their fashionable promenade.

Milan, though a walled city, has a summer-like aspect,

and looks like the abode of a pleasure-loving community—as I suppose it is. It possesses the most beautiful boulevards, now in all their luxuriance; and the verdure in gardens, meadows and public walks, is I think the richest I ever saw. Such moist and full vegetation in July has even an unwholesome look, though it is too lovely to suggest such a thought. The city is seven miles about, and contains some hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. No inland town could be more beautiful; its site is about four hundred feet above the level of the sea.

We entered by the Porta Ticinese—the same by which Napoleon entered after the battle of Marengo. Our destination was the Albergo Reale, an excellent house, where we have the best service, and an elegant *table d'hôte*. The master of the house, Sr. Broschetti, has a picture gallery which contains some fine specimens, but above all the David of Guido, than which we have seen nothing finer by that master. It is a most delicious picture, and will doubtless find its way into the collection of some rich Englishman, for whom it is kept in reserve. Lord Ward seems to be the great English lover and patron of art, just now. We hear of him everywhere, and he is talked of as having some idea of purchasing this splendid Guido.

After we had breakfasted, napped, dressed and dined, we went to the Duomo—that unique and splendid edifice which some one thinks to have been suggested by the Alps with their snow-covered pinnacles, an idea at once natural and ingenious. The whole building bristles with pinnacles, or *aiguilles*, as they are called, and the façade is nearly pyramidal in shape, like the pictures of ice-bergs. This front was finished under the auspices of Napoleon,

whose taste led him to do much to beautify beautiful Milan. The Visconti who endowed the cathedral, gave a marble-quarry for its building; and one is almost disposed to think it has all been used. The number of statues already on the church is incredible, so it is hardly worthwhile to talk of the number required for its completion. The interior has some windows which cannot be surpassed for richness of coloring. The light that struggles through them is like that of our own autumn woods, and fills the church with a perpetual sunset glory. Is it not passing strange that the ceiling of a cathedral like this, should be painted in tricky fresco to imitate carving in wood? Service is performed here after the Greek ritual, with no music but that of the organ. Behind the high altar is the wonderful and very disgusting "flayed statue"—called St. Bartholomew.

Beneath is the chapel of St. Carlo Borromeo, the gold and silver wonders of which have already been described, so that one knows them almost as well by the imagination as by the eye. They are tarnished, and seem to ask the whiting powder of the good housewife. The process of cleaning has been commenced, and the specimen makes one long to see it finished. The sight would in that case be a really splendid one. The countenance of the saint, mummied as it is, retains the characteristic outlines with which we are all familiar in his portraits; but I think a true respect would induce a veil. San Carlo was too good to be made a money-show of, in this his mortal humiliation. But perhaps it is thought that his motto—*Humilitas*—which is repeated everywhere about his tomb, in gold and silver and embroidery—justifies this



exposure of his defaced remains. But how the feelings recoil from the thought of a like liberty taken with one's self! After the cathedral, we spent some delightful hours in driving about the town.

Whatever may be the traveller's resolutions against climbing to the clouds for the sake of obtaining a birds-eye view of an indefinite expanse of country, he must make an exception in favor of the ascent of this cathedral, which offers, on its own roof, a prospect worthy of a far greater toil. We rose early on our second day, in order to enjoy this at leisure; and, with our American friends, found ourselves ascending the turret stairs at six o'clock. We had admired the exquisite finish of the thousands of statues—of the delicate pinnacles, of the flying buttresses, and their “flamboyant” decorations, and reached the belfry, where a telescope offers inflamed eyes, and a view of a very extensive prospect. Just as we had begun to enjoy these, the clouds, which had been having mass-meetings among themselves for some time, made an overwhelming demonstration, which made us glad to have any kind of roof over our heads, and rather sorry that the belfry had not been enclosed with glass, like our piazzas at home. Such sheets of water as fell for awhile, we have seen but once since we left home—one afternoon at Naples. In the midst of all this, one of the huge bells began to ring for a funeral, and so unexpectedly, that I came very near receiving my quietus from the clapper. Here we were—not the “Man in the Belfry,” but the men and women in the belfry, frightened, stunned, wearied to death with the din, from which we could only escape at the expense of a soaking, for we had come

through acres of out-doors to get at this one sheltered spot. The gentlemen adventurously ventured over the floated leads to the grand pinnacle, or *flèche*, to get a taller look, leaving us to the delectable society of F., who now, as in all cases when any difficulty arises, wore an injured and offended air, and appeared to feel himself quite an aggrieved person ; thus cunningly, and with courier instinct, forestalling any remarks we might have been disposed to make upon his utter inefficiency in providing against accidents, or applying remedies when they happened.

It was our duty to see, from this same dripping belfry, the Appenines—Mt. Cenis—San Primo, on the Lago di Como—St. Gothard—the Simplon—Monte Rosa—the plain of the Po, and its cities of Lodi, etc., and I dare say we did see them, and many other things, but to me I confess the view was but little edifying. The mountains were clouds, and the clouds were mountains ; and I saw nothing at a distance half so attractive as the city of Milan, with its multitude of domes and campanili, which lay spread at my feet, with the rain shining like silver on the roofs, and in the streets which diverge from the Duomo ; the long, stately funeral for which the bell was tolling, winding down the Borgo di Porta Orientale, to the cemetery beyond the walls ; and the endless rows of trees, and the wide-expanded and lovely gardens, all freshened by the grateful shower.

After breakfast to the Brera, a splendid building, which we enter by a wide court surrounded with grand coupled columns of red granite from the Lago Maggiore. This contains a library of eighty thousand volumes, and

the national gallery of pictures, or Pinacoteca, which boasts one of Raphael's most charming pictures, although painted in his twenty-first year. It is called *Lo Sposalizio*, or the Marriage of the Virgin. It is in the Perugino manner—symmetrical, delicate, almost stiff; but how sweet and gracious—how heavenly pure, the faces and forms—the expression and character of the whole! There is an unfinished picture of Leonardo da Vinci, which is a study for artists, and which, like the half-made statue left by Michael Angelo, make us feel *near* the artist—as if we were with him in his studio. We were not particularly interested in this gallery—partly, perhaps, because our powers of admiration are a little jaded after Rome and Naples; partly because the pictures are badly arranged and not very well lighted. We had not time to examine the library, but we saw some very curious manuscripts.

The Ambrosian Library has also its gallery of paintings, among which are many most interesting portraits; but its especial treasure in this way is the grand cartoon of Raphael for his fresco painting of the School of Athens, in the Vatican. Several studies of Michael Angelo for his fresco of the Last Judgment, and some portraits by Leonardo da Vinci are also among the inestimables. But the collection of manuscripts in the library interested us more than these—a Virgil, copied and annotated by Petrarch; a Josephus, upon papyrus; an illuminated Homer of the fourth century; Livy, translated into Italian by Boccaccio, etc.—there are five or six thousand in all.

Several rooms are occupied by gilt bronzes and other works of art, of modern manufacture—specimens of the

arts and manufactures of Milan. Here the *custode* was so busy putting up cartridges to be used against the Austrians, that he could hardly spare us any attention. He told us the young ladies of the city were equally busy in preparing lint and bandages. All Milan seems in most military mood; drills going on in the streets, and all ages sporting tri-colored cockades and other warlike symbols. We afterwards visited several churches, which are quite different from any we have yet seen, and of very beautiful forms. They are built of moulded brick, with ornaments of terra-cotta. I could gladly have spent a month in studying them.

The Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie boasts a miraculous image of the Virgin; but connoisseurs are much more tempted to worship the miraculously excellent *Cenacolo*, or Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci, which dignifies the end wall of the refectory of the Dominican convent adjoining. Of course nobody but a connoisseur should speak of this picture, which is grievously disfigured by time and damp, war and restorations, but which has "not yet lost all his original nobleness," even to the unpractised eye. We went through a stable to find it—a more appropriate vestibule than might appear at first thought. The painter is said to have employed sixteen years upon the work; but unhappily he tried an experiment with regard to his colors, which has resulted disastrously for the permanence of the painting. It is usually called a fresco, but was in truth painted in oils on a prepared ground.

THURSDAY, JULY 20.—Went shopping after breakfast, and were much amused with the shops and the crowd.

The variety of confectionery toys is wonderful, and the forms and devices are full of elegance and taste, as well as of quaintness and *bizarrerie*, and some amusing symptoms of the war-spirit, such as bonbons put up in the shape of military caps, cartouches, cannon, drums, etc. The streets were thronged, and we could have amused ourselves very well without entering any door. After we had lounged about for two hours on foot, we went to see the Champ de Mars, the Triumphal Arch and the Arena, —all mementoes of French occupation and in truly French taste. The Arch is of white marble, and surmounted by a triumphal car with six horses, and a crowd of statuary beside. Large bas-reliefs adorn the sides, and the whole has rather a majestic effect, but is jumbled in details, trying to express too much.

The Arena is an oval Amphitheatre of large dimensions, capable of holding 30,000 spectators, and of being flooded, for *naumachia* or sham sea-fights. There was once a regatta there, in presence of Napoleon, and the place is much used for public exhibitions and amusements. It is Paris, all over; I could hardly believe we were still in Italy. But the drive is beautiful, and the Place d'Armes all alive with lines of young men under drill, preparing to give the Austrians a warm reception.\*

We had much debate as to our best mode of conveyance to Chiavenna, the Lake of Como lying on our way, and tempting us to at least a short visit. But the necessity for renouncing determined us at last; and we decided upon the Diligence, as the most expeditious mode of

\* It was hard for us to believe, only a fortnight after, that notwithstanding all this bravado, Milan surrendered to Radetzky without striking a blow.

reaching Switzerland, where we had determined to spend a month. So we once more bestowed ourselves in the interior—for the *coupés* hereabout afford seats for only two passengers—and jogged along at a moderate pace over a rather uninteresting road for some twenty miles or so, the way being bordered with walls and enclosures, so that we saw but little. Our companions were a good lady with a goitre, and her cousin with two ; very polite and kindly persons, with whom we amused ourselves a good deal, by trying to talk to them in Italian, as they could speak little French. I think one would soon get the freedom of the tongue if such necessity arose often ; but almost everybody speaks French, so that our Italian does not often get an airing.

The night was fitful and somewhat rainy ; but about midnight, just as we were passing Lake Como, the moon broke forth with great brilliancy, and I think I never saw anything lovelier than some glimpses which her light, occasionally obscured by heavy clouds, gave us of the lake and the surrounding scenery. When we saw how beautiful it was, we regretted sadly that we had not made a point of Como ; but I am not sure that the most deliberate daylight view would have left a more enduring impression on my mind than did those moonlight effects amid the deep shadows of the clouds and the mountains. On the borders of the lake, the road is carried through no less than eleven tunnels, of different lengths, cut out of the solid rock—(I did not count them)—making a prodigious noise as the Diligence rattled through. I never slept a moment, but saw every change from blackest midnight to grey morn and splendid sunrise ; for we

had entered the Alps, and their grandeur grew upon me every instant.\*

FRIDAY, JULY 20.—This day we have crossed the Alps by the Splügen, the pass celebrated as having proved fatal to so many French troops under Marshal Macdonald, in 1800. Traces of the avalanches which engulfed whole ranks still scar the sides of the mountain, though the new road and its defences now relieve the traveller of apprehension, except at certain seasons. In bad winters the Splügen is still a dangerous pass; but it is traversed at all seasons. It is esteemed by many, perhaps most travellers, as the most interesting of all the Alpine gorges. Chiavenna, with which the pass opens on the Milan side, is a good introduction to its sublime characteristics. This old town is placed in the very heart of a congregation of peaks, and the houses, strong and rough, look as if they had grown out of the mountains, in the course of ages, a natural product of the stony soil. It might seem ungracious to say that the people correspond in appearance, but really they are but rough carving. Our Diligence company had been increased during the night by the accession of an officer fresh from the army now on the Stelvio, coming home to Chiavenna on a visit, and a young man his companion, the son of one of the rich men of the mountain city,—invalided by means of wounds or exposure to the intense cold of the Alps,—going to his mother to be nursed well again. The officer was big and burly,

\* After having travelled and rested for weeks among the Alps, I still feel that I never received a more striking and exciting impression of their grandeur, than on this morning, when I watched them by the uncertain and growing light.

with hair and beard like Goliath, and a complexion that seemed to tell tales of many a cold night watch, and perhaps many a carouse, too; but withal a good, honest fellow, clear of all suspicion of a touch of the sentimental. A man coming into the mountains, fresh from the army of liberty, is a hero of course. All were anxious to hear directly from the little band who were lying encamped on the very topmost ridge of the ever-snowy Stelvio, facing a large detachment of Austrians who occupied an equally trying position on the opposite mountain. Had they fought? Yes, yes—several times; only on Monday nine Milanese of the patriots were killed, and an indefinite number of Austrians. Did they keep that terrible post, and intend to keep it? Sicuro! night and day, though the suffering was terrible; for cloaks and blankets were of little avail. Had he (the hero) actually been in battle? He only laughed a scornful laugh, which spoke of carnage as a familiar thing. Had the young man fought? He had killed two Austrians with the very musket he had with him. And so ran our questions, the Goliath making every effort to become a perfect polyglot, in order to satisfy the curiosity of people who spoke three or four different languages at least. This enthusiasm enabled him to supply all deficiencies by unmistakable gestures of great vigor. He rolled up his eyes—he made a whistling noise of contempt—he slapped his sword, though it stood peaceably by his side; he whirled his hand spirally upward to give us an idea of the sudden dispersion of the enemy. On the whole he interested us a good deal, and as he wore a great gold ring on his left hand, I was secretly weaving a pretty little romance for him. Here



was, "the soldier tir'd of war's alarms"—returning to his beloved Chiavenna, to the tune of "*ou peut-on etre mieux qu'au sein de sa famille ?*" He would soon hear his own mountain goats bleating aloft, and swear fondly "from his wife and his weeping friends never to part." In the midst of all this, some matter of fact person was inconsiderate enough to ask him if he was married. O the disdainful, batchelor laugh with which he answered, "No, indeed! I am solus! I carry the key of my house in my pocket,"—and the wretch slapped his pocket exultingly. How we detested him! His patriotic sentiments all fell dead after that. In vain he boasted that Chiavenna had furnished two hundred and twenty volunteers to the war, all now in actual service. In vain he declared that Italy had but one heart, of which Carlo Alberto kept the key. He was but a common-place fellow after all. There was no poetry in him. If he fought bravely, it was only for his pipe and his stove, and we would none of him. The young man, on whose chin the down was still fresh, and who looked sick and pale, took his place in our estimation, and we plied him with questions, which he answered half reluctantly, and with a modest blush. At last some one asked what he thought of Pio Nono. "*Pio Nono è poltrone!*" said the fledgling, with such emphasis that we hardly knew him. Here was another pretty fall! Pio Nono! our hero, whose name is written upon every wall between the Splügen and Sicily, with the magic *W*, which we have learned to know stands for *Viva!* or with some splendid epithet which needs no explanation—Pio Nono, the jest of this saucy boy! and all because the good Pope says the Aus-

trians are his children as well as the Italians, and that he cannot, as their father in Christ, make war against them. It was too bad, and we gave up the pale boy, too, though reluctantly, for he had told us that he had a mother and sisters.

We entered Chiavenna very early in the morning, so we did not see any fair face at a window looking for the return of the wanderer. The only people we saw were sleepy looking men, or old women with very ugly head-dresses, drawing water at the fountains, or twirling the spindle at the door. The Hotel Conradi, at which we obtained an excellent *dejeuner à la fourchette*, looked more agreeable to us than any other house in the town, though we remembered that two hundred and twenty citizens had left their homes to join the army of liberty. We remembered, too, the honor in which we had been taught to hold our revolutionary fathers, and that these men were earning in the same way the respect of future generations. Unfortunately the world sees only success. If the Italian patriot movement should succeed, those who have left all for freedom will have due honor; if not, their names will be "writ in water." With this moral reflection we took our leave of Chiavenna.

We soon became sensible that we were actually entering the pass of the Splügen. Our postillion had an all-day air, and let his six horses know that they need be in no hurry. The road ascended gradually but constantly, returning upon itself very often by means of those zig-zags which render the steepest mountains accessible, so that we had ample time to contemplate again and again any point that pleased us particularly. For a few miles

there was here and there a house, desolate and rough—children with dirty faces running out to beg, or miserable women working like beasts of the field. The valley below was full of fragments of rocks, brought down by storms and avalanches, and some fine old chestnuts there seemed as if they had lost themselves. At the village of St. Giacomo is a church and its campanile, prettily nestling between the mountains, hardly larger than a stork's nest, from the distance at which we view it. The road through this scene of desolation is perfectly smooth, and you are coaxed up the height almost without knowing it, unless you look down at the *tourniquets* below. The large tunnels or galleries, built with fortress strength, give one a good idea of the power of the avalanches which they are designed to withstand. These galleries, some of which are the largest on the Alps, are very numerous, and form good types of the grandeur of the whole undertaking. One of them is 1,500 feet long, and others respectively 700 and 600, while at some points they are hardly longer than the Diligence, with its straggling team of six or seven horses.

The most exquisitely beautiful thing on the Splügen route is the fall of the Medesima—a cataract which makes but one leap of snow-white foam from a height of 800 feet, and then melts away softly into the Lima, which flows through the valley. One does not wonder that the sun loves to make rainbows in such spray. You may see twenty at once, flitting over it and dissolving into each other, if you are as fortunate in your Splügen morning as we were. Cataracts abound throughout the pass, and their music and their gay, glancing beauty are de-

lightful, but the Medessima is their queen, not more by her superior height, than by her dazzling purity and elegance.

Isola, stretched along the bosom of the valley, grey with age and storms, looks like a disinterred city—lonely, sad, and deserted. This, however, is from a height of five or six thousand feet. To the inhabitants it doubtless seems quite a different affair, and they may have been pitying the poor travellers, dragging along the far heights at a snail's pace,—for it is thus we judge of each other's lot in life, and each other's means of happiness.

At the summit of the pass, some 7,000 feet about the level of the sea, is a wooden cross, and here we stopped for a few moments, to breathe our tired beasts, to look about us at the beauty of desolation, and to snatch a little snow from the neighboring height, that we might say we had done so. (Would it had been cleaner!) We had seen acres of snow on Mount Cenis, on both sides of the road, down to its very edge—but that was in May; in the latter part of July it is a good deal more striking. Here it was plenty, but not very accessible, the peak of the Splügen being far above the level of the pass. This is the boundary between Switzerland and Lombardy; and at the custom-house, on a barren platform on the Swiss side, we noticed that we had reached, for the first time in many weeks, a cluster of houses, whose walls bore neither “W Pio Nono,” nor the name of Gioberti or Carlo Alberto, nor even “Morte ai Ladri”—meaning by this polite epithet the Austrians—which we had seen certainly five hundred times on the road from Milan to Chiavenna. We had reached a region above politics;

and accordingly the soldiers looked stupid and half asleep, and scarcely seemed to think it worth while to examine our passports. Some of the people came round the carriage to ask news of the war; and on hearing that we were Americans, desired with great animation to know whether America had indeed sent a fleet to the succor of the Italian patriots. They heard there were American men-of-war in the Adriatic, for the defence of Venice. Some of our party told them they could only hope it was true, having heard nothing about it; others were disposed to give them the pleasure of thinking it so—a stretch of benevolence which cannot be defended. The report shows a certain notion of the duty of our country in the premises. We told them all the news we could think of; retailed our Goliath's account of the doings on the Stelvio, and those other reports of barricades at Rome and murmurs at Florence. They, no doubt, were indebted to us for subjects of conversation for the remainder of the day. At the village of Splügen, a little lower down, we saw nothing remarkable except the young Rhine, easily spanned here by a narrow wooden bridge.

The Via Mala is the great lion of the Splügen, and the guide-books call it "perhaps the most sublime and tremendous defile in Switzerland." They have accordingly exhausted the whole range of terrible epithets upon it, and left me not a rag of language in which to dress my poor thoughts of it. This is vexatious, and almost tempts me to say, in Western phrase, "It is a deep gash in the rocks, with a river running along the bottom of it, —and there's an end of it!" The Rhine is nowhere "re-

duced to a thread" to my eyes, nor is there any portion of the way where I could not see more than a "strip of sky" overhead. But I own to a startled feeling as I looked down from the bridge upon the great river of western Europe, making its painful way through a crevice in the everlasting flint, on whose sharp edges it does not seem to have had any wearing power. Standing midway between the fir-clad peaks and this rushing stream, one feels one's own nothingness, if nothing else; yet man never seems less puny than when we see the result of his all-conquering intelligence and industry in such scenes as this. Nature has shut in Switzerland, on this side, by a barrier apparently impassable; man, by labors comparatively minute as those of the coral insect, sets her at defiance; scales her perpendicular walls of rock; throws solid arches across her wildest streams; guards his heaven-daring road against the thunder of her avalanches, by cutting his way through her very bosom. Yet on this very spot we were struck with the contrast in magnitude between the works of man and those of Nature. At the end of the Via Mala, where it opens upon Thusis, is a rocky eminence, shaped so like a keep of the middle ages, that we took it for the old Castle of Realt, said to have been built by an Etruscan Prince in 287. But as we approached, we found the veritable castle on the summit of this round tower of ours, looking like a mere apple-paring in comparison. One loses all power of appreciating heights and magnitudes by traveling among immensities like these. The house is still shown at Reichenau where Louis Philippe kept school in 1793; and the very remarkable vicissitudes of fortune

which have befallen that prince, make any place interesting which has been the scene of any portion of his varied life. One would hardly marvel to see him once more on the throne of France ; and we have little doubt that he himself expects a restoration, rendered certainly not very improbable by the disastrous position of the new government.

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### C O I R E .

A PRIMITIVE inn, here,—La Croix Blanche—bare and somewhat rude, but affording clean beds, and good plain country food, sauced with civility and good-humor. We had queer roly-poly beds, that it required some care and effort to stay in all night; and a maid who could not, with the aid of all our Italian, French and English, be made to apprehend our preference for blankets over Marseilles counterpanes and down-covers. She would take away the counterpanes with abundant smiles, but when we insisted on blankets instead, she persisted in bringing back the heavy nuisances, smiling as before. At last, by F.'s help, we discovered that there were no blankets to be had, and contented ourselves with shawls and cloaks.

What uneasy dreams one has on such hilly beds! Mine were so laborious that I arose scarcely rested by the night's heavy sleep. We walked out on a pretty balcony, while our café was getting ready, and looked kindly upon a row of garden-pots that held geranium and heliotropes and other sweet homelike things. A garden lay below,

everything in it weighed down with a heavy dew, while the trees stood in proud silence, without a leaf stirring. The sun had not yet topped the mountain against which the town rests, and it was sad to know that Italy was all bathed in sunshine, while we had exchanged it for this dark spot. The regret lay ready to be called forth by the very first characteristic circumstance that should force us to remember that we had taken leave of the land of beauty; otherwise I dare say the dews and shadows of Coire might have seemed to me very charming.

But I think it can hardly be pleasant to live under the brow of a mountain. In July it will do—provided one's heart be not full of Italy; but during the many cool months, it must have a depressing influence upon mind and body. We did not see any of the Coireans on whose physics or metaphysics we could have made satisfactory observations. They were probably sleeping through the shadow, for not a soul was visible as we made our way to the Diligence at five in the morning. The fair-haired youth who bowed us out of the Croix Blanche after our *café au lait*, looked both healthy and smiling, but he was perhaps in love, and so did not miss the sunshine.

We placed ourselves very snugly in the Diligence, and rode along by the mountain's foot to Ragatz, in mood for reverie, which F.'s ceaseless tongue forbade. At Ragatz we found a whole line of people waiting for the Diligence; shaggy students with meerschaums; hardfeatured women, with very odd staring butterfly caps of black lace, and awkward short-waisted bodices scarcely reaching below the shoulder-blades. Besides these, there were men of all sorts and sizes, and our Diligence was to carry them



all to Lake Wallenstadt. How they managed it I know not, for I luckily came in for a seat in a high rumble, behind; whence I could see the country, and be free from tobacco smoke and F.'s weary chatter. I hope those to whom he was new found him less tiresome.

The morning was one of the most brilliant and delicious, and the mountain outlines stood out against the deep sky with the delicate accuracy of cameos.

We passed many farm-houses and some churches; one steeple afforded a veritable stork's nest, with the great awkward young birds flapping in and out. The scene shut in upon us more and more, until when we reached the lake we found it completely enclosed in mountains. There can surely be nothing more beautiful than this lake. It seems to lie in a world of its own, with an appropriated sky above, and divinely moulded hills about it; with colors like wild soft music, and a boundary line varied in harmony with its waves. Few signs of human occupancy bring the imagination back to every-day life. A boat like Thalaba's would have suited the navigation of these magic waters, but we were obliged to put up with a steamer. An awning spread over the deck, however, allowed us to look at the scenery till our eyes ached; and after that,—but how confess the ungracious truth—we began to remember that we had had no breakfast beyond our café and roll at Coire. The fact did not seem to shock the factotum of the cabin, who was evidently used to hunger, even among travellers in search of the picturesque and poetical. So he communicated with the Soyer of a very small cuisine just by the stairs, and in a little while we had the most delicate of veal outlets, the very

whitest of bread, and a bottle of tolerable wine—to all of which we did exact and conscientious justice, quite forgetting the shores until the last crust was despatched. And what was worse, we talked about it afterwards, the outlet and bread were so uncommonly good.

The navigation of the Wallenstadt has been improved, by a canal cut within a few years between it and the Lake of Zurich, and so managed as to obviate the disadvantages of the sudden rise of waters, at certain seasons. All honor to the projector for this, but the Linth canal-boat was an odious place on that burning July day. It had in truth but a single cabin, though this was nominally divided in the middle by folding-doors which stood wide open, leaving in full view the crowd of far from clean market people, and what was worse, letting in their loud and harsh German, and, what was worst, their intolerable tobacco-smoke—for everybody smoked. Some of the women were in Swiss costume, with huge *berets* of black lace or woven chenille on their heads, and the very ugliest and hardest faces that could be consistent with an honest and good natured expression. Even in the first class cabin the talking and smoking were incessant; so that the two and a half hours that we passed on the Linth canal were tedious and disagreeable beyond description. Perhaps if we had been transported directly from America to Switzerland, these things might have seemed a shade less offensive, but we were fresh from Italy!

Right glad were we to take steamer again at Schmerikon for Zurich, amid plenty of passengers, dogs and—pipes. Quite a number of the passengers, including sev-

eral young ladies, were on their return from hunting-parties and pic-nics,—the good people of Zurich making much use of the fine summer weather in this way. The ladies were drest in such a homely, not to say coarse way, that we supposed them to belong to the less refined classes; but an intelligent man on board who had been some years in America and was disposed to be obligingly communicative, assured us that they were daughters of some of the first families of Zurich. A total want of taste, according to our ideas, marked the appearance of everybody. It was not so much that the clothing was cheap and of ordinary quality; but forms, colors and ornaments were ill-chosen and unbecoming. Several of the elder ladies were without bonnets; and the extreme brownness of their complexions suggested the idea that they had never worn any; while their hands, equally brown, were adorned with clumsy rings, and either quite bare or covered only with net gloves. We are apt to consider a certain care of the skin a necessary accompaniment of refined manners, and do not easily associate this seemingly habitual exposure to the weather with delicacy and cultivation of mind. One lady, with whom I had a good deal of conversation in the cabin,—to which we were driven by the keen wind,—talked well, and had read a good deal, as well character as books; but generally I thought the people dull and unpleasing.

I found some amusement in talking, or trying to talk, with a tall young Zurichois, with whom we had interchanged some civilities in the Diligence, who made every possible exertion to communicate his ideas in words that we could understand, though he knew scarce a syllable

of any but his mother tongue, and we could not understand that. This was most amusing all round, and helped on the hours which might otherwise have hung heavy ; for the boat stopped and stopped again, landing and taking in passengers at every village as we passed. Our young Teuton lacked but little of being as handsome as Paris, though it would have required a good deal to make him elegant. He smoked, drank beer, ate bread and cheese, played cards, and occasionally graced his conversation with expressions more emphatic than select ; but he was very good-humored and exceedingly civil.

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## Z U R I C H.

At Zurich the landing-place is a beautiful little grove—an improvement upon all the steam-boat landings we have seen ; and not a carriage was in waiting, everybody soberly walking their several ways from the boat, while the luggage was taken by porters. Ourselves and our affairs were transferred to a barge which was in attendance to carry strangers to the Hotel du Lac, which we preferred because it looked upon the lake, though we had afterwards reason to think we should have done better to choose the Hotel Baur, as it is situated in a more agreeable part of the town, and has an excellent reputation.

All the good that I can say of Zurich, must refer to its natural position ; for the hand of man has added no beauty of any kind. All is stiff, awkward, heavy and

ungainly ; just what a Dutch town would be if scattered about upon hills. The streets look clean, yet we met as many evil smells as at Rome ; and the pavement of sharp stones is generally ungraced by sidewalks. The public buildings are of the plainest character, and most of the attempts at ornament complete failures. We saw few carriages of any description ; and although we spent Sunday in the town, could not find many well-dressed people. But Zurich is the scene of the labors of Zuingli, and the birth-place of Lavater and Gessner ; so we look upon it with respect, if not with admiration.

SUNDAY AT ZURICH.—What sunshine and what sweet air ! The lake, blue as the sky, and spangled over with glittering ripples ; the shores richly wooded, and enlivened everywhere by smiling farms ; in the distance, but seeming near, a range of snowy peaks, making one feel as if a winter in heaven balanced the summer on earth. The effect of masses of snow in contrast with all the glow of summer is inconceivable. One's notions of climate are completely mystified.

The Lake of Zurich to-day looks as if some grand fête were in progress, so numerous are the gaily-painted boats darting here and there upon it, their scarlet awnings glancing, and their many-colored streamers playing with the breeze. This appearance is oddly contrasted with the excessively dull and commonplace air of the town itself, which has truly *l'air bourgeois*. Everything is hard, commonplace, and tasteless ; the principal church, said to have been built in the time of Charlemagne, is bared of whatever genial decorations it may once have possessed, and the statues mounted upon some of the foun-

tains are as graceless as mathematical diagrams. I think one might pick up fragments of stone among the Alpine valleys far worthier of places of honor. Perhaps if we had lodged in the more modern part of the town, the impression might have been different ; but the pavement of sharp stones is to be found everywhere.



## R I G I.

JULY 25.—We left Zurich at 8 o'clock, in the Diligence, wedged in with a variety of passengers, young and old. The weather continued delightful ; and when we reached the foot of the Albis, several of the company chose to ascend that mountain on foot, while the coach took an easier and longer route. One of the pedestrians was a young German girl, going on a visit to some friends at a little distance. She was plain-looking, simply drest, and of no pretension ; but her conversation was remarkably intelligent, and evinced both natural sensibility and good culture. Her way of speaking reminded me of some of Miss Bremer's characters, or perhaps, of Miss Bremer herself, speaking in her own character. There was a shrewd simplicity about it ; and her manners were unaffectedly plain, though not unrefined. I found it very pleasant to exchange thoughts with her as we ascended the Albis, stopping here and there to look back and around, and repeat commonplaces about a landscape that has charmed all eyes for centuries. Our topics prolonged themselves so naturally, that we passed the brow of the

mountain, left the Diligence standing at the inn door, and continued our walk far down the descent towards Zug, before it overtook us. When our agreeable companion was about to say farewell, as we approached the residence of her friend, she expressed, in her modest and true way, her surprise and pleasure at finding *English people* willing to enter thus into conversation with a stranger. "Our idea of the English," she said, "is so different, so unjust, indeed! We suppose them to be almost universally so unsocial—so proud—" I explained; and was obliged to leave the English to defend themselves as best they may. Much as I admire and love them, I think they might learn some lessons from this frank and friendly Swiss maiden. Topffer, in his keen way, speaks of the English traveller as "*gardant un quant à soi musqué et sentimental*," and taking care to learn nothing from the people of the country.

At Zug we met an English gentleman and his family, in deep mourning, whose appearance interested us. They had just come from the Rigi, which was our next point of destination, and were not unwilling to tell us some things we wanted to know.

We went to walk on a pretty little promenade planted with rows of trees, jutting out into the lake, and commanding a beautiful view of it. The town is of the stillest, and the inhabitants seemed to have almost nothing to do but stand at the doors and windows, eat chestnuts, and stare at the few passers-by. We observed but few indications of trade or prosperity. One or two statues that we encountered were worse shaped than Dutch rag-babies—more angular than Chinese puzzles. If the contempla-

tion of grace and beauty has a refining and humanizing influence, it is to be hoped that the people of this region look far more at the prospect than at these ungainly works of their own. It is certainly a misfortune to have one's historical recollections connected with anything so very ugly.

The drive to Arth, principally by the lake shore, is charming. On the way we pass a small chapel, close to the road, on which are paintings in fresco,—figures in the picturesque costume of William Tell's time, personifying, our guide said, some of the Swiss cantons. Everything in this whole region breathes of the old Swiss spirit, except the people themselves. They have evidently become degenerate, under poverty and the temptations to idleness and extortion held out by the swarm of tourists.

At Arth we dined in a long room like a summer-house, hung with a multitude of prints, and garnished also with various Swiss curiosities. A long table was filled with travellers to and from the Rigi, and the dinner corresponded with the table. Such marchings and counter-marchings, such shifting of plates and renewing of dishes—I thought we should never have done. All this time the day was waning, and one of our designs was to see the sun set from the Culm. At length the sitting ended; the horses were brought, the carpet bags strapped on, the cloaks arranged, and we set out; our company increased by several British travellers, who certainly did not deserve the national reproach of repulsiveness. A more chatty, laughing, *insouciant* set of tourists never climbed those rocky stairs together. We went in single file, with a guide to each lady's horse, and some of the gentlemen



afoot. F. had characteristically strapped his own cloak and bag on the best of the four horses provided for us, and it was very funny to see the meek air with which he undid them and put his master's in their place, when the *ruse* was espied. He assumed so much the place of *grand seigneur* among the people we hired, that I think he sometimes forgot that his own was not the supreme position. Upon this occasion he pressed forward with so little reverence, that one of our English friends administered a rebuke which sent him to the rear, for a while at least.

Up the rocky stairs we went, our horses' hoofs slipping and crackling, and our chins almost resting on their heads from the steepness. The guides, sober and careful, led the horses up the bad places, and gave us many instructions and encouragements, much needed, for we were both ignorant and timid—the ladies, I mean, of course. The turns in the path gave us frequent opportunity of examining the prospect on all sides, and we saw the great slide of Goldau, seemingly just below, which overwhelmed several villages and some four hundred people, early in the present century. Distances are so deceptive, in mountain scenery, that it was difficult to believe that the slide, whose width appeared to us not very great, could have made such dreadful devastation; or that some of the scattered fragments of rock were of bulk enough to overturn cottages. Their destructive power is tremendously increased, as they approach the depth of the valley; and a large portion of the débris was carried far up the opposite ascent by the momentum acquired in the fall.

Our attention had been so much absorbed by the necessary cautions of the way, and the many points of inte-

rest about it, that we had hardly noticed the gathering of the clouds, until it became evident that they were ready to descend upon us in full force, for the second time since we left New York, early in April. These Alpine showers are no trifle, and they come down with almost as little warning as avalanches. When the first great plashes fell, we were near a shed, into which we forced our steeds, though the roof was too low to allow of our entering upright. There we sat laughing and waiting, while some of the gentlemen sought the shelter of a tree or two that stood near, and our guides quietly lighted their pipes and began to smoke. After a while, the shower ceased, the sun came out again, our guides stopped smoking, and began to sing sweet and familiar Alpine melodies, with the addition of a strange falsetto in the chorus, more like that breaking voice with which sailors give the Yo heave oh ! than anything else I can think of. But presently the heavens darkened again, and down came another shower. No covert was near, and we pushed on as fast as possible, for the Hospice of the Convent, not yet in sight,—cloaks and umbrellas protecting us thus far tolerably. At the Hospice we were thinking of drying our cloaks by the fire, and waiting for an hour or two, when the skies relented a little, and after holding a council, we concluded it best to proceed. Unlucky decision ! In five minutes the rain came down in pail-fulls, and we were wet through all our defences in an instant. Desperate now, we rode on, regardless of the deluge. Matters could be no worse—indeed they were already so bad as to begin to be amusing. The streams that poured from every umbrella, from every point of everybody's accoutrement,

were Alpine, indeed; and the best sight was F., who having been obliged to give up his cherished cotton umbrella to a lady, jogged on dolefully, trying to shelter his burly figure under a broken parasol which was scarcely larger than his cap. When we reached a house, about a mile below the Culm, some of us supposed ourselves at our journey's end, the black skies and the blinding rain not allowing great accuracy of sight. So we hastily dismounted, with the aid of some attendants who seemed waiting for us; ran into the kitchen where a tolerable fire was burning; pulled off our outer garments, and began the process of drying them, with great earnestness. Scarcely had we got thus far in making ourselves at home, when we discovered that our party had gone on, instead of stopping and rather than set up in this independent way for ourselves, we e'en put on once more all the dripping shawls and cloaks in cold blood; and mounting our forlorn steeds, pushed forward, as best we might, for the Culm or summit of the mountain.

We could not then see the true refuge, but when we did see it it seemed just like one of the Swiss toy-houses magnified. The interior appearance reminded me very much of many a tavern at the wild west, with its unpainted wood-work, unwhitened walls, bare floors and every symptom of newness. Fortunately for us there were but few guests beside ourselves, so that we found rooms without difficulty, and sere was our need. Not an individual of our party had brought a change of clothing, and even the carpet-bags which held our night-clothes were far from proving impervious, so that bed was our only refuge. Behold us then—like a parcel of naughty children, sent to

bed in the day time for their sins—trying to talk through the partitions, and to laugh off as best we might our secret mortification and discomfiture. The night seemed long, certainly.

In the morning the first solicitude was respecting the weather, which was “weeping ripe;” the second about our clothes, alas! nearly as wet. The faint stoves below-stairs had done little towards drying any but the thinnest articles, and we were fain to put on most of our things more than damp. To get even these was the work of time; for the tall *bonne* who waited on us all seemed to possess little intuitive genius in fitting habiliments to the human figure. She suffered from a wonderful confusion of ideas with regard to the appropriate “lendings” for ladies and gentlemen, tall and short, slender and portly; and to hear the universal cry for an exchange of stockings, one would have thought we must all have patronized one and the same hosier. At last all was tolerably adjusted, and we made our way to the *salle à manger*, wilted but not in bad spirits, to lean against the tall white porcelain stoves, and try for warmth at least.

Nobody ascends the Rigi for the sake of anything it affords except the prospect. It is a bare peak, with no vegetation but a scanty sward, and no house but the Hotel. It seems to have been intended simply for an observatory, not at all too magnificent for the view which it commands. He who sees for the first time the sea of clouds torn by the snowy peaks of the Alps as the sun gilds their whiteness, and the vast panorama of lake, plain and forest on which the eye rests as it turns towards Zurich or Lucerne, will feel as if no expression of aston-

ishment and awe could be extravagant ; yet he will hardly attempt expression at all. The silence with which strangers of all grades gaze upon these mementoes of divine power, is very significant. I think labored descriptions of the Alps will always surprise me, after this. Certainly all I had ever read had but ill prepared me for the reality. Not that the scenery is so much more magnificent than I expected, but different. After one has labored to contrast height and depth ; to picture in its due place every peak and gorge ; even to prove by actual measurement the grandeur of these stupendous monuments of convulsive energy, what is told ? The wonders of the Alps are those of color. They owe their overpowering effect upon the imagination to the magic and ever-varying tints with which light and shade, and mist, and cloud invest them. These can never be brought within the compass of words, or of any artistic expression. As the flitting beauty of some human faces defies investigation, and puts all rule and reason to scorn, so that which renders the Alps the dream and delight and stimulant of so many minds, is utterly inexpressible in any way. A thousand delightful things have been written about them, and it is well to lay up pictures in the memory by such means, but the Alps are yet undescribed. Byron's verses are full of suggestion, and so are Coleridge's ; they give Alps to the imagination, and sublime ones, but not the real Alps as we see them. So with pictures—they are charming, but as imitations, as giving a just idea to one who has never seen the reality, hopelessly impotent.

This was my prominent impression when on the second morning we were all assembled on the highest point

of the Rigi, to enjoy the rising of the sun. The rain had continued throughout the day before, though there had been intervals which we had snatched at to run out for a while and gaze upon the wondrous scene of hanging clouds, half disclosed mountains, leaden lakes, and—far in the distance—valleys on which the perverse sun was shining. These glimpses did but whet our resolution not to leave the Rigi until we had seen all ; so we established ourselves in a comfortable little library which opens off the common sitting room in the Culm Hotel, and passed the day in reading, writing and talk—not to speak of exploring the albums,—quite tolerably.

Our English friends had left us, not being quite so well endowed with patience ; but there were still some intelligent Germans—one lady in particular whose conversation we enjoyed unusually. Would that such sensible, well-instructed, unaffected and social travellers were less rare.

It was perhaps three in the morning, when we were aroused by our host, among whose duties is reckoned that of making his guests get up to see the wonders of day break and sunrise in the Alps. It was dark and cold ; the weather was very doubtful ; everything out of doors was soaked ; everything in doors clammy with damp. Our provision of warm outer garments referred rather to our recollections of Italy than to the realities of Switzerland ; and, truth to say, the whole thing was a little uncomfortable. So many travellers have been as improvident as ourselves, that it has been found necessary to enact a positive ordinance that nobody shall take the blankets and quilts off the beds to use as wrappers when they get up

early to see the sun rise. I do not know, however, who could in conscience take such bedding as fell to my lot, to drag about in the dirt ; for my principal consolation, during the daylight bed-hours of the first afternoon, had been the delicacy and beauty of the blankets bound with scarlet ribbon, which decorated a bed not otherwise very praiseworthy.

It seemed for some time doubtful whether the sun would rise or not ; and a party of some sixty persons, including a band of knapsacked German students who had just arrived, waited and wandered about, looking rather forlorn. By and by some burning gold streaks broke the heavy eastern clouds, and the deep grey of the general prospect gradually took on a glorious purple, while the leaden lakes grew silverlike, and the snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps showed themselves in the distance, like flecks of foam above the surges of vapor. The scene was all movement ; nothing was at rest, such was the effect of the action of the coming sun upon the mist. One felt hurried—excited, full of emotion such as a scene in absolute repose could hardly inspire. Every moment added to the splendor, yet with an occasional fainting or fading, as if the light was literally struggling with the darkness, and the victory sometimes doubtful.

When the sun appeared, the band of students burst into a hymn, which they sang with great effect ; adding yet a crowning charm to the scene, and giving it another hold on imagination and memory. Nothing could have been more apropos, and we thanked them in our hearts. After the excitement of the moment had a little subsided, they sang, at our request, several patriotic songs, the mountain

reverberations heightening the harmony of their fine, manly voices.

By this time the sun had prevailed, and the rebellious legions of clouds had retired—their gilded sullenness serving to swell the pomp and glory of their conqueror. Pilatus now seems to our anointed eyes near enough for a leap, and the Jungfrau glittering as if her snow had just fallen from the fleecy skies. The lakes below were changed again—sapphire, turquois or amethyst as the freakish light transformed them; Lucerne alone lay like a great silver star, all her points being fully visible from that great height, with jutting capes of verdure between. At our feet lay Arth and Zug, and the beautiful lake road we had traversed in coming hither; and still nearer the forests of firs and larches which belong to Alpine views. On the winding paths up the mountain the milk-men and maids began to show themselves, slowly ascending, with the curious, slender wooden churn strapped on their shoulders.

Breakfast after all this, and then preparations for a walk down to Weggis on the lake shore. Nine miles, say the guides, but we have already learned something of Swiss distances, and cannot be frightened out of our humor. We were to meet the little lake steamer at Weggis for Lucerne, and as the stop at the wharf was but momentary, we must be punctual. So our trifle of luggage was strapped behind the saddle of one of the horses, which one of us could ride in case of fatigue; and armed with alpenstocks, we set out. Some ladies who went at the same time took turns in a *chaises a porteurs*, but all the gentlemen were afoot. The morning was lovely, and the

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way very pleasant, and not at all fatiguing *for the first two or three miles*. Then it began to be suggested that we *might* be late for the steamer, and have to pass most of the day at Weggis—so that it was best to hasten a little. We tried the stupid old horse, but he stumbled; the way was very steep and stony, and riding far worse than walking. Nothing could be more beautiful than the windings of the road, but we had little time to admire. The steamer came in sight, rapidly doubling one of the green points of the lake, while Weggis was still far before or below us. Our walk became a run; we made short cuts down the steeps, by the aid of our alpenstocks, and bruised our feet on the rocky way. We were yet a mile from Weggis when the steamer neared the wharf. Breath and strength were gone, and our sojourn till afternoon in that miserable little village seemed inevitable. As a last resort F. is sent forward to induce the captain to wait a little, and he fortunately consented, not being very full of passengers. So we cleared the last skirt of forest,—in which we met a good looking priest who gave us his blessing, and a young monk who pretended not to see us,—and rushed on board, panting, lame, vexed—acknowledging that it had not been wise to insist on walking—though I shall never believe but that setting out half an hour earlier would have prevented all difficulty.

This Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, (Lucerne, Schwytz, Uri and Unterwalden,) is beautiful enough to make one forget many troubles. Nothing could be softer and more delicious than the pictures all along its shores. A steamer is, however, not exactly the thing for such a voyage, and the hour or two spent on board were not par-

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ticularly pleasant. The object which principally attracted me was the snowy peaks in the distance. These always excite the imagination, and suggest the illimitable—for they do not seem to belong to earth so much as to the sky. They make the sky bluer, too; I dare say painters know why.

The English acquaintances we had made on the Rigi were waiting for us, and persuaded us to come to their inn, the Swan, rather than to the Great House, the Schwytz Hof; but we had reason to regret that we had not rather followed Murray's lead, as we do in most cases. The Swan is a clean enough place, but the meals had a penurious showiness,—no recommendation to hungry travellers.

A party was made for a trip up the lake in the afternoon, but I had had quite enough steamboating, and so preferred staying behind and virtuously mending my gown. One grows very economical, in travelling; because show being entirely out of the question, the mere necessities of life, in the way of dress, become the standard. Our ideas certainly narrow down daily, as to what is required for comfort in this journey; and I felt very dignified while mending the various rents in my travelling costume, and preparing it for further service.

Our excursionists returned just at dusk, and we were hurried off to see the Lucerne Lion, F. volunteering to show us a short cut which brought us into the precincts of a dreadful dog, who barked at us in English—or at least so that we understood him perfectly—with all his might. After some turnings and windings we came to a shady nook, called the Phyffer Gardens, beautified with

a green pool ; and in the side of a broad, upright rock, at the side of this pool, reclined the great Lion of Thorwaldsen, cut in the living rock, in memory of the Swiss guards who fell in Paris defending the Tuilleries and the king, in 1793. It is impossible to believe in the immense size of this monument. One would hardly call the lion colossal ; yet the paw which projects beyond the edge of the arched lair is as large as a well-grown boy of fifteen. But we have done with guessing at dimensions. The whole figure is twenty-eight feet long.

We returned to our hotel by another route, needing no cautionary "gare le chien !" A covered bridge over the Reuss, which we crossed, was curiously ornamented within with pictures, shields, and devices. There are four bridges, and a number of watch-towers which add much to the picturesqueness of the town ; and on the whole nothing can be more beautiful to look at. But these Swiss towns please me not. I would advise all future travellers to approach Italy by Switzerland, and so secure both. But Lucerne would doubtless have appeared more charming to me if we had not lamed ourselves so completely, by scampering down the Rigi, that we could hardly get up stairs without assistance.

THURSDAY, JULY 27.—Left at half-past ten in a small boat for Gestad. The weather was excessively hot, and three men rowed *standing*, till we were ready to faint under our awning, only to look at them. If it had not been for this, we would have liked to pass the whole day on this glassy water, following the softly undulating line of its shores, and so visiting many a shaded bay and romantic point. One rocky island that we passed was just

large enough to hold a shrine and cross, which made it beautiful. All around seemed unbroken solitude, and the farm-houses and chapels, thinly scattered along the shores, looked asleep under the hot noon.

It is not necessary to expatiate upon the beauties of this lake, considered by many the finest in all Switzerland. It has so often been pronounced indescribable by those who are able to describe well, that inferior hands ought to falter. In Switzerland one gets hardened to beauty of scenery; yet we were deeply impressed by the succession of pictures presented by this three hours' voyage. The Lake of Lucerne is shaped somewhat like a star, and one is apt to fancy that each portion is the whole; so that the surprise is delightful when, after coming to what appears to be the end,—where mountains touch the water, and rocks seem to forbid all further passage,—you turn a sharp corner, and find another lake with new mountains and new effects of light and shadow; a group of chalets, or a picturesque old church, with a spire like a cambric needle, standing in the midst of what seems an impenetrable solitude. To make the scene completely Swiss, a snow-capped mountain is necessary; and in any arm of Lucerne this feature is always present. Here, in this hot July sun, when we could not have existed without an awning, we looked into deep shades kept forever fresh by icy cascades from the mountains, and far off in the cloudy distance upon fields of snow, the very idea of which would almost enable one to hold fire in his hand. Our boatmen rowed in solemn silence; we wished they would have sung some wild mountain melody, as the Swiss whom you employ gene-

rally do ; but we did not ask, for such music should always be spontaneous. There was something painful, too, in the sight of their labor. The sun was too powerful to allow us to hope that their work could be in any sense easy, even allowing for daily habit. So that whether from the overpowering grandeur of the scenery, or from sympathy, or because of the heat, there was something of a dreamy sadness about our three hours on the lake, and we were hardly sorry when we reached Gestad.

The only boat we met was a great barge loaded with hay, which made its way slowly along in perfect silence. Nothing could have more the air of retirement than the upper part of the Lake of the Forest Cantons. There are some interesting historical associations connected with this lake, but those I leave for the guide-books.

Here we were primitively entertained at a primitive inn, where the dining-room had as many windows as a new Yankee tavern ; but was so abundantly Swiss in all its appointments, that it seemed as if William Tell might just have stepped out of it. We had lunch here, and were waited upon by a well-looking handmaiden, in costume of black bodice, white sleeves, and short petticoat, whose ample locks were braided with strips of white cotton, and rolled and convoluted about a long dagger-like bodkin, so elaborately, that we were curious to know something about the process—as to whether she did it herself, and especially whether it did not consume a great deal of time. The result of our inquiries was, that she could do it very well herself, and also that it was no great trouble, for she did it but once a week ! Farewell all admiration of the coiffure of the Phillis of the Cheval

Blanc ! It is not good to ask too many questions. Yet the damsel was civil enough, and brought out for our admiration a prodigious butterfly cap of her mother's, kept in a box for fête days. We asked her if she wore such. She blushed, and said, "O, no ! they were worn only by married people." A lumbering carriage took us to Lungern, the skies treating us on the way to what we shall in future designate as a Rigi shower, i. e., one which wets one through in an instant. The country seen under this pelting, did not appear to advantage ; but we took its beauty for granted, and peeped out upon it as well as we could. I remember passing one curious old church which had a story, but what the story was I have entirely forgotten. For some distance before we reached the little village of Lungern, the road was only just wide enough for the carriage, and the fear of meeting others was rather troublesome. On our right hand was the remains of the lake drawn off a few years since to *make land*—(think of that, O farmers of the prairies ! ) ; and on the other a church, in the burying-ground of which were certainly the oddest funeral memorials we had ever seen—slender black poles, ornamented at the top with a sort of pathetic fritter, consisting of gilt flourishes, in tin or something of that nature. Many of these little sticks having lost their perpendicularity, the general effect was as if a parcel of half-tipsy imps, in gala attire, were dancing among the graves. The pouring rain gave the finishing touch to this gaiety of the charnel-house.

Lungern is one of the most picturesque of all Swiss villages, and the shadow of the mountain lies sweetly upon it—when the sun shines. The rain made us more

solicitous about the conveniences of the inn, which proved to be new, clean, characteristic, and comfortable ; with a bachelor host and some very tall and sober serving-women, who performed their duties in silence, but very effectually. The house is built with a spiral stair in the centre of the wide hall, and altogether quite uniquely. My little chamber, which looked upon a pretty little garden, was adorned with little pictures of the Alps, and hung with paper gay with the chase—wild boars, stags, dogs and hunters, all in little. On the opposite side of the narrow street were Swiss women with butterfly caps and braided locks and kilted skirts, resolutely placed in the windows to see the strangers, who as resolutely gazed upon their foreign-looking accoutrements in return. This was in the morning, though ; for we were fit only for bed when we arrived, and the arrangements for retiring took up all the time after tea, except what was required for getting rid of some money in Swiss wooden work. The house, take it altogether, with its odd build, and its mountain shadow, and overhanging eaves ; and the old trees and melancholy diminished lake, with no wood near its borders—was a ghostly sort of place ; and I did not sleep very well. The people of Lungern drew off their lake, some twelve or fourteen years ago, in order to add something to the scanty amount of arable land in the district. This gives a singular aspect to the little quaint village shut in on all sides by mountains, and isolated from all the world besides. The strip of land reclaimed from the lake bears as yet no trees of any considerable size ; but presents a smooth surface, richly cultivated, though scantily sprinkled with

cottages, while the remainder of the neighborhood is closely built and well-shaded. The waters were lowered 120 feet by means of a tunnel into the Lake of Sarnen; and the people at Sarnen are talking of tapping their lake, too, for which that of the Four Cantons offers facilities. When I observed to our intelligent landlord at Lungern, "You have spoiled your lake," he replied, "But we have given bread to many poor people."

The authorities throughout Switzerland, we are told, reserve a certain portion of land for the public benefit, which they let gratis to poor people, for three years at a time, so that no man who is able and willing to work need become a beggar. There are also numerous and most excellent resources for the most helpless poor, so that the beggars who, under various pretences, beset the carriage of the traveller, are, in reality, a class created by foreign travel—people who prefer begging of the "rich English" whom every summer brings to their fastnesses, to working for a living, or as town paupers. We have as yet seen here nothing like the beggary of France and Italy.

After taking our *café au lait* and mountain bread, butter and honey, in the shadow of the Brunig, we set off to cross the pass, the ladies taking *chaises-à-porteurs* the gentlemen only their alpenstocks. This pass is not a formidable one, except to ladies who have just descended the Rigi on foot; but the three leagues of steep rock-paths of that mountain, serve one for a week at least. We are not in climbing trim.

These *chaises-à-porteurs* are good things in their way, but no one would choose to be carried by men whose



laborious breathing attests the painful nature of their service. Our four bearers were Jean Vogel and his three stout cousins, and they performed their duty cheerfully and well, passing the steepest ascents without a jar or a murmur, and treating us with wild Alpine songs, well sustained in three parts, at their resting-places. We can recommend them, as indeed we promised to do, to ladies who may need such services.

The pass of the Brunig, though trifling in height and difficulty compared with many Alpine passes, is a very striking and beautiful one. Every possible variety of mountain and valley scenery occurs during the route. Fine old woods shade the Lungern side, and the path, narrow and cut in the solid rock, often skirts precipices terrific enough to satisfy any but very enterprising people. At the summit is a Swiss cottage charmingly placed, and here a fair damsel, in the costume of the district, serves the traveller with wine or milk, and soft, modest words and smiles. We thought we had rarely seen a more charming peasant. On a curious old press in the kitchen lay a musical instrument of a construction quite new to our party. It was something between harp and lyre, to be held in the hand, and played on with a fret or small bit of whalebone. The sound was that of a guitar, as we touched it; but the brother who played upon it was in the fields, so we did not hear it properly. The strings were in pairs, and of different colors, and merely stretched across a frame, without sounding-board.

After leaving this auberge the road descends very rapidly through groves and glades towards the valley of the Aar, a deep and rapid stream which runs through the centre

of a vast plain in the midst of mountains. The vegetation of this region is uncommonly luxuriant. Never were greener trees and grass; and with the contrast of the dark firs on the sides of the barren precipices around, and the high, snow-covered peaks in the distance, the scene is of such beauty that one must be truly inspired to be able to give any idea of it in words. It is when we find ourselves in such positions that we can appreciate the genius of Byron, who often describes in a single line what whole pages could not give to the mind's eye so well. One can know nothing of the wonderful power and beauty of Childe Harold till we have followed in the footsteps of the pilgrim. The poem is a miracle of description. No traveller in the south of Europe should be without it, for it is a fountain of pleasure at every stage of the journey.

At Brientz,—a little old village, the greater part of whose houses look like old moss-covered rocks, by the lake side,—we stopt at a clean, well-ordered hotel, to wait the departure of the steamboat for Interlachen, and here we lunched on a *gateau aux fraises*—which proved to be just what is called at the West a strawberry short-cake—a piece of pastry spread while it is hot with fresh strawberries and sugar—no contemptible specimen of the Brientz cuisine. While we were taking this, with some *limonade gazeuse*, a drink somewhat resembling ginger beer, some young men placed themselves at a table in the porch where we were sitting, and called for wine and beer. These were served by a young, dark-eyed girl, whose ready blushes showed that she had not yet been hardened by her occupation. We felt sorry, therefore, to

see the rude way in which she was treated by these young men, two of whom were Englishmen. They praised her Spanish eyes, asked her many loud questions, and insisted upon her shaking hands with them, unmoved by the painful embarrassment evident in her looks and manner. One cannot help feeling indignant at such insolent cruelty, especially when one sees in it one form of the evil which the stream of travel has inflicted upon simple and primitive Switzerland. Better to have lived on in hardy and innocent poverty, than learn to covet the foreign gold which brings curses with it. We have heard many things in Switzerland which convince us that the evil is deep and deadly.

The Lake of Brienz is very much like many other Swiss lakes—a bright mirror for high, forest-crowned mountains, with shores cultivated wherever they admit of cultivation, and here and there a ruin of some stronghold of the middle ages, or some spot consecrated by historical associations. It has the additional beauty of a fine cascade called the Giesbach, well seen from the steamer as we pass, though many travellers make an especial trip from Interlachen to examine it more closely. We took on board a dozen or more of these, with alpenstocks and sketch books, the ladies wearing the large, flat, Bernese hat, very generally adopted at Interlachen; the gentlemen the white or grey—shapeless, but very convenient—hat, cap, pillow, basket—what shall be its name, for its uses are legion—almost universally worn by travellers of all degrees in these days. The outline of a man's hat is a very important point in his general appearance, and "a shocking bad hat" is condemnatory of the

whole effect ; but this is forgotten in Italy and Switzerland, for the outline of these convenient head-pieces could be well drawn by a very unsteady hand. They are squeezed into every possible shape as occasion calls for a pillow, a cushion, or a stop-gap anywhere ; and they are worn in the pocket as often as on the head. It is quite amusing to see a well-dressed man take out his hat, give it a shake, push out the crown a little, and put it on, as if it were the best looking thing in the world, when all the while it gives him the air of something between bandit and beggar, spite of broadcloth and patent leather. But he has everybody to keep him in countenance.

Interlachen has great natural beauty, and would be a charming place if it were not just what it is—a vulgar, impudent watering-place, full of all that makes watering places odious, and this in the very face of the Jungfrau, which looks sternly down upon the doings of the little world below—in vain. Interlachen has clean and excellent hotels, pretty gardens, abundance of flowers, and, what is far more, trees worthy to stand in the shadow of the Alps. Here the elm, the walnut, the locust, the willow, the lime, are seen in their greatest perfection ; and the mountain-ash—just now splendid in scarlet clusters—is like a sweet hostess welcoming foreign guests to her native home. A deep, rushing, roaring river adds to the interest of the scene, and fills the night with sad music. The Bernese maidens, in their white folded sleeves, and their great shadowy hats, beautify the road as they pass, with their tall milk-pails on their shoulders, or large baskets of wild strawberries in their hands. But these attractions bring together a host of people, many with no

other object than to kill time ; some to flirt securely, some to exhibit dresses of which the first bloom was given to London or Paris ; some merely to rest and take a new start for another portion of the Alps. The vicinity even of such overpoweringly grand objects as the High Alps, does little to redeem Interlachen from a character of excessive insipidity ; its very beauty, tame and soft, is displeasing, because of the sublimity about it. The foot of the Jungfrau is about twelve or fifteen miles off, yet the snowy peak seems to overhang the town, and nothing else is worth looking at. This is ungracious, but it is true.

We went to Lauterbrunnen yesterday, a mountain valley in whose bosom nestles a little old village full of primitive people. It is so deep set that, we are told, the inhabitants do not see the winter sun before noon, and even in summer have but a scanty length of day. They have plenty of goitres of course. We asked the landlady at the Hotel de Capricorne—a house one might wipe from end to end with a cambric handkerchief—whether it was true, as we had heard—that in districts where the goitre is almost universal, it is even considered ornamental. She said no, but always as a misfortune, though it was shamefully neglected while in the curable stage. When grown large it becomes almost hopeless, especially where the subject is somewhat advanced. This landlady, who was tending a fine bright-eyed baby, was beautifully dressed after the Bernese fashion. Her black bodice was of velvet, with a double row of silver buttons on each side, and quadruple silver chains so fastened to the bust and to the shoulder, that each parcel hung in a festoon

under the arm. This seems a mark of rank, for our landlady at Interlachen is the only woman in the house who wears such, though all wear the costume of the country. She has also the addition of a small, black velvet cap, set far back on the head, with a full frill of black lace at least a quarter of a yard wide, which, as she crosses the court-yard in the wind, waves and tosses as wildly as the mist on the mountains. This seems to be the head-gear for the elder matrons, without distinction of rank, though the quality of the material is very different in different cases.

The drive along the bank of the Lutschine is most lovely. The river—one of the wildest—is on the left, and the Alps, or their spurs, on your right; Jungfrau and Silverhorn in front—seeming not far distant, and glittering white—carrying the imagination off to northern realms, whose snows mortal foot never trod. Half way up the mountain on the right, amid melancholy firs, stands the castle of Unspunnen, where Byron conceived the idea of Manfred. It is a noble ruin; and the association adds the tragic element which is essential to sublimity. I had fancied Manfred's castle upon a more terrific height, but imagination need not embellish the view from this. It is at the very mouth of the Lauterbrunnen gorge, and commands the whole. Byron's journal at this place attests the impression made upon him. O for a day—a whole day,—to spare for this single ruin. One never gets time to live poetry.

Whatever comforts and advantages regular habits of life may bring with them elsewhere, I think the only way to travel satisfactorily in Switzerland would be to forget

dinner and lodging, and leave them to take care of themselves. They are sure to interfere with everything that is delightful.

Interlachen has hardly made the pleasant impression on me that it ought, and an attempt to analyze the feeling with which I think of its unsurpassed natural beauties, brings me back to the character of the people we met there. The moral atmosphere was repugnant, and this influence is so powerful, that the natural charms of the position are overcome by it, to a considerable degree. The company we happened to meet, were evidently of the hackneyed, *blasé* order; and, among those with whom we were thrown into daily contact, more than one seemed to us at least equivocal in point of social standing. The most conspicuous woman at Interlachen, was a French lady, of elegant appearance, whose dress and manner had a sort of daring which provoked remark and enquiry; and her travelling companion was an accomplished man, much younger than herself, whom she addressed and treated as her cousin—a title which nobody believed to be legitimately his. The lady was handsome and graceful, and would have been attractive, but for a certain hardness, and a haughty bearing which seemed to form part of a system of refined coquetry. She found fault with everything; took many airs at table; avoided all interchange of civilities with the ladies of the house, and lavished her fondness on a pretty Italian greyhound, which, being ill, received the most devoted attention. I observed that when she drove out with gentlemen, they smoked their cigars directly in her face. Perhaps it was but an American prejudice that made this seem to me disrespectful, but it help-

ed, among many other things, to make me feel that the "handsome widow" as she was called, was a mere adventuress. The "cousin" made masterly sketches of scenery, played the piano-forte, danced, and enacted the devoted lover. We have since heard that he had filled a high diplomatic station, but he did not seem more than twenty-five.

Another conspicuous character was an excessively ugly Englishwoman, of perhaps sixty, who affected airs of youth and simplicity; wore a brilliant pink dress, flounced à l'outrance, and great rows of pink ribbon wherever they could be stuck; talked ridiculously of the great things she had seen and done elsewhere, and of the extreme wretchedness of everything at Interlachen. She declared that the very washerwomen were such "abominable wretches," that she did not dare wear a decent article while she remained there—they tore and stole her splendid laces and embroideries so horribly. She, too, had an "angelic dog" to which she devoted herself, and which she talked about incessantly. Something happening to this treasure one day, she made the most terrible ado; wrung her hands, wept, and with her eyes upturned, as if reproaching the skies, exclaimed, "Ah—after all I have suffered, must God bring me here to lose my darling dog!" She was a thoroughly unpleasing person, for her silliness was unredeemed by even an appearance of good nature.

There was a worthy family of Lyonesse—mother, daughter and grandmother, who began the day about eight o'clock by playing draughts for a couple of hours before their breakfast. Both mother and daughter did this, appa-



rently with the most pious desire to amuse the grand-mama, who never tired. One of these good ladies—they were all very sociable and good-humored—asked me, in the course of conversation, whether we had really come all the way from America. When I had satisfied her on this point, she wished further to know whether it was also true that we had crossed the ocean for no other purpose than to see Europe. Being assured of this,—at least as well as mere assertion could vouch for a thing naturally incredible,—she asked, with a polite “Pardon!” whether it was true, as she had heard, that in America spinach was merely boiled in water, instead of being stewed in gravy as in Europe! My answer to this question, capped the climax of astonishment. She called her mother, and conveyed the information to her, eliciting the “Ah mon Dieu!” which is the sole resource of the French language in such cases. So this way of cooking spinach is set down as the American symbol, in the minds of the Lyonesse ladies. If they should undertake to describe us Indian fashion, it would be in the act of putting their favorite vegetable into a fluid too insipid to be recognized in the French *cuisine*.

The rude young men we had seen at Brientz, were at Interlachen, and rude there, too. We found that one of them, a rich, silly young Englishman, had only a week before married the daughter of the inn-keeper at Meyringen. He brought the poor girl to Interlachen, a few days after, and she was the object of much remark at the table d’hôte. She was a girl of hardly eighteen years old, of the commonest manners and appearance, and not very clean. One could not look upon her without pity, for it

required very little penetration to see through the young profligate with whom she had been weak enough to unite herself. Such marriages are but too common in Switzerland, since certain portions of the country have become the resort of rich, idle and unprincipled people from the great cities.

We had dancioing in the evening, when a young Russian gentleman played the piano forte, and the widow, in most picturesque costume, waltzed and Polka'd with all the gentlemen in turn. After she was tired, the young men brought in the house-maids, in full Bernese dress, and danced with them—a custom of the country, we were told, but the aspect of the thing soon grew unpleasing to us, and we withdrew.

Another evening amusement was the playing and singing of some blind people, under the windows. Their music was sweet but melancholy. The singing of several Swiss songs, by a man who imitated a woman's voice and style of singing to perfection, was most wonderful, and would have been delightful too, if we had not known the reality. It became painful from the idea of great effort. He used so well the male and female voice alternately, we had at first supposed there were several performers.

There was an exhibition of conjuring-tricks, in a grove near one of the hotels, where we saw paving-stones split by a blow of the fist, and many other things equally wonderful. The artist was assisted by his wife—a woman who looked too good for the mortifying office of carrying round the hat for contributions. The company, made up of deputations from the several hotels—was seated on benches placed in a hollow square on the grass ; the gen-

tlemen smoking quite at ease. The poor conjurer did not make a great deal of money, but I shall always believe that he did actually split the paving-stones, with his clenched hand, guarded only by a pocket handkerchief carefully wound about it. I am one of the spectators whom such magicians love. The collections were pitifully small, and the company the dullest looking people that could be.

There are a few rather tempting shops, at Interlachen, where Swiss wooden ware of the most exquisite delicacy and grace, and beautiful things in agate, cornelian, chalcedony, and other rich materials, are to be had, and generally at moderate prices. We go in to look, and remain to buy. It is necessary to keep constantly in mind the disadvantage of adding to one's luggage, and the annoyance of custom-house exactions on all these pretty things; for the spending of no great amount of money in them may involve one in a good deal of unexpected expense and trouble.



## THUN.

AUG. 2.—An expressive and exquisitely finished miniature of all Switzerland—the very ideal of Swiss scenery brought into the smallest possible compass—is found here, in this lake and town of Thun, whither we have come this blessed morning from Interlachen. The drive from that spoiled Paradise to this Paradise not yet spoiled, (as far as we can see,) is very pleasant, especially when

we came by the side of that great river, or whatever the rushing, brimming, laughing, tumbling water may be called that connects Thun with Brienz, *exploitée* in all sorts of ways by the inhabitants. On the borders of the lake we found a little steamer lying, with no passengers, almost, and an air of perfect leisure. The captain sat smoking on the deck, and a great dog was chained near the stern. The appointed hour had already passed, but there seemed no idea of setting out. In a little while the steamer moved, apparently of her own accord, and we went lounging down the lake, with full opportunity to admire the lovely shores. Before many minutes, however, the wind freshened, and being quite in our teeth, soon made such a pother that there was no longer any pleasure on deck. The awning was taken down, and I was fain to retreat to the dreary cabin, where with a Bible for my pillow I went quietly to sleep, leaving more devoted worshippers of the picturesque to "pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

I crept out again as we neared the landing at Thun, and perhaps the delight of that view, fresh as it seemed after the rest my eyes and senses had enjoyed, was quite as great in amount as could have been gathered by the attention of the whole voyage. Looking back from Thun, the Jungfrau, the Finster Aarhorn, Eiger and Monch are all visible—white, oh! how white—in the splendid sunshine, and in contrast with the green hills below, and the deep blue lake just ruffled by the wind. The town itself is beautiful, unique; the narrow approach to it, through which the boat floats slowly, is sown with flowers to the water's edge. A new castellated villa building for some

lucky banker; pretty gardens, with vines and arbors; meadows with herds feeding; fishing-boats with their quaint tackle; and peasant maidens fit to be framed at once—O Thun, who can ever forget thee!

We dined at a great empty hotel, placed like a summer-house, in the midst of a garden; our only companions at table being an old gentleman that looked like a superannuated ecclesiastic, and talked with the hard worldly shrewdness of a thorough man of the world, and a Scotchman, shrewd enough, but plainer and I should think worthier. The dinner was a formal, rather melancholy affair, for the diminution of travel leaves hotel-keepers and their satellites in no great spirits. After dinner we went exploring, and ascending a commanding height, tried to get into a beautiful old castle (700 years old say the books,) but could not, the préfet or some equally important public functionary having taken up his abode there. But at the top of the long flights of stone steps by which we had climbed to this stronghold, we found an old church, looked up in the churlish Protestant fashion, but surrounded by a grave-yard beautifully kept as a garden, with shrubbery and flowers. Here we roamed about awhile, the sacristan following us with most amusing pertinacity, fearing we should be inclined to trespass on his rose-buds. When he was obliged to turn his eyes away for a few moments, his wife, armed with her spectacles and knitting-needles, mounted guard in his stead. The edge of this pretty enclosure overlooks the castle wall, and two of the outer towers or bastions are converted into summer-houses, or pavilions, from which to enjoy the prospect. They overlook the town and the

lake, and all the delicious features of the view. I was sorry to see the carriage, with F.'s vulgar face, waiting at the foot of the steep for us.

We rode to Berne in three hours, through a road that would be called charming anywhere else, but which seemed tame after the Alps. The hills faded away gradually on each side, until the scenery was more like Italy than Switzerland, perhaps more like that of New England than either. At last we came down upon Berne, which seems to have slipped from the table land into a hollow, through sheer dullness and want of taste.



## B E R N E

BERNE would not, perhaps, be considered by all travellers as the ugliest of towns; but as I try my best to tell the truth, and to give, as Eothen says, my real impressions, "and not those which would be experienced by any well-constituted mind," I must needs call it so. It has a Dutch ugliness,—the last superlative. The houses are of stone, and well built; but where pillars are required the Bernese put buttresses, sloping outward to the ground, in an Egyptian, tomb-like style, very displeasing to the eye in glancing up a long street. Then the fountains, which, being abundant, ought to beautify the place, are a positive deformity and annoyance, from the hideous images which crown them, and the coarse mode in which they dispense their waters. Not one in the whole place has an effort at decoration which is not worse than no-

thing, and most of them have statues *à faire peur*. They are so arranged that much of the dirtiest kitchen work is performed around their brinks, by the bluff, mannish women of the place, some dressed in the Bernese costume, but many in the most slovenly kitchen-maidish gear of other countries, so that there is not even the redeeming feature of pretty humanity, or even nationality, to compensate for stone ugliness.

Everything artificial about the town is in point of taste quite in keeping with the fountains. The clock, whose ingenious mechanism is one of the glories of the Bernese, is studiously innocent of any attempt at beauty of form. The old fellow who yawns at the conclusion of the hour, the imps who strike the bell, the figure in the turret above who makes believe to strike, even the very cook that sleepily flaps, not claps his wings—all are of egregious ugliness; to be surpassed only by an antique Goliath in wood that frightens you from a niche in a tower not far off, calling, as one of our party says, for a new David. Then the bears which are cherished by the city—on account of some feeling of brotherhood, perhaps—mump sulkily in a deep paved hollow, growing fat upon the cakes and apples thrown to them by visitors, but never doing the least thing in the way of amusing trick in return. There is a public walk which is pretty, for it is hard to spoil trees, and the people have not, happily, thought proper to make them correspond with their statuary; and in the wall which surrounds this sole exception to the ugliness of the city, there is a tablet telling the wonderful story of the escape of a young man, whose horse jumped with him over the parapet, sheer 108 feet to the

street below, and was dashed to pieces, while the rider escaped unhurt. The youth became a priest, and lived thirty years afterwards.

The principal church has a fine organ, and there are many excellent charitable institutions, and no doubt much solid merit at Berne, but I had time only for the impressions which a passer-by receives in walking about the town for a few hours.

We had chosen to go to the Couronne rather than to the more celebrated hotel, the Faucon; and we congratulated ourselves afterwards, when our English friends of the Rigi, whom we encountered again at Berne, told us they found the Faucon dirty, and that they had a "grubby" dinner. The Couronne is clean and comfortable; lighted with gas; furnished with plenty of good easy sofas and lounges in the *salle-à-manger*, where we had a cosy tea out of a pretty tea-service. The bedrooms are like all we have yet seen on this side the Alps; furnished with whatever is absolutely needful, but totally lacking the air of comfort which disposes one to quiet sleep. No roadside tavern in the back-woods looks barer than the sleeping-rooms of the great hotel de la Couronne at Berne.

The most comfortable looking thing I saw at Berne was a great, clean, stone-paved pool, in which horses were washed and seemed to enjoy themselves. Streams of water run from fountain to fountain down the middle of the main streets, but they are carefully made ugly. I felt glad to go on to Freiburg, or anywhere, for all is à *contre-poil* where the eye seeks in vain for a pleasant resting-place.

From Berne to Freiburg, the drive is not particularly



interesting; but it is quite worth while to stop at Freiburg to see her grand suspension bridges,—one of which is the longest in the world,—and to hear her grand organ. The town is situated partly in the great gorge which renders these bridges necessary; and our Hotel—the Zähringer Hof—on the brink of this gorge, in full sight of both bridges. But it rained furiously all the afternoon of our arrival, so that we saw little of the place besides what could be seen from our windows, though we did manage to get to the church, where the organist, M. Vogt, showed off his instrument in a very masterly way, giving us thunder that threatened to rend the arches, and again notes soft as those of the despairing dove. The imitation of a woman's voice was wonderful, quite deceptive indeed, for we fancied that some contralto singer was adding her best notes to the harmony. Then we had a full military band, with trumpets; and, to conclude, an air of Paisiello's with variations. The organ is said to be the first in Europe, after that of Haarlem, and we can easily believe it. It has 7800 pipes, some of them 32 feet long. It is not heard to the best advantage when we go on purpose to a cold, empty church, and sit down to listen critically; but one could not be mistaken as to the great power and sweetness of the tones. The church is poor looking, and is moreover deformed by the introduction of a sort of pews—very unusual in a Catholic church. One of the doors is ornamented, so to speak, with grotesque carvings of the Last Judgment, wherein the artist has labored to express the vulgar physical notion of final happiness and misery; St. Peter figuring as the dispenser of the one,

and a very strange looking devil, with a pig's head, of the other.

Freiburg is a Catholic town, and contains a number of convents. It was a stronghold of the Jesuits long after they had been driven out of the greater part of Switzerland. Their seminary is now empty, however—a great factory-looking building, on a height beyond the town. We saw but few priests of any kind; but plenty of crosses in and about the place. The old wall and its frequent towers form a picturesque and striking addition to the rest of the quaint antique architecture of Freiburg; and on the whole the old town interested us not a little.

An ancient tree, propped by stone pillars, is the memorial of a tradition very similar to that to which Macaulay's fine ballad of the battle of the Lake Regillus owes its chief interest. It is said that on the day of the bloody battle of Morat, (1476,) a young man covered with blood rode furiously into Freiburg, and having collected all his remaining strength to shout "victory!" fell dead in the street. In his hand was found a branch of the lime tree, which the inhabitants piously planted, and have guarded to this day with a care which does them honor. One cannot pass the venerable memento without a feeling partaking of awe. The battle of Morat, by which some 20,000 men were left dead on the field, is perhaps as worthy of such a tradition as any one in history.

The Zähringer Hof is an excellent hotel, clean, light, airy, and well-attended. There is a fine terrace ornamented with flowering plants, commanding the best view of the two bridges and of the valley, shut in by heights

crested with old towers, and walls no longer available for defence, though far from useless in furnishing forth a picture. But how it did rain all the time we were at Freiburg! The narrow sloping street up which we went to the Cathedral, was a perfect sluice; and we could hardly see the houses on each side for the heavy shower. We went about the flower-lined terrace with umbrellas, peeping out at the bridges—a most ludicrously melancholy way of enjoying a fine prospect.

At the table d'hôte we encountered some Americans whom we did not know, and an English gentleman and his son, who interested us not a little. The father, who was evidently a man of genius and education, seemed afflicted with that sad form of mania which bemoans itself incessantly over injuries and misfortunes, real or imaginary; cursing the light, the world, the whole course and current of human things, all the while believing itself profoundly pious and submissive. Our hearts ached for this poor soul, wasted and worn, nearly deaf and not far from blind, yet retaining the sense of taste in its keenest power—a circumstance which he bitterly regretted, declaring that it assimilated him with the animals, the nobler powers having decayed. He told the story of his sufferings in elegant and highly poetical language, using expressions quite startling from their force, and exhibiting in various ways the sad spectacle of a fine, strong, and highly-cultivated mind in ruins through sympathy with the perishable body. His original illness, he said, was caused by extreme imprudence and willful folly in over-exerting himself during an ascent of Vesu-

vius, many years ago. We rose from dinner with sad hearts.



## B U L L E.

AUGUST 4.—We had a pleasant drive hither, although the weather was so cool that we were fain to get out and walk occasionally, to warm ourselves. All the peasants, male and female, that we meet to-day, have the head bound with a handkerchief of scarlet cotton—a pretty change from butterfly caps and round hats. This stone village of Bulle looks all Sunday, as to the business done in it. A great cart, loaded with some three or four hundred Gruyère cheeses, makes its slow way up the street; and far off, down in a smooth meadow, partitioned ready for a fair or cattle-show, women are hanging out dozens of those same scarlet handkerchiefs, which seem to light up all that corner of the landscape. Our dining-room is hung with the gayest Turkish paper, and on the floor under the table is a drugget, of one of the common patterns so often used for the same purpose at home. Wonderful, how so slight a circumstance transports us back at once, making nothing of that great ocean that lies between! Bulle will always look pleasant in memory from this little accident of association.

## V E V A Y.

THE drive from Bulle to Vevay is charming. It rained a little, so that we were obliged to have the carriage closed, and could not walk, as we like to do ; but we read Childe Harold aloud, and got our ideas in order for Lake Lemman, the approach to which is by a road of Alpine zigzags or tourniquets, constructed at the cost of great labor and outlay. The hill is faced with vineyards, so that as you look back and up—and to look back you must look up—you see only one green expanse, so steep is the acclivity. The town of Vevay, and some villages adjacent, are picturesque enough, viewed from these heights ; but one looks beyond, to the lake, to the rocks of Meillerie, to Chillon, to the Alps, with intense interest ; for Mont Blanc is yet unvisited, and poetry has bathed this whole beautiful scene in that purple light which no sunshine can bestow. We gaze and gaze, and desire to be allowed, silent and motionless, to bring together into one focus all the elements of the pleasure which such things give. But onward go the relentless wheels ; slope after slope is passed ; a pretentious villa, in high habitable order, meets us at one turn—a group of Cantonniers mending the road, at another ; and soon we go clattering over the rough stone pavement of Vevay to an enormous hotel—the antipodes of romance and sentiment.

A great hotel is a good thing enough sometimes ; in the main street of a great city, for instance, or when one

is travelling with a distant object, so that getting over the road is the sole affair. But one of these proud, cold, heartless, frivolous strongholds of all that is worldly, is the climax of impertinence on the shore of Lake Leman, whose charm lies in the holy quiet of Nature, in the associations of poetry, the idea of rural simplicity, the silent sense of God's presence and love. If one could only find lodging in some unpretending nook, where the spirit of the scene should be uncontradicted by all the indoor influences, how would the pleasure of a sojourn here be enhanced !

The vexation of such a position is to me indescribable. One cannot even stir out without encountering the least interesting people in the world ; the long hours spent at table pass in the emptiest talk, or the most fruitless silence. If there were a hope that by outstaying this vapid company one could possess one's soul in quiet for a day, patience would be easy. But the certainty that to-morrow, if it bring change, will but render it necessary to become reconciled to new ills of the same sort, takes away all encouragement to passive endurance. I shall be as glad to leave Vevay, as I was desirous to see it. Not that I have a word to say against the *Trois Couronnes*, as a hotel. It is clean, and well enough ordered, in its way ; and its immense corridors, and hard-to-find stairs, are incidental to its over-grown size. I detest the class, and only find this particular specimen especially disagreeable because it is an anomaly just here ; an unscientific discord, which can never resolve itself into the harmony of heaven, in the midst of which it impudently stands. I longed to say with *Dominie*

Sampson, "Conjuro te !" and see it disappear into the earth. The only pleasant association I have with the Trois Couronnes, relates to the delightful lapful of letters which F. brought us from Geneva. We had been without news for a month. Who can tell the thrill which letters from homes across the ocean bring with them ?



## CHILLON.

ALL the romance that had been frozen, or forced back upon its source by that great solecism of a hotel at Vevey, began its natural flow again when we found ourselves in a comfortable open carriage, under a mild and cheering sun, on our way to Martigny, through a road which may truly be called one bower of beauty for mile after mile. But we could not help laughing when we read Byron's description of Clarens. If the "trees take root in love," they certainly have a very ordinary growth afterwards ; and we sought in vain for "the young breath of passionate thought," among the men-women, who were toiling in the fields like beasts of burden, and the bluff men-men that allowed them to do it, while they stood smoking their odious pipes under every door-way. In truth, Byron raved about Clarens because Rousseau had raved about it before him ; and Rousseau's descriptions of scenery are notoriously so imaginative that one is at a loss to trace, among the actualities of nature, a feature of what he saw. We hear of a fine, hearty old Swiss pastor at Montreux, who embodies our idea of that character

pretty well ; but we have not seen him, nor indeed anybody else that interests us much.

The walls of Chillon gleam white, both in and out of the water, not far from Vevay. The castle stands isolated, and is approached from the land by a bridge and causeway, the water washing against its walls all round. Its appearance is not exactly according to the romance idea of an old castle ; for instead of battlements we have high peaked roofs, over tower and turret, bartizan and wall. It is, nevertheless, a beautiful object, and in admirable keeping with the surrounding scenery, which has rather the softness of Italy than the frowning aspect we associate with castle-sites.

It is asserted that Byron knew nothing of the tradition which gives the castle so sacred an interest for the Swiss. He lived near the place, and visited it often. The prisons suggested to him the idea of a prisoner, and his touching story is the creation of his own brain and sympathies,—at least it is so believed in the neighborhood. The guide shows the great English poet's name out in the stone pillar with his own hand, and declares that Byron used to come over from his house near Vevay, and spend two days at a time at the castle ; but that the story of Bonivard had no connection with the poem now inseparable from the gray towers. Be this as it may, the castle is a poem, according to the definition of certain schools. It is one of the few things of the kind that do not disappoint. It is in excellent preservation, and retains many marks of great antiquity. The real history of it is this :—Founded, as there is good reason to believe, in 816, it received large and important additions in 1238, in the reign of



Amadeus IV. of Savoy, who used it as a state prison. Previous to his day, its crypts are said to have served as a place of meeting to Christians in times of persecution. While the Genevese were under the Savoyard yoke, Bonnivard, prior of St. Victor, a patriot such as Switzerland has not seldom produced, offended the reigning sovereign, by exciting his countrymen to shake off the burthen of foreign dominion. Venturing to travel through Savoy, he was seized by the duke's emissaries, and hurried off secretly to the dungeons of Chillon. Here he was kept six years, chained to one of the low pillars that support the arched roof; and so closely that he could not walk completely round the pillar, but was obliged to return before he had made the circuit. At length liberty triumphed. The Swiss drove out the Savoyards from all but Chillon, and their first care was to release their heroic countryman. An army of seven thousand Bernese besieged the castle on the land side, while the galleys of the Genevese attacked it from the Lake, and strong as it was, compelled it to surrender. A party rushed to the dungeon. "Bonnivard! tu est libre!" "Et Genève?" was the reply. - The answer he received was astounding. While the patriot had been living a twilight life, seeing no face but his jailer's, and almost forgetting the use of speech in the absence of human communication, Geneva, which he had left Catholic, had become Protestant, and his countrymen, for whose sake he had endured this long exile, had freed themselves from the Savoyard yoke, and risen up an independent nation. Bonnivard enjoyed trust and power in his native city for the rest of his life, and

has consecrated the castle of Chillon for ever in the heart of every true Genevan.

The castle is now used chiefly as an arsenal, and a person of no little intelligence is entrusted with the care of it, to whom the traveller is indebted for as minute an account as he may desire of its history and various uses. We were ushered by this seneschal into a paved courtyard, and through an arched door, at once down into the vaults, which are on a level with the surface of the Lake. These are extraordinarily dry, the walls being built of tufa, a kind of volcanic stone, and founded on the living rock which forms the base of the Lake at that point. No symptom of dampness appears, although the light is admitted only through a few narrow loop-holes, far from the floor, and on a level with the surface of the ground, and partly overgrown with grass and weeds. There are the "seven columns, massy and gray," spoken off by the poet; and the wave ripples audibly as it did on the ear of Bonnivard. Several of the columns have iron rings in them, at about the distance of two feet from the ground; but one is pointed out with great confidence as having been Bonnivard's; and about this the stony floor is worn in deeper hollows, and on its surface not the space of the quarter of an inch is without its carved name, showing the length of time during which the prison has been an object of interest.

One wants to be alone on this spot; to have time and leave to bring back the prisoner; to see him cast his eye upward to that narrow streak of light, try once more the length of his chain, turn abruptly at its rude bidding, strive for the thousandth time to read, by the "dull, im-

prisoned ray," the lines inscribed on the opposite wall; then stretch himself on the ground with a sigh, and prepare for another long, tedious night, unlighted by any lamp save that of Hope. The presence of a guide, intelligent though he be, does not assist the imagination; but happily Chillon requires as little effort as any place beautified by a heroic tradition. It speaks for itself,—tells its own story most remarkably. The intent of these vaults is so evident, that one cannot but people them with sufferers under feudal tyranny; and the undoubted authenticity of the story of the Christian patriot has hardly greater reality to the mind of the spectator than that which we owe to the genius of the poet. Byron wrote a sonnet on the true story after he learned it, concluding thus:

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar; for 't was trod  
Until his very steps have left a trace,  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The sonnet is not very remarkable for vigor or originality, but it is redeemed by the concluding line. Though suggested by a noble reality, it is not more like truth than the pathetic fiction of the other poem:

"We were seven who now are one;  
Six in youth and one in age  
Finished as they had begun,  
Proud of persecution's rage;  
One in fire, and one in field,  
Their belief with blood have sealed:

Dying as their fathers died,  
For the God their foes denied,  
Three were in a dungeon cast,  
Of whom this wreck is left the last."

Near Chillon, it is quite true that the Lake is a thousand feet deep, though not exactly where

" the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

It is at Meillerie, opposite.

Before we reached the dungeon, our guide took us into a still more fearful place, from which a stone stair led up to the Hall of Justice, in the castle above. Near the foot of these stairs, among masses of the solid rock, is a great irregularly-shaped block of marble, on which tradition says that two thousand Jews were beheaded in feudal times, ostensibly on account of their religion, but in reality for the sake of the gold of which they were known to be possessed, which excited the cupidity of the rapacious nobles. A little further on, just at the foot of the steps, is a deep arch in the wall, which formerly contained an image of the Virgin, before which the condemned were allowed to pray before death; and opposite, a black beam on which they were hung. It was curious that when we first passed through the vaults we were not able to discern this beam, which is situated in a recess, but after we had gone further and returned, we saw it with such clearness that we could hardly believe it to be the same towards which we had strained our eyes in vain. Our guide smiled at this, for he was accustomed to observe the effect of habit upon the eye. In like man-

ner we were able, on returning, to read the minute carvings on the dungeon walls, which at first seemed illegible. There were Byron, Leigh Hunt, and many other well-known names; and there was also DRYDEN, which it is as well to believe an autograph, if we can, since such is the faith of the place.

After we had examined the whole extent of these massy crypts, the great columns of which rest on rough pedestals of living rock, while the vaulting overhead is in groined arches, we were shown the state chambers of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, who at one time inhabited the castle. These are finished in the taste of the times, with wooden ceilings, a good deal carved, and some little attempt at ornament about the walls and windows. The hall of audience, a very large chamber, with an immense fire-place, is surrounded with coats of arms, painted on the wall during the dominion of the Bernese, each governor having added his own arms, name, and inscription. After this, we saw the armory; but varieties of cannon and military equipments are not particularly interesting to us, and we passed on to the *Chambre des Oubliettes*, whose massive oaken door, studded and bound with iron, led us to expect terrible things within. There was a small aperture in this door, about as high as one's face, closed on the outside by a small door equally massive, having great iron clamps and hinges, and a hook and staple in proportion. This was for private and unexpected observation of the prisoner within, and the interior arrangements were not such as to disappoint the imagination after this preparation. There was, as usual, a niche in the wall for the image of

the Virgin, and in front of it a trap-door, to look down through which made one giddy. Hither prisoners of state (often those who had been snatched from family and friends, and immured without trial or show of justice—for such was the practice of the lawless times when Chillon was used as the prison-house of feudal tyrants) were brought, and made to kneel in prayer, before the semblance of all that the Catholic imagines of love and mercy. At a signal, the trap-door fell, and the unhappy wretch was dashed to pieces on a stone floor fifty feet below. It is strange that there should be a sort of fascination about such horror ; but one gazes and gazes into the abyss, with an intense effort to imagine all the dread particulars of the scene, as if longing to look upon that which freezes the blood in the mere description.

The more we see and hear of feudal practices, as we travel in this part of Europe, the more detestable they seem ; and we marvel that even poetry and romance can have thrown any charm over realities so odious. These magicians have, however, shown us principally the better side ; the hospitality, the gallantry, the generosity, the courage, the fidelity unto death—of the splendid robbers, and pious and amiable tyrants, under whose sway the south of Europe groaned so long. We see the castle with its outer and inner court, its moat and drawbridge, its round towers, and massive walls ; and Chillon is now, just as it stands, all that one could desire in these respects ; but one sees gallant knights in the courts, a white-haired warden at the door, a bountiful table spread within, at which all comers are entertained, and lovely ladies presiding at the feast, to which their presence

brings delicacy and grace. We see not the dungeons, the hall of pretended trial, the gallows, the oubliettes, the chamber of torture, which we have not yet mentioned, but which, nevertheless, still exists at Chillon, with its stake, its pulleys, and the marks of flames and of hot irons, trying human flesh and courage, when opinions, or when gold was in question.

All writers of romances, except Scott, have given deceptive pictures of feudal times and manners; and even he, though he laid bare in *Ivanhoe* some of the deepest horrors and blackest abuses of the system, has not been able to prevent the lustre of his own imagination from throwing a certain charm about the whole, even when he was exposing its worst portions. This poor and accidental virtue of aggressive bravery had an overpowering charm for him; and the same feeling which induced him to prepare for a duel in the decline of life, and when his reputation was in its fullest splendour, led him to overrate the dignity and importance of whoever possessed this quality, and to tolerate for its sake much that was wrong both in principle and practice. But peace to the mighty master! He has added largely to the pleasure and improvement of the world; and the traveller in Europe has especial reason to remember him with gratitude, for the great charm with which his works have invested history, and for that general education of the imagination which fits one for seeing with interest all that is left of feudal times. Not a few unscholarly persons are free to confess that they owe most of their knowledge of modern history to Shakespeare and Scott, who resemble each other in more particulars than some people think.

We had Byron's poem with us, and compared the *locale* minutely. Nothing could be more accurate. The little island, with its three trees, is as remarkable in the lake as in the poem.

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### TO MARTIGNY.

AT St. Maurice is a Sardinian custom house, and I was pleased with the idea of being once more within the dominions of Carlo Alberto, where I have been longing to ever since I left them, but before long, the tower-like head-dresses of the women, and the prevalence of the dreadful goitre, gave us to understand that we had entered the canton of Vallais; the road having crossed the Sardinian frontier only at a corner. The appearance of the people of the Vallais is most wretched,—a sad contrast to the bowery road through which we pass. Everybody begs, or looks as if he had a natural license to beg; and scarce a throat is without its goitre, while many faces exhibit painful marks of imbecility.

This subject of goitre is of course the theme of much speculation among medical men and good citizens in Switzerland. The opinion seems, after ample research and observation, to settle on an atmospheric cause; those positions which are prevented by higher ground from due circulation of air being found to suffer most from goitre. Higher and lower the disease diminishes, or is unknown. Among the Alps there are many valleys thus shut in, and it is here that the wretched inhabitants, poor and unenlight-



ened, go on from generation to generation, suffering under the dreadful visitation, until cretinism becomes established, under which the human character is almost lost. It is a certain cure,—for children and young people,—to remove them to the mountains or to the plains, and give them, at the same time, instruction and employment; and several institutions are now on foot with this object.

A strange feature of the disease is the indifference with which it is regarded by the people themselves. We had even heard that a great sack under the chin was considered an ornamental appendage; but our hostess at Lauterbrunnen denied this. I fancy the notion may have some foundation in the fact that a goitre of uncommon size is a good possession for the road-side beggar, since it makes the pity of the traveller inevitable. A certain punster suggests that the term *valley-tudinarians* may have had its origin here.

At Aigle, a tolerably clean town, we bought a bottle of *vin d'Yvourne* on account of its reputation; but we did not find it any better than that which was furnished at Bex, where are the Diablerets and their salt-works, and where we dined very tolerably in a country tavern that reminded me of the western wilds, though our allowance of clean plates would have made the hair of any western damsel stand on end. We often speculate as to where such copious supplies of crockery can come from; and have concluded that the same individuals must return, again and again, to swell the procession, as in the march of theatrical armies. This luxury is no more stinted in the poorest little country town of Europe than in the

cities; and nowhere is a meal served without napkins—a custom we would gladly see established in our own country towns.

The food that is thus served is often inferior in quality to that which is offered to the traveller at home, but it is cooked with more care; and while with us abundance is often disgusting from the coarse and slovenly manner in which it is served, the scanty supply one is occasionally, (though not often,) obliged to put up with here, becomes tolerable by means of a tasteful and attractive manner of setting it forth. The elaborateness with which everything is done, is quite remarkable. I do not believe these people even have words for the expression so common at the West—"Where's the use?" always brought into play when any refinement is proposed.

The head-dresses of the Vallais women are most remarkable, and all set directly on the top of the head, so as to give a defiant air. I mistook the first one we met, for a burthen carried as in Italy. Some are black, with great flutes of ribbon, and curiously-wrought brims; others of straw, but trimmed into the same castellated form, while some are still more grotesque. We saw one woman with a straw hat like an inverted vase,—the foot of the vase about three inches across, while the part which joined it to the main body was only about half that width; after which it swelled out to a size which admitted the head, and turned out and up a little for the brim. It was the most extraordinary thing in the way of head-gear, that I ever saw.

Martigny has, for an Alpine town, rather a new look, perhaps because of the destruction it suffered some thirty

years ago by the bursting of a lake. The hotel *Grande Maison* was once a convent, and has something left of the arches and corridors of that day. It is now a good country inn, where the traveller is served with a simplicity that does very well for Switzerland—far better than a great impudent caravanserai like that at Vevay. We took tea and rested awhile, and then walked out, and crossing the river, climbed a high steep to visit the castle of La Batie—something of a feat when one is tired, for the cliff is difficult of access, although a wild zigzag path saves it from being quite perpendicular. This castle has been of immense strength—built of unhewn stone, and without cement of any kind. The thickness of the walls makes one wonder that any force can have ruined them. It is quite evident that time has had little to do with their present dilapidated condition, although the building is said to be of Roman origin. Nothing that did not cause the earth to yawn or remove out of its place, could disturb such foundations. The cliff is accessible only on one side, and the castle frowns over its very edge; so that for an enemy to approach it, except by climbing the higher mountain behind it, must have been well nigh impossible. It has still many apartments; a round tower with the remains of a staircase, and a large square keep, beneath which are still to be found the dungeons, which seem to have been indispensable to a stronghold, whether of Roman or of feudal times. The dungeon in the central tower has some fearful mediæval traditions connected with it, and is supposed to have served occasionally for the oubliettes of the *Vehm Gericht*. The view from the walls is most beautiful. Martigny, with its sequestered valley

and its mountain circumvallations ; the Aar, swift-flowing and winding in its course, through fields beautifully cultivated and dotted with cottages ; these lie spread out beneath the eye ; and the general aspect of rural quiet, plenty and independence, soothes and tranquillizes the mind, and fills it with agreeable images. Switzerland, as a whole, rather disappoints the imagination, from the great inferiority, in appearance at least, of the human race among its mountains ; but there are scenes, and this is one of them, which can hardly be surpassed for loveliness, and where one may forget goitres, cretins, and the mean, grasping spirit which has been introduced into a land once noble and independent, by the temptations incident to a flood of foreign visitors.

Before we set out for Chamouni the next morning, I walked about the village alone—before many of the people were up ; saw the marks on the houses showing how high the water had risen at the time of the great inundation ; went into the dusty old church, where all the altars faced the door—being set against the square pillars which divide the nave from the aisles. No smell of incense hung about it ; all looked forlorn and almost neglected—perhaps only poverty stricken, yet there is always something of interest inseparable from these churches ; and the circumstance that this one was open—had been open all night—affects the imagination. Near the high altar, which was dressed with flowers as usual, was a piece of writing framed, headed “ *Amende honorable à notre Seigneur,*” which on examination I found to be a prayer to the Saviour. Underneath was a money-box for contributions. I sought out the convent, whose monks take care

in turn, by squads, of the Hospice of Mt. St. Bernard ; but the good fathers had not yet opened their shutters—perhaps last night's vigils made a morning nap desirable.

We breakfasted, (rather chilly,) and set off at a quarter before six—after some little debate as to mules, and accommodating of saddles. It was an exhilarating outset ; a brisk, sunny morning, with a light breeze, and Mont Blanc before our mind's eye at least. The ascent begins at once to be steep, and it is very much like going up stairs on mule-back, for full two hours after leaving Martigny. After this we dismounted and walked for a while, down a rocky descent, amid the grandest gorges, overhung by forests of ash and pine, and hung with multitudes of creeping plants which spring from the crevices of the perpendicular walls of rocks. Now and then a chalet is in sight, but in general all is awful solitude—solitude that the heart asks time to feel and to enjoy. I sometimes hear people say that the sight of grand natural scenery has a soothing influence upon them, calming the feelings, and inducing a hopeful and harmonious frame. I think the effect upon me is almost opposite. I feel agitated and excited ; weak and dependent. I seem to want a refuge from my own nothingness, brought so painfully into view by the immensity of Nature about me. The emotions I experience are of that class which keep the nerves at their utmost tension for a while, and then find relief in tears, as one will weep at night after having had a happy meeting with dear friends.

After our walk, we took the mules again, and rode through the most delicious shades by the side of a brawling river, in some places a thousand feet below us, to the

little *auberge*—(a shanty, in our home-tongue)—to lunch on strawberries and honey, with a slight addition of nut-ton and potatoes, and bitter beer—the Alpine nectar.

Then another walk, during which a herd of goats insisted on accompanying us, playing such antics on the slippery shelving rocks that overhung the precipices, that it is a mystery to me how there should be a whole neck left among them. Then more riding—a view of the valley of the Rhone—the fearful precipices of the Val de Trient—one wild river—the *Eau noire*, all the way. Another Sardinian custom-house, where the official seized upon the mouths of our mules, and began peering within, as if they expected to find the tribute money lying under the tongue. This was to ascertain the age of the mules, the toll being levied according to age, to prevent Swiss mules from being sent into the Sardinian domain, to interfere with the home trade in these animals. It was a ludicrous ceremony.

Before reaching Argentiére, at the summit of the pass, two streams flow in opposite courses—one towards the Rhone, the other towards the Arve. From this point we had our first view of Mont Blanc—without a cloud, standing out dazzling white and clear against a sky of the deepest and most transparent blue; the rocky needles shooting up black around him, and the whole looming out so in the pure ether that it was hard to believe they were not within pistol shot, and kindly accessible. I suppose no more perfect view of Mont Blanc was ever attained. To us, from this point, his head looks round and smooth; it is, in fact, however, a ridge running east and west—at the top so sharp that two persons cannot stand abreast

on it. Painters, for the sake of the picturesque perhaps, generally make it appear sharp all round !

The whole of this ride is of magical beauty and interest ; and no lady who can ride at all need fear to undertake it, although the Swiss call it twenty-four miles. A short experience of Swiss travel teaches us to be very distrustful of the measurement of the country, which is contrived, as everything else is among this half-starved people, to extort the utmost possible from the stranger. I can never believe that women not much in the habit of riding could accomplish twenty-four miles in a day, over a rough road—so much up and so much down—without more fatigue than I experienced. For those who tire, there are chars-à-banc at Argentiére, for the closing six miles of the route.

We reached Chamouni at four, and put up at the hotel most frequented by the English, which would be very well if it were not placed by the side of a rushing river, the noise of whose waters, in the silence of night, is nothing less than dreadful to me, filling even my sleep with miserable dreams. The weather was uncomfortably cold, and there were no fires, so that everybody looked and felt blue. I should have been inclined to keep my bed for comfort's sake during our stay, if I could have hidden away from the river. There were some dressy and rather well-looking English people here ; but they had little to say, and our sole interest was out of doors.

At ten the next morning we set off on mules for the Montanvert and Mer de glâce—a fatiguing ride, which is well repaid by the romantic interest of the way, and the

novelty and curiousness of the glacier and its surroundings. I confess I shall never relish riding a mule that will walk on the very brink of the precipice, so that his outer hind foot not unfrequently breaks the edge, and causes a jerk as he recovers himself. The guides are good, sensible fellows, and understand their business admirably; so that their assurances that mules never do slip quite off, do much to quiet your apprehensions for the time. But when I reflect on it afterwards, it seems foolhardy, to say the least, to incur so obvious a risk for the sake of curiosity. A lady on a sidesaddle has a position of peculiar exposure, as she must often find herself suspended, as it were, over the most terrific abysses, where, if the saddle turn no power could save her.

This is not a matter of absolute necessity; for the path is always wide enough to allow a choice, although the mule when left to himself prefers, as I have said, the very brink. One has only to insist on the guide's leading him nearer the inner side of the path—a thing which they are not very willing to do, because it occasions them some additional trouble. Chaises-à-porteurs are easily obtained for ladies who do not choose to ride; and on this day we saw a little child carried up in this way, while his parents rode mules. About half way up a line of girls crossed our path, reminding me of one of Hood's funny etchings—each one bearing a saucer of raspberries or strawberries, a glass of water, or a bunch of flowers.

It was bitter cold when we reached the Pavilion—a poor Alpine house thus dignified—and it was evident a storm was brewing. But we hurried down a steep path to the Mer de glace, and by the time we stood upon its



slippery waves, the tempest came down in all its fury. The wind blew so violently that we could hardly keep our footing, with the assistance of the guides and our alpenstocks; and the air was filled with a blinding snow. We were glad to rush back to the solid ground; for the idea of sliding into one of those blue *crevasses*, through which the streams of treacherous water were trickling, was anything but pleasant. A toilsome ascent brought us again to the Pavilion, and by the time we reached it, or soon after, the sun was shining. This is true Alpine weather.

A party of young men were resting in the auberge, and among them we found some divinity students from Geneva, discussing—what? The *Mer de glace*, or the Jardin, or Mont Blanc? The deity of Christ. They must have brought souvenirs of the lecture-room with them.

We had something to eat—that, I believe, is the most respectful way in which truth will allow me to name our refreshment, which we eked out with a bread salad—no contemptible resource where good meat is not as abundant as oil and vinegar, bread and salt. A bottle of tolerable wine is generally to be had, and not to be despised on the Montanvert.

We chose to walk part of the way in returning; for it requires some practice to descend an almost perpendicular path on a side-saddle. At a certain bend in the path, a boy was waiting with a curious sort of organ, which he played for our pleasure and our pence. The lovely valley spread out beneath us—all bathed in the mellow evening light, while the mountain tops around were in all the

glory of full sunshine, and the heavens full of careering clouds—made all sounds sweet, for we carried within our hearts the attuning power. Chamouni wears an air of utter seclusion; and by this light it might stand for the Happy Valley of Rasselas—so still it seems, so serene, so lovely.

We went shopping for *pierrieries* after dinner—topaz and amethyst, agate and cornelian, being plenty as blackberries. They are all offered as having been picked up by lucky seekers on the Alps; but the wicked knowing ones say they came from Germany, in the most unromantic way. Be this at it may, we bought in faith; and the things are very pretty, without faith.

The church is a paltry-looking place, though large, and seated for a numerous congregation. Everything here looks as if just built, like a new western town, where people are expecting a great population in time. This sense of emptiness is, doubtless, partly owing to the lack of the usual supply of English travellers this season. The people in such a place as Chamouni, which lives by strangers, look blank and dispirited; and there seems nothing doing. We meet here again our English friends of the Rigi, and have arranged to go together on the Flégère to-morrow, to get a good view of Mont Blanc, who has perversely worn his “robe of clouds” all day, or rather changed his “diadem of snow” for a cloudy night-cap, as a sick or sulky king may when he would not be visible. We had a beautiful moon, and I looked from the balcony till midnight at the lovely things all about us. Among the rest, my eye caught a glittering shaft against a back-ground of dark firs, on the side of

an opposite mountain. I thought of nothing but a glacier, of course.

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven,  
Beneath the keen full moon?

What could it be? An icy pinnacle on the glacier of Bossons? There is one that looks like the Grande Flèche at Milan; but this is scarcely in the right line for that. After a while, and with some help, it was discovered to be the tin-covered spire of a hotel-observatory quite near us! I went to bed in disgust at the glittering delusion.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9.—We were so well pleased with our guides as well as our mules of yesterday, that we took care to engage the same for to-day's ascent of the Flégère; but another set came, those we preferred having been detailed for service elsewhere. It seems these guides are a body under regular command, and that individuals are allowed no choice as to their service, everything being regulated by a Chief, who does what he thinks best for the whole, and preserves an equality, that all may have a fair chance of earning a due proportion, which a few more able or cunning might monopolize. But all these men are admirably fitted for their business by previous training, and one who should misbehave would be immediately dismissed. They have their own ambitions, their *esprit de corps*, their traditions; they are acquainted with whatever is likely to be a subject of interest to the traveller, and deliver what they tell with much propriety of language and manner; not babbling like F. but answering when addressed, and being silent at other times. Dur-

ing the winters they go to school, and are taught English as well as French; their native tongue being a curious *patois*, made up of French and German sounds. The younger aspirants accompany their elders on expeditions likely to try their powers of endurance, and test their ingenuity, patience and resolution; and if after repeated opportunities of observation they are deemed incompetent, they are rejected; so that no guide is accredited to the stranger who has not already proved his capability. It is an important branch of business where all are so poor; and the laws of the district are made with reference to it. Thus guides and mules that you hire at Martigny cannot be used for any excursions you may make from Chamouni, and *vice versa*; and the traveller should here, as throughout Switzerland, ascertain the regulations before he makes his bargains.

The ascent of the Flégère begins with a toilsome scramble up the side of the mountain, in the scathed and shadeless track of an avalanche, which has covered the whole way with small, sharp stones; and these are interspersed with numerous shallow streamlets, which render the footing still more insecure. But this once surmounted, the way is completely overhung with firs, growing so closely that the light scarcely checkers the smooth, moist path, all strewn with beautiful cones of last year, some of which I could not resist the temptation of bringing home. At the top is another "pavilion"—(how daring to bring humbug into the very face of Mont Blanc!) where we had strawberries and cream, while the air without was so piercingly cold that we had to pile on as many cloaks as possible whenever we ventured out to see whether

the monarch was visible. A provoking band of clouds clung about his white head like a turban; and all that the biting wind could do was to shift its folds, and try it on in a thousand fantastic shapes, with our eyes for mirrors. One glimpse we had and one only—but the “*Aiguille qui n’ a pas de nom*,” or Nameless Needle,—and the *Dome de Gouté*, which looks from below almost as high as *Mont Blanc*—were in full sight nearly all the time. All the other needles on that side, and the *Mer de Glâce*, and the lovely valley, and the *Bossons glacier*—were “thrown in;” it was not these we climbed the *Flégère* to see; but indeed I did not care so very much more for seeing *Mont Blanc*, which does not, after all, *seem* so much higher than the other mountains. The last few thousand feet of a high mountain do not show for what they are, because they are so far off; so that ten thousand feet high is practically as high for the ordinary spectator as fourteen thousand. This sounds stupid, but it is true.

We accomplished the trip between nine and three, and after dinner were not too weary to have a delicious one, with the same guides and mules, to the *Cascade des Pélérins*, about three or four miles from *Chamouni*. This is curious from the rebound which it makes against the horizontal slab of rock, which turns it into a *jet d’ eau*, sending it high into the air, to fall again in the most beautiful feathery curves. The guides say it makes a still more beautiful arch when there is but little water. At present the stream is very full, and the spray is dashed and broken, so that after looking at it awhile you can fancy it a violent snow storm. It has tunneled itself an opening in the solid rock, which is worn as smooth as glass by its

action. After the rebound and the return, the stream rushes furiously down its channel below, making a loud roaring over the fragments of rock of which its bed is full. It is a most romantic and beautiful spot, and the whole excursion is charming. A little pretty girl climbed the rocks above the cascade and threw in pieces of stone, that we might see them rebound with the water. She was a picture, herself, with her rosy cheeks and modest eyes.

We rode slowly home just as the herdsmen were bringing in their charge for the milking ; and the soft tinkling of the bells, with the rich light, the wonders of nature all around—the setting sun and the rising moon—Mont Blanc perfectly clear and defined against the blue—the pinnacles of the Glacier des Bossons glittering amid the shadows of the mountain—made perfect harmony, with which all our hearts were filled. That evening ride earned for me the most delicious Swiss picture that I have yet acquired for my memory-gallery.

Another night to be passed within sound of that rushing deathly river, which I shall never think of without a shudder, and then we are off for Geneva.

SALLENCHÉ, THURSDAY, 10TH.—We left Chamouni at seven, in a racketty char-à-banc, after an early breakfast ; and came, by a road much broken by torrents, to this town which is comparatively new, having been destroyed by fire not many years ago. As we drove up to the Hotel we heard music, and following it to the *salle à manger*, found two Vallaisan damsels in towering hats, placed side by side on a sofa, as bolt upright as if these hats had been so heavy as to require poisoning ; while before them, in a most troubadour-like attitude, sat a Spaniard, with

a bushy, black beard, playing the guitar and singing. The music was excellent, and the scene most rich. The damsels, who were good, sensible, modest girls from Martigny, thought an excessive demureness the proper thing; and when the free and easy minstrel would stop, once in a while, and, looking sweet upon them, ask in French how they liked his romances, they replied mincingly "Fort bien, monsieur;" at which he would bow, lay his hand on his heart, and begin something else. We joined ourselves to the audience and added our suffrage, and so got some excellent songs, and some curious Basque music which he had learned in the district near the Pyrennees. This poor fellow, who had been obliged to fly from Spain for political causes, had been giving concerts in the neighborhood, but gaining far more applause than money among the poor Swiss. I told him his voice and his guitar would command a better living in New York, where money is more abundant and good music in demand.

We had an excellent view of Mont Blanc from Sallenche.

I could not resist the opportunity of ascertaining what was the fabric of those curious Vallaisan hats, and found they were universally of straw, made to differ simply by the trimming. The black, rolled rim, which is alike in all, is covered with ribbon curiously plaited. This, the young ladies told me, is called the *falbala*. One of these hats had the huge loops above worked with silver, and I have seen many others like it, and still more wrought in gold.

*Coupé* to Geneva—fine road—excellent horses. We dined at Bonneville, where among other travellers was a young man fresh from Milan, who ridiculed the Italians ;—

said they talked loud—cultivated appalling moustaches—wore tri-colored crosses at the button-hole—shouted Vivas for Pio Nono—and carried great sabres to the cafés—but—would not fight! The Austrians were expected there daily.

An English clergyman from Mayence was travelling with some young men, English pupils of his—as rough boys as one would wish to see. Their chief interest seemed to be in petting some St. Bernard pups which they had bought and were carrying home in a basket. I could not but notice the difference between these boys and those of the same age with us. There was a bluntness about them—an unfinished, growing look—something as a fine promising colt will appear, after he has passed his little prettyhood, and has become knobby and shabby in the course of his development. Our young men of that age—from fourteen to eighteen—have a more pinched and dainty air; they have been more indulged—fed more luxuriously—kept without rough exercise and manly sports. They are *prettier*, so to speak. I would not have a boy a bully, but I would have his proportions developed by a natural process. I would balance his study-hours with ample and satisfying play, that the *physique* may have its chance as well as the intellect. The dwarfing and spindling process is so established in our cities, that it is sometimes observed that but for reinforcements from the country, the race would dwindle into pigmy size and shape. It is hard to find, among the sons of the rich, in our country, an instance of fine, robust, manly development, whose thews and sinews shall balance the care-labored brain.



These things are far better cared for among the wealthy classes in England ; and we might learn something of this very journey, which the master and his pupils were making, mostly on foot. Such things are common in Germany and Switzerland—very uncommon in the United States.

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## G E N E V A .

THE Rhone is a stream of sapphire through this quaint old town, and constitutes its greatest beauty, to my eye. Perhaps this was the result of first impressions ; as the Hotel des Bergues stands directly on its bank, commanding a full view of the lake on one hand, the city on the other, and Mont Blanc in the distance—more satisfactorily visible than from some nearer points. From this hotel then, which boasts an observatory, one obtains a charming view ; and for this cause I think of it with some complacency, although it is one of those overgrown caravanserais whose labyrinthine passages cut off all hope of escape in case of a fire in the night.

Our appreciation of the poetry-haunted Leman did not in the least hinder our desire to go shopping, and we explored the great jewelry establishments, cheapening watches and every sort of bedizenment ; and providing for the due setting of all the cameos, mosaics, lavas, and *pierreries* we had picked up on our route.

We staid scarcely long enough in Geneva, to make its general character familiar to us. To me the pleasant incidents connected with it were a lovely afternoon

drive on the bank of the Lake, in the direction of Vevay, and a social visit, which I made by favor of some English friends whom we rejoined here. The drive carried me back to England; for, although there is no Leman there—no Mont Blanc within sight—yet the road, and the villas near Geneva, are wholly English in their appearance, and we were taken to an English country-seat which might have been transported bodily and set down in Devonshire, without a suspicion of foreign origin. The summer house of Lola Montes is near this place, and that conspicuous person often appears in a boat on the lake, but in a very quiet way.

I was hospitably entertained in the evening, at the house of a distinguished and most amiable family—friends of our friends; and much pleased to observe the hearty and simple tone of manners, and the intelligent appreciation of the true ends of social intercourse, conspicuous in this household. Voltaire said of Geneva, “Here one finds the politeness of Athens joined to the simplicity of Lacedemon.” It was evident, in this case, that the enjoyment of wealth was unconnected with any purpose of display, and that accomplishments were acquired for the sake of their best uses. I was delighted with this specimen of Genevan manners, which seemed to me made up of some of the best French, German and English characteristics. A young American from the South was among the guests.

The houses in the old part of the town, reminded one strikingly of Italy. Here was one which we entered by a stone stair, and which was occupied in flats or *pianos*, by different families. The only difference I observed was

that the common stair was lighted—which it never is at Rome. The streets are narrow, but tolerably clean; and from the position of the town, some of them are so much higher than others, that you look down from the *pavé* upon roofs and trees below.



### TOWARDS BALE.

Shopping and writing letters so occupied us till the last moment, that we narrowly escaped being left by the steamer for Lausanne. We flew over the Rhone bridge, at a rate that must have flagged if the steamer had lain an inch further off, and just touched the deck as the plank was removed. No very creditable commencement of our journey towards the Rhine.

There was a conjuror on board who played all sorts of tricks with eggs and rings, carrots and pocket handkerchiefs; and some musicians who played the harp and sang. But it was melancholy business, for none of the passengers seemed to care, any more than if they had been Americans; and I fear our artists found their trip but poorly rewarded. Our friend the clergyman was here again, with his boys and their basket of dogs; a Spanish lady sat on the deck and smoked a cigar; we admired the lake as in duty bound; saw Coppet with its four towers; and were not sorry when the boat touched Ouchy—the port of Lausanne, for truth to say, the trip was a little tedious. A steamer is not exactly what one would choose for the pleasure of a sail on Lake Leman, and for my own

part, every sight, sound and smell about a steamer, is always and everywhere odious to me.

A toiling drive, up a long hill, from Ouchy to Lausanne, where dinner was ready at the Hotel Gibbon—on the spot on which the great history was finished. A portrait of the ugliest man that ever was seen hangs over the mantelpiece, claiming to be the “counterfeit presentment” of this writer of mellifluous periods—one can hardly believe it. At least, such a picture of such a man, would lead to the supposition that moral, rather than intellectual qualities mould the face in the course of time—corresponding with Swedenborg’s doctrine of the permanent aspect of the spiritual body.

Yverdun was the residence of Pestalozzi, and is moreover situated in the midst of the charming scenery of the Pays de Vaud. The hotel at which we stopped is a queer old place, more Italian than Swiss in its appearance, though not in its arrangements. The moment we alighted, the tall host lighted two as tall wax candles, and preceded us upstairs, in the orthodox way, meaning to charge one franc per candle though we should burn but an inch. These candle-tricks have afforded us no little amusement; and we have sometimes set our wits at work to counteract the manoeuvres of the *maitre d’hotel* or the landlord, who in this Jewish way gets paid half a dozen times for the same candle. Sometimes we immediately blow out one of each pair; sometimes burn them as long as we like, and then gravely put the remains in our carpet-bags in the morning, in order that we may have a double supply without extra cost at the next lodging-place—nobody daring to object, as the whole candle

is paid for. When we sit down to write our journals, we thus have a grand array of light, doubtless to the great astonishment of our entertainers. We have proposed publishing these journals with the title of "Candle-Ends, or Light-Reading," in memory of the resolute ingenuity with which we have withstood this petty imposition—grumbled against by all travellers, but usually submitted to.

But we are at Yverdon, and there is to be a fête to-morrow, and they are trying all the bells and guns in the town, in preparation, like the ear-splitting tuning before a concert. This town is situated on a plain, at the southern extremity of the Lake of Neuchâtel, but not directly on the shore of the lake. A loaded vessel is said to have passed directly through this town in the heart of Switzerland, to the London docks; by the Lakes of Neuchâtel and Bienne, and the windings of the Aar and Rhine.

The first thing we saw at Neuchâtel was the gymnasium, with which the name of Agassiz is connected. It is a large and elegant building, surrounded by a garden, and like the other public edifices of this beautiful town, evincing great care as well as taste on the part of the inhabitants. There is a fund for the improvement of the town, and the amusement and cultivation of its inhabitants; the interest of which, amounting to a hundred thousand dollars annually, is expended upon the public buildings, walks, improvements and exhibitions, and lectures of various kinds. We spent Sunday there, and saw the place under its best aspect, the well-dressed inhabitants thronging the streets and public walks, and everything

bespeaking social order and general prosperity. The Cathedral, which is now accommodated to the wants of Protestant worship, is interesting from its antiquity and many venerable relics, scrupulously cared for by the inhabitants. It has just been undergoing repairs, and some curious effigies of Count —, I forget who, and his wife, or wives and daughters, have been freshly painted, which gives them at first glance a look of life in their niches that is quite startling. This is a most characteristic mediæval specimen—the Count having the air of a warrior-noble, and the ladies all the delicacy and submissive grace which the chivalric idea of female perfection required. The Church is otherwise much ornamented with grotesque carvings and coats of arms. It is beautiful outwardly, and stands above the town on a fine plateau level with the castle, which is its near neighbor. Both look out upon a lovely terrace, rich with ancient trees, and commanding one of the most magnificent views of the Leman and the mountains beyond, that we have yet seen. We lingered long on this terrace, looking now at the distant prospect—now at a very ancient tower on the wooded slope just below us—now on the castle garden, and over the battlemented wall, sheer down to a street some hundred feet below. Oh, these towns built on hill-sides—how much more beautiful are they than those over which the crushing roller of utilitarianism has passed, annihilating all that can gratify the natural taste for variety!

The castle is a fine old place, well-preserved but showing no restorations. It has a hall of shields, like Chillon; and an ancient kitchen and refectory, with many anti-

quities still bespeaking their ancient uses. The present government—for these people have thrown off the Prussian yoke, once their choice when two evils were presented—and govern themselves in a very democratic sort of way, by a president and council—occupies a large part of the castle, for rooms of state and the residence of some of the officers. All this was politely shown us by one of those gentlemen, who took much pains to give us whatever facilities we desired.

We descended to the plain, not by the steep paved street by which we had come up, but by a fine zigzag walk, planted with trees—a public garden, indeed, made on the face of the precipice, in the same manner as that on the Pincian Hill, at Rome. But we must not think of the splendid Pincian, if we would admire the doings of the town-council of Neuchâtel.

Through the side of this hill, at a little distance from the public walk, a huge tunnel empties itself by a roaring stream into the lake—an expensive and very substantial work, by means of which some water from the mountains, which formerly spread through the town, and made it unhealthy, is carried off. The Neuchâtelois are evidently a thriving people, with a good deal of public spirit. I marvel how they can spare such a citizen as Agassiz.

Aarburg is entirely surrounded by the river when the water is high, but it has several covered bridges, and is a busy place. The Lake of Bienne, famous both for its soft, natural beauty, and for enclosing the island of St. Pierre, so long the favorite residence of Rousseau, would have detained us if we had dared to follow the inclina-

tion of the moment. It is beautiful indeed, and seems to offer the beau ideal of rural solitude. Some picturesque towers grace its outlet—a feature which never tires in the landscape. At first it troubled me that I did not know the history of each of these ancient landmarks,—indeed one's ignorance is the most pressing trouble in travelling in Europe; but on the whole I am rather pleased not to know anything but the actual beauty of the object in its present state; for knowledge produces in some degree the effect of criticism or analysis—it somewhat chills spontaneous pleasure, or changes, at least, the nature of our pleasure. When we walk in a garden, it adds nothing to the pleasure of any one but a botanist to know the learned names of the flowers. The pleasure of travelling in these old countries is certainly owing largely to association, but I think general rather than particular association in most cases. Those who have travelled know the difficulty of bringing home the tradition or the history to the spot at the moment. I think interest of this sort requires some sojourn to make it available.

The road from Bienne to Bâle leads us through the Jura by a wild, rocky mountain pass, walled in by such huge defences, that it is hard to believe that man and gunpowder have not had their share in making the way. I even fancied that I saw the marks of boring in the rocks, but am assured that this chasm in the everlasting flint is the work of Nature. In the midst of this wildness, at the picturesque village of Lauffen, we saw a curious funeral procession—composed entirely of women and girls, with the exception of the priest, two boys bearing candles, and two men who bore the coffin. It was



that of a woman, whose days had "dwindled to the shortest span," and her body with them, so that it seemed like that of a child. They said she was a hundred years old; had lived alone, and been found dead in her bed. The procession was carefully marshalled so as to put the smallest girls in front; and so on, by regular gradations, until a band of old women brought up the rear—perhaps thus figuratively showing forth the course of life. There was something very pretty in this feminine train, as it wound slowly down a steep path to the church, while we could hear the chanting, sweet at least in the distance.



## B Â L E .

Hotel des Trois Rois—whose gilded effigies adorn the front of the building. This is directly on the Rhine, which is here a magnificent stream, requiring a large and strong bridge, which adds much to the beauty of the view. It was here that the allied sovereigns passed the Rhine in 1816. On this bridge is the statue which makes faces, lolling out its tongue at Little Bâle on the other side of the river, but we did not go to look at this memento of old wars. The cathedral is much injured in appearance by having been painted red—a strange taste. In the interior is the tomb of Erasmus.

We were excessively disappointed in the "Holbein gallery," from which we had expected much. We saw more that expressed Holbein's power, and justified his re-

putation, in the Bodleian library at Oxford, than in this gallery of the city which he called his home.

The women of Bâle wear on the top of their heads an enormous bow of black ribbon, which, though not ungraceful, gives them a most peculiar appearance. This city has been remarkable for its sumptuary laws. It is highly republican—even democratic—repudiating all distinctions of birth.



## STRASBURG.

SPIRES are said to point the way to heaven, and that of Strasburg cathedral accompanies the traveller a good part of the way. As we approach the city from Bâle, this stone needle becomes visible long before we can discern anything else about it. Our first care, after a little refreshment of our unutterable weariness, was to seek out this wonder of the ages, and contemplate its delicate beauty long and silently by moonlight. How difficult it is to appreciate such immense height! In this case, the houses are themselves so high, as if in emulation, that we have not as good a standard as usual by which to measure the height of the church. Its beauty, however, needs no such aid. The stone seems rather to have been moulded by the artist's thought, than by ordinary, mortal means. The stars which shine through the open-work of the spire look as if they were caged in it, and fitly; it would be a good hovering-place for celestial convocations.

Daylight always diminishes, somewhat, cathedral beauty ; but this church bears the ordeal as well as any, for the endless elaboration well repays close study, even after the mind has possessed itself of the general effect. The interior, too, is beautiful ; one column in particular, which is completely encrusted with rich sculptures, and rare and curious things. The wonderful clock, which teaches the sun and moon their courses, calculates eclipses, and does all sorts of learned marvels, and then crows over its own achievements, is a mere toy, in presence of so much grace and beauty. Here is rich stained glass again—oh ! how different from the staring, gaudy thing so called which decorates (?) our little churches at home. The circular, or marigold window here, is forty-eight feet across, and of a magnificent gem-like gorgeousness of color. After the cathedral we visited the monument to Kleber,—in the worst possible taste, like nearly all the French monuments we have seen—and that to Gutenberg—most interesting and expressive.

We went next (as per guide-book,) to the church of St. Thomas, to see the monument of Marshal Saxe—the usual jumble of ideal figures and real ones. The figure of the hero himself is I think the best thing, but a statue which personifies France is most admired. There are two bodies preserved in glass coffins in this church—a father and daughter ; not very beautiful now, certainly ; but I rather like to look at such relics. How the Count and the young lady would have relished the prospect of being stared at in their “grinning honor,” for so much a head, is a question which pressed a little on my conscience. They are dressed in the costume of their day, but very

much in the style in which exhibitors array their wax figures—coarse and showy rather than rich.

Strasburg is a grand old fortified town, full of life and animation, and a famous place to go shopping for every possible thing—that is to say *nearly* as good as New York or Philadelphia in this respect. Our Hotel de la Ville de Paris is very handsome; our bed-rooms are hung with crimson and gold, and the beds elegantly canopied with the most tasteful draperies in fine worked muslin, and supplied with quantities of great, downy, frilled pillows. The stairs and courtyard are ornamented with fine flowering plants, and everything about the place is elegant, the table-furniture included, with the exception of cups and saucers of some ware so clumsy and heavy, that we conclude they must have been turned out of the stone that was left of the cathedral. This is a curious anomaly in so pretentious an establishment, where silver seems common as tin.

We should have liked to taste a *paté de foie gras* in its native air, but we could not do it without waiting six weeks for the season to begin, so we were obliged to forego the pleasure! But we are nevertheless very fond of Strasburg, which is French, and yet not *too* French for our notions.

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## BADEN-BADEN.

WE left Strasburg in the rain, in an omnibus with two prodigiously fat men, bound, like ourselves, for Kehl.

Not that we wanted to see Kehl,—a town, or rather village built only to be burnt down by the French every time a French army crosses the Rhine. But here is one of those purgatories called custom-houses, through which one must pass before entering any of the earthly heavens beyond. At this place was a female official—the first we have seen on these occasions; and the way in which she walked round us,—the looks with which she gauged us, scanned our faces, and appreciated our general appearance—all the time attempting to appear to mean nothing in particular, set me in convulsions of laughter. Our faces seemed to be our passport, for the knowing dame walked quietly off, with only a private glance of assurance at the presiding officer. Our trunks were opened; mine only glanced at, for it was packed like mosaic and looked extremely inoffensive; the others slightly examined, as seeming more promising, but passed without difficulty. We took very good care not to put ourselves in any danger of impertinence from these officials. I think the trouble of getting dutiable articles through such places would be more than they would be worth. Swiss wooden ware, which is as tempting as anything after we leave Italy, can be sent to the United States direct, if one buys anything worth while. The charges made for any weight of luggage above the amount allowed by law are enormous. The stipulated weight is about forty pounds, and in some places only thirty; and if your luggage—all told—umbrellas, hand-baskets,—every trifle—weigh a single pound over this, you are charged as for a hundred. The lightest trunks are therefore preferable, for if they give way their place may be supplied in a moment; while the

heavy, leathern, iron-framed trunks used in the United States, reach nearly the permitted weight before anything is put into them. The traveller may even in some cases be obliged to leave his luggage behind him if it exceed the stipulated weight; for there are places where, in case the Diligence is full, no extra weight is allowed, even upon extra payment. Thus much as a caution to those who may not study the guide-books (as they should) before setting out.

The railway-stations on this road are beautified with flower-gardens—a charming feature which we have never seen elsewhere. At this time dahlias and other autumnal flowers are in great abundance, and trained in these places and kept in excellent order. The waiting-rooms are also very elegant—furnished with velvet couches, gas, and all the appliances of comfort. We saw nothing in England comparable in this respect; and our waiting-rooms at home are absolutely disgraceful in comparison—strangely enough, too, considering that no expense is spared in the decoration of our railway carriages. The exterior of the station-houses here, is always ambitious in architectural design, and beautifully neat. The gay-colored tiles on the roofs in this region are very quaint and pretty, arranged in regular patterns, and kept so clean that they glisten in the sun.

Baden-Baden is truly a beautiful rural place, the portion prepared for the annual visitation of travellers from all over the world particularly elegant and tasteful. It seems all one pleasure-ground, intersected by a river, and shaded everywhere with fine trees and the most luxuriant shrubbery. But the general aspect of things at

this celebrated spot is very different from what we have always expected to see here. The check given to foreign travel has kept at home nearly all the English ; the commotions in Germany find work for those who usually come here to play. The French, too, have their hands full at home. So that Baden-Baden this summer shows almost deserted halls, and the few people who are here seem dull and spiritless.

The Hotel de l'Europe faces the Conversations Haus and the public promenade, to reach which, however, we have to cross a small bridge over the Oes. It is a large and handsome house, but now nearly empty, and consequently chilling and uncomfortable from its echoing vastness. A very handsome building is provided for the waters, and in this there are many pictures. The gambling-rooms, as well as the rooms for dancing and music, are in the Conversations Haus, and this is of course the point of attraction. The whole edifice is in splendid style and lighted by immense chandeliers. In the great assembly room was a roulette-table, at which two persons presided, whose ominous looks, and brief and half-uttered words, seemed to imply a consciousness of the detestable nature of the work in which they were engaged. There is no kind of wickedness which seems to me so cold-blooded as this of deliberately helping on the destructive wickedness of others, with a cool purpose of making money out of their ruin. The gamblers seem respectable compared with the markers of the game. The table was surrounded, but not numerously, with players, and outside of the players were a few spectators; while on the sofas sat a small number of persons engaged in conver-

sation, seemingly too well habituated to the scene to feel any interest in it. Roulette is a pretty, toyish looking game; but it seems to me the sheerest gambling that can be; since those who stake their money have nothing whatever to do with the process by means of which it changes hands. They place the stake in a certain compartment, and wait in silence while the people who keep the table set the roulette whirling and bring about the result. It is all sheer chance, except in case of cheating, which I suppose often occurs. It really seems to me the most stupid and unattractive kind of wickedness.

Passing through this grand hall, we entered another not quite so large or splendid, where Rouge et Noir was going on. At this table were more persons—I think mostly Jews, if we may judge by their physiognomy, and some women. One, and only one distinguished-looking person was here—a man of five-and-thirty, perhaps, English, and evidently of aristocratic pretension. He would have been handsome but for a haggard look about the eyes, and a general air of weariness and disgust. He staked his money with the utmost indifference; lost—staked again—lost again, and so went on for some time. He never won while we staid. A large woman, showily dressed, and displaying a huge diamond ring—which indeed few of the players did not—disgusted us particularly by her keen and greedy air. She evidently threw her whole soul, such as it was, into the business, taking care after each decision of fate to cover up her ill-gotten gains under her handkerchief, which lay on the table. An old man ready to drop into the grave was among the



keenest players; and his withered hand, as he clutched the gold, showed the most splendid ring at the table.

What a sight was this! how melancholy—how humiliating! One's spirits sink to zero at such exhibitions. Baden offers cures for the body—poison for the soul. It is a place whose moral atmosphere is thick with corruption, while all without is fascinatingly beautiful. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!"

The pump-room, whither people go in the morning to drink the waters, must be rather an amusing place when the company is numerous. The water is distributed by men; and there was a man dressed like a hunter, in heavy buckskin breeches, giving out whey from a sort of churn—all this to the sound of fine, soft music, from a band stationed in an arbor near. There is a small temple over the principal spring, which issues from the rocks at the foot of the castle terrace. The place in its vicinity is called, from its heat, by a name which is more usually applied and more appropriate, to gambling-houses.



## HEIDELBERG.

WE came hither in the rain, in about three hours and a half from Baden; had a bad dinner at the Prinz Carl, and afterwards drove out—the rain having ceased. On our way to the castle we stopped to see the trout-preserves, where a girl fed the fish in a pool, with other fish caught in the river. The trout came up like chickens to

be fed, and some of them would jump quite out of the water at the bait. It was a gloomy den—damp and slippery after the rain ; and I felt no disposition to taste fish fed thus—Strasburg fashion—to an unnatural size. The tavern near seemed a place of much resort ; and we saw several parties who had come to dine on these gorged trout.

The castle is too well known to require a word of description, and the scene from its height cannot be described. One may give the dimensions of the great tun, and tell of the funny image of the old man that used to keep it, now shown in the same cellar ; but the romantic town crowded in between the mountain and the river, and the long reach of the Neckar winding through its fertile vales, visible from this high spot, must be seen with the bodily eyes. The pictures I have seen exaggerate, to my conception, the height of the mountain—at least it seems so to me after seeing the Alps. The castle-terrace, from which we have this view, is itself most beautiful ; and from its position commands a very extensive range of prospect each way. The house on the other side of the river—called Hirschgasse—to which the students resort for their absurd duels, was pointed out. There have been three fought there this morning.

Some of my readers may not know that these duels are but little dangerous to life or limb, although fatal accidents do sometimes occur. The aim is to disfigure the face by sword-cuts, and the lower part of the person is carefully guarded by a sort of quilted armor ; and seconds stand by with long swords held under the weapons of the combatants, that they may not, in the forget-

fulness of passion, strike lower than the code allows. Duels are said to be much more frequent among the theological students than among the others, and they arise about the merest trifles. They are always fought in a private room, and under great precautions of secrecy.

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## FRANKFORT.

GOETHE has left such a mark in Frankfort that it seems to be *his* city. The house of whose building he has so much to say in the Autobiography, still stands, handsome and ample, in the Hirsch-Graben; the family arms (three lyres) carved in marble over the door, and just above a slab stating that Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe was born there. His statue, a hideous thing in bronze, stands in the Allée—a square planted with trees. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal appeared to have merit; it is the person of the poet which is so displeasing, from an appearance of excessive clumsiness. The head of Goethe could hardly be spoiled by the dullest artist.

We went, as everybody does, through the Jews' quarter; saw the house of Rothschild and that of his mother—the latter looking almost as old-clothes-ish as the dwellings of her people on each side. The Stædel gallery contains the Influence of Christianity upon the Arts, by Overbeck; the Foolish Virgins, by Schadow; and some other interesting pictures. But the Art-glory of Frankfort is the Ariadne of Dannecker, which is shown in a pavilion built for its reception in a garden near one of the

gates. This statue is well known by casts and engravings, which give a very good idea of it. The place in which it is shown is unfavorable for want of size and elegance ; and there is a rose-light upon it which is not agreeable.

Frankfort is the whitest town we have seen. Every house, except those in the old town, is white—a fashion which would oblige all the inhabitants to wear green spectacles if the country were as sunny as ours. It gives the city a bare, uncomfortable look. For my part I much preferred the appearance of the old streets about the Cathedral, where the houses stand with their gables towards the street—the upper stories far over-hanging the lower. There are some very curious old houses in that part of the town ; and the Cathedral is one of those that look as if they had been built without any settled plan—irregular, and setting all one's notions of grace and symmetry at defiance. By the mistaken advice of a gentleman with whom we travelled a little way, we put up at the Weisse Schwan instead of the Hotel de Russie recommended by the infallible Murray ; and here, at the table d'hôte, we fell in with the whole Germanic Diet, which came near reducing ours uncomfortably. These gentlemen, perhaps from much talking, were extremely hungry ; and they filled the eyes and ears of the waiters so completely, that it was not easy for us ordinary travellers to obtain anything to eat. We noted their heads and faces with no little interest, and fancied we had discovered some very fine ones among them, though almost half the heads were either bald or wigged. Their manners were remarkable for *bonhomie*, and their rela-

tions with each other seemed of the most friendly sort. By the manner of their conversation, we concluded that they were continuing the discussions of the morning ; but we understood nothing of their wisdom, which was chiefly delivered in German. One or two of those nearest us were disposed to be polite in French, but there was such a din of talk that it was difficult to converse.\*

We took our seats in the train for Maintz (Mayence) at three, and had a most amusing exhibition of undisguised love-making, between a damsel in pink and her Indian-looking innamerato. For the first time we observe very gay and showy dresses in the public carriages. It must be the vicinity of Wiesbaden that produces the change.

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### THE BRUNNENS.

WE came to Maintz, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, to hear the military bands, which play in the public gardens there once a week ; and so set up our rest in the Rheinischer Hof, meaning to spend the night, at least. But the bands did not play, for some reason or other ; and Wiesbaden being within sixteen minutes by railway, we determined rather to see that famous Brunnen than this old Rhine town. Our desire to see the romantic portion of the Rhine scenery thoroughly, makes us alter our original plan a little—so as to traverse each part of

\* The riots and massacre at Frankfort took place in two or three weeks after this peaceful and brotherly dinner.

the shore separately, and then pass down the river itself; like the country-dance figure—up outside and down the middle. So we leave our heavy luggage at Mayence—reserving only a carpet bag a-piece—and can be as discursive as we like.

We reached Wiesbaden at tea-time; went after tea to the Kur-saal to see the gambling; but it rained, and there seemed to be no fervor of wickedness, offering studies of human passion and its distorting effects upon the countenance. This place is, if possible, more lovely, outwardly, than Baden; but having seen the other, we were of course less interested, and left the next morning for Schlangenbad, where we had resolved to pass Sunday. We bought Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles" at Wiesbaden, and read it by the way, during a very charming drive in an open carriage. Schlangenbad is the prettiest rural nook that can be—a deep narrow valley between high hills, just enough cultivated to bring out all Nature's beauty to the best advantage. The absurd stories we had heard of snakes running about the lodging-houses and intruding into the baths, had inspired us with something like fear, but we concluded that what was tolerable to other people would be so to us. So we ventured, and very soon discovered that the name of Serpent's Bath is pretty much all that distinguishes Schlangenbad in this way. There are plenty of snakes, doubtless; but not in the baths, or the houses, or the walks. A man keeps some which he exhibits for the satisfaction of those who like to shudder—a class in which we did not enroll ourselves.

The charm of these baths is the wonderful smoothness

with which they endow the skin, for particulars of which *v. Sir F. Head's "Bubbles,"* as that jolly old gentleman has left nothing for anybody else to say about them. The baths are truly delightful; large stone basins, into which you descend by steps—clean as possible—every convenience for dressing—and plenty of hot sheets and towels in close tin boxes—the whole more neatly managed than I ever saw these matters before at a public place. The water feels slightly soapy, but it is clear as crystal.

The table d'hôte is very agreeable—the older residents disposed to be civil to the new comers, and the meal well and cleanly served. An English lady with a beautiful child was more particularly courteous, and told me good-humoredly some of the things I wanted to know. When we were approaching Schlangenbad, we had met a young lady carried in a chair—a gentleman walking by her side, and two other persons following slowly in a carriage. This little party, our new acquaintance told us, consisted of a Russian prince and his daughter—the latter afflicted with a complaint of the spine—on their way to Biberich, with two servants in the carriage with medicines and other things for the invalid. The princess and her family, with tutor, governess, and servants, remained at Schlangenbad until the afternoon, in order to allow the sick girl a quieter arrival. The father walked by the chair the whole way, and the hearts of the entire family were with the pining child they were trying to save. More unaffected people than this Russian lady and her children could not be desired. They dined at the table d'hôte, where the tutor and governess were seated with them

and treated with entire respect. I am glad there are yet some people of rank and fortune whose "sense of propriety" does not oblige them to build a wall of ice between themselves and the persons to whose care they entrust the care of their children's minds and hearts. There was a *curé* at table, the intimate friend and spiritual counsellor of the widowed Duchess of Orleans, who is residing in this neighborhood.

We have enjoyed a very quiet Sunday, and after dinner, as it rained, we found our way through a labyrinth of passages, to the "ball-room," a very pretty hall on the other side of the road, where the company promenade, or amuse themselves in unpleasant weather, when the beautiful walks and bowers are not available. Here we found quite a number of ladies; some knitting, and some playing cards—"soberly," however, as Lady Townley says. It really was a very sober and rather dull scene, and we soon forsook it for the liberty of reading and writing in our own rooms. This is surely the quietest and most agreeable of watering-places—the only one I have yet seen where I would be willing to pass a whole summer. No gambling is allowed, and there seems but a very moderate amount of gaiety. The pleasures are those of seclusion, rural beauty, and excursions in various directions, where one can hardly go amiss.

Schlangenbad is so essentially a grave place that I must chronicle one funny thing we have found here. It is a memorial pillar, raised at a certain beautiful point of view in the grounds, by "Charles, Count de Grunn, and Bessie, Countess de Grunn," in commemoration of their having passed their honey-moon at Schlangenbad—the said



Count having been a Strephon of fifty, and the said Countess a damsel of eighteen. A bas-relief on the front of this monument puzzles the greatest connoisseurs in Art. Nobody can tell whether it is a salad-bowl full of salad, or some emblematical device—perhaps a large cup of wedded bliss running over.

The Brunnens have interested us enough to make us desirous of seeing more of them; and we came this morning (Aug. 21) to Langen-Schwalbach, over high table land, and long hills; the air cold enough to freeze one. Langen-Schwalbach, or Long Swallow's-Brook, consists of a single street, principally made up of lodging-houses, with a beautiful promenade from the springs to the Allée Saal, where the gaming and other amusements go on. We drank of the Pauline spring, which is said to resemble champagne, but leaves a detestable taste in one's mouth. All the waters here—there are three kinds—are said to possess wonderful powers, and they are much resorted to, since the "Bubbles" brought them into notice. Their ferruginous quality makes one so rusty that it is necessary to go to Schlangenbad to whiten—so we did not bathe.

We looked in at the Allée Saal, but all was silent and deserted. No gaming here this year, which is at least one good effect of the present commotions. We walked through the town and saw several well-dressed people promenading with a business air, but nobody seeming in search of pleasure. Dr. Fenner, who now writes himself Dr. Von Fenneberg, did not make his appearance; nor did we see any of the donkey-riders, for which this place is famous. Not yet satisfied with Brunnens, we

soon sought the carriage again, and drove towards Ems, —the wind continuing so cold that we were fain to get out and walk to keep ourselves from freezing. This region is full of round, swelling hills, and has a wild and bare appearance, although cultivated up to the very tops of the hills. We amused ourselves with scrambling up steep banks by the road-side to pick blackberries, which grew there in great abundance, much to F.'s annoyance, who feels his prerogative invaded if his employers (?) insist upon doing as they like, when that is not according to the established form. His looks of disapprobation are quite piquant.

Ems is a mere line, stretched between the Lahn and the Baederley, against whose rocky side the row of lodging-houses seems to rest. Between the houses and the river is a garden promenade, very pleasant—when it does not rain, as it did to-day. The Kur-haus is handsome, though not comparable to those of Baden and Wiesbaden; and at the gaming-table sat four officials, cards in hand, glaring round for players, but *none came*. I was pleased to see the anxious looks of these harpies, who evidently suffer from the thought that their craft is in danger.

The shower which limited our explorations, cut off also the rides of several ladies and gentlemen, who came scampering down the street on donkey, followed by boys at full run, shouting encouragement to their charge. We were in the pump-room for a few moments; but it is a low-browed gloomy place, and so full of hot steam that we were glad to run out as soon as possible. I think I should be afraid to live here; the earth seems to be bursting out with violent gases at every pore. Hot springs

gush up even in the river, and there is a stream of carbonic gas which bubbles up not far from the shore, which will destroy animal life in a short time. Perhaps some morning it will be found that the Lahn and the Baederley have changed places, without consulting this long row of lodging-houses.

We dined at the Hotel d'Angleterre, an English party being the sole guests besides ourselves. At the head of the table sat Sir W. W——, an old and decayed person : next him his wife, quite young enough to be his granddaughter. Then two young ladies, ineffable altogether. Besides these there was a Captain M—— with his wife, and last of all a foreigner, whose attempts at English were infinitely amusing. We were led to observe these people from a certain pretentious insolence which caught our attention at first ; and before we parted we had quite made up our minds that they were the first really ill-bred persons we had seen. The poor old baronet, being toothless, said little, though he attempted some gallantry of manner ; and the ladies were not very talkative, though now and then vouchsafing some *fadaises*, in an artificial voice, and with an affectation of extreme delicacy. The talkers were captain M—— and his foreign friend ; and the impudence of the former and the blunders of the latter made us laugh in spite of ourselves, disgusted as we were with the tone of the conversation and the manners of the party. Capt. M.'s talk, though evincing some humor and even wit, was interlarded with coarse expressions, and breathed the spirit of a *roué* ; his friend had a puzzled look, but was very desirous of seeming up to all the subjects the captain chose to introduce.

"Have you ever shot grouse?" said the Englishman.

"Oh yaas! yaas! *sanglier!*" was the reply.

And when one of the ladies praised a Scotch breakfast—"Ah! ah—*mince-pies*—excellent!" said the victim—everybody laughed.

Captain M—— finished by putting his dog upon the table among the dessert—a piece of insolence which, while the ladies seemed to think it vastly amusing, capped the climax of our disgust at this specimen of English "fashionable" manners—a specimen, I am bound to say, which stands alone in our recollections of the English we have encountered on the continent.

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## THE RHINE.

FROM Ems to Coblentz in the rain; Hotel du Géant facing the Rhine, a dirty, uncomfortable place. We made up letters for home, and felt little inclination to wander about the town, which was slippery with mud. I did not go to look at the sarcasm cut in stone by the Russian commander on the monument of the Invasion of Russia; or even climb to Ehrenbreitstein, for the interior of which I cared nothing. It makes a fine object from the other side of the river, but the details of war are simply odious to me. Coblentz affords many beautiful pictures, and the junction of the Rhine with the "blue Moselle" is one of them.

We took the post road to Bingen, still in the rain, and had a pleasant drive, although obliged nearly to close the

carriage, which was a little vexatious. Stolzenfels, one of the finest of the Rhine castles, crowns a steep rock on our right, and nearly opposite is that of Lahneck, at the confluence of the Rhine and Lahn. We alighted for a while at Boppard, but could not be romantic in the rain, and so went on—through scenery very much like that of the Hudson, but having the additional charm of numerous picturesque ruins—to St. Goar, where we had resolved to spend the night, in order to examine the celebrated castle of Rheinfels, the largest on the river. Zur Lilie, the inn at which we stopped, is plain, but comfortable. The landlord plays the pianoforte well, and takes good care of a pretty little daughter, the joy of his life. His wife is a respectable and good-looking person, and the people very attentive. I asked for a book which would enlighten me a little as to the particulars of interest in the neighborhood. The head waiter ran with the utmost alacrity to bring one, which proved to be German, of which I could not read a word.

We dined, but without salmon, which the steamers have frightened out of the Rhine, and then went very naturally to sleep; and after our several naps began admiring the Rhine with all our might, having come here for the purpose of doing so. We were almost in sight of the Lur-leiberg, about which so many pretty things have been said in prose and verse; at least we knew it was there, which was a great comfort, although the rain-darkness prevented our seeing it. So with several other things of great interest: we found them in the guide-book, and looked for them on the Rhine, and—then we had tea.

At dusk a man came with a horn and pistols to show up the echo, which was “wonderful, wonderful, and yet

again wonderful, out of all whooping." After the reverberations we had reflections—that is to say, we spent some time in admiring the reflector (which the French call a *reverbere*,) of a lamp in the passage, on which some ingenious person had arranged a single dahlia with a china-aster in the middle of it, and a sprig or two of green, in such a way that they were made into a beautiful wreath, by the multiplying effect of the bits of looking-glass. We wanted to buy the reflector to bring home with us, but concluded such things were to be found in the new world. We go to bed to dream of climbing the hill to Rheinfels early in the morning.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23.—We came to Bingen this morning after breakfast, without seeing Rheinfels any nearer than we saw it last night. We went to bed late—slept ill—rose in no good season, and found the clouds still lowering; had our breakfast and planned staying a day or two at Bingen; then got into the carriage and drove off without saying a single word about Rheinfels! Now the question is, did we forget it? I did, I confess. We had come a mile or two, when somebody said—"Why we didn't see Rheinfels, after all!" and then we laughed, and could not tell why we had left the duty undone.

If I dared, I should say it was because the Rhine did not interest us half as much as we tried to think it did; but this is heterodox, and I must not.

To-day we have seen with our mortal eyes Lurleiberg, which frowns black and bare a little above St. Goar, on the other side, at a sharp turn of the river. Opposite is a cave, out of which pops an old man to make echoes. At this spot it is that boats tilt a little, from the influence

of the whirlpool at the foot of Lurleiberg, and the tradition teaches that the water-witch is insulting them with a cold shoulder. Oberwesel, where the Jews ate the little boy, is a stony-looking place, sure enough ; but not without beauty. From here we saw Schönberg, and should have seen the seven cruel sisters, but the water was too high. Pfalz, rising out of the very middle of the river, took my fancy. One might be even more than fashionably exclusive in a house which has not an inch of ground on any side, nor any opening in the walls, by which intruders can enter, within twenty feet of the water.

Bacharach is particularly curious, being a walled town with towers, the inner halves of which are cut away, so that the shells stand bare and empty, looking the very image of desolation. This is supposed to have been done in order to prevent the danger to the town of an enemy's gaining possession of these towers. Here too is the fragment of a beautiful gothic church,—such another piece of exquisite symmetry and delicacy as that of St. John, at Chester, in England—the first gothic ruin I ever saw, and as such enshrined in my memory. Nothing I have yet seen on the Rhine charms me like this broken wall. Above is the castle of Stahleck, from which a fine view of the best portion of the river and its picturesque adjuncts may be had. Castles thicken upon us as we approach Bingen. What charming times the peasantry of this region must have had when every one of these petty fortresses was in the hand of some baron who was privileged to be judge, jury and executioner in his own case. The more I see of old castles, the less I am in love with feudalism. These robber-holds of the Rheingau were

put down by the people, when their tamer blood had been heated to the point of desperate resistance by pillage and oppression.

We alighted at the foot of a precipitous hill to examine Rheinstein—a small castle lately refitted by Prince Frederic of Prussia. The steep, winding approach is beautifully shaded, and we entered the court-yard by a portcullis and I think a drawbridge. Within all was appropriate, for the greatest pains had been taken to reproduce in miniature the constituents of a knightly dwelling of the middle ages, and with success. The seneschal or *schlossvoght*, met us with two great dogs, but deputed his lady to show us the castle,—the prettiest baby-house I ever saw. Little stairs in little turrets; little furniture in little rooms; little pictures on little walls—all is like a castle seen through a reversed telescope. The chapel is no larger than a boudoir; the Princess's atelier (for she is an artist,) just a good-sized closet to shut up naughty boys in. How Prince Frederic and Princess Frederic—both reputed to be good, portly, German people of fifty or so, get about in this nut-shell, I know not. Indeed it is said they do not often both come at once. There are some pretty Holbeins, and some other pictures of exquisite finish; a portrait of Catherine de Bora, sweet, like all hers; a fine collection of antique drinking glasses; a bedstead of the sixteenth century, looking about as comfortable as the bunks provided for prisoners or—sailors, who are about as well treated.

At Bingen we dined, and then set off to the Niederwald, on the opposite side of the river; first sending F. to Mayence for our luggage, having concluded that we did



not care to go all the way back thither. An excursion without F. ! The idea is exhilarating !

Nine o'clock. We crossed the river to Assmanshausen, and took a carriage there, ascending the hill over the stoniest road we have seen yet—Chamouni not forgotten—past tier above tier of terraced vineyards, all supported by heavy stone walls, so that the face toward the Rhine is entirely of stone, with lines of green dividing it horizontally. So completely is the whole ground covered in this way, that sideling steps are left in the thickness of the wall, in order to get from one terrace to the other. The hill-side is so very steep that the vines are often planted in baskets, in order to retain the earth about their roots. Let no one grudge what he pays for his Rüdesheimer, or his Budesheimer; his Rothenberg or his Erbach. Much of the very soil on which it grew, and all that enriched that soil, was carried up the side of the mountain on human shoulders—female as well as male. This hard, slaty soil being easily heated by the sun, produces the best and strongest wines; those which are grown with less labor, lower down, being inferior in both respects and commanding less price.

From this height we looked down upon the Mouse Tower, in the middle of the river, where the cruel Bishop was eaten by the rats. Is it not wonderful, since all the traditions in the world preach justice and mercy, that so many things should continue to be done contrary to both ? Was this Bishop Hatto any more than a church dignitary who lived sumptuously in the midst of a starving flock, who were forced, of their penury, to give him for his state what made their misery pass the point of endurance ?

The hunting-seat of Count Bassenheim, proprietor of the Niederwald, is just a very plain, ugly country-house, where is a most vulgar quadruple echo from—the front of the stables. But after this the road winds through a pretty, shaded road to the Magic Cave—a rude opening of rough stones, into which we were ushered with some form and mystery. It is quite dark within, as is very proper; for at the end of the darkness a door opens and lets you into a pavilion, from which the Rhine with its opposite bank is visible through three several vistas—one giving Rheinstein, as in a frame of foliage; one a Swiss Chalêt built by Prince Frederic for his farmer; and the other a choice point in the river itself. A little artificial all this, but we could not deny that it would have been very pretty if the sun had shone. One must not look for effects on the Rhine under leaden clouds and skies ready to weep.

After the pavilion and the vistas an artificial ruin, from which the view is full of beauty and variety; and after the ruin another drive through moist woods; and then the Temple—a circular building on the brow of the hill, commanding still another view. This Temple is well scribbled over with names, being a rural resort for all sorts of people. Here we were looking down upon the river and the Bergstrasse and the Odenwald; and the Chapel of St. Roch, above Bingen, where is an altar-piece presented by Goethe—we did not exactly see the altar-piece from the Temple, but the church looked the better because we knew it was there—when two rustic damsels approached with most tempting baskets of fruit, from which we each seized a peach which looked the most homelike of all. When

we found, however, that for these half-ripe peaches we must give three groschen a-piece, they tasted very sour, and we concluded the grapes were sour, too, and would none of them.

A rough drive down to Rüdesheim, whither Charlemagne brought the grapes still called Orleans. He saw this high bank from his palace at Ingelheim, the site of which is visible from the Niederwald; and observing that the snow melted off it earlier than elsewhere, his sagacity selected it as a good wine growing spot—at least so says tradition, and tradition is very likely to be right in this case. Rüdesheim has several towers, each with its story, and is on the whole a pretty and picturesque place.

As we rowed across the river the setting sun shone out gloriously for a moment, and the whole scene was touched with magic. The Rhine was all that we had hoped—its shores fit home for romance. As Johannisberg gleamed white in this golden splendor, we thought of Prince Metternich, and remarked that he was now far away, in London. One of the boatmen hearing his name exclaimed, "Metternich is a good man!" and we learn that the common people in this neighborhood are much attached to the formidable diplomatist.

On our return to Bingen, our host informed us that there had been a revolution in Russia, which had forced the Emperor to take refuge on board the fleet. I suppose news-manufacturers are obliged, like other dealers, to consult the state of the market. Here, and now, anything less than a revolution is despised; and before long a massacre or two will be required to make the revolution piquant enough.

THURSDAY.—F. and the trunks returned duly, and we found ourselves steaming down the Rhine in the "Joseph Miller," with everything about us so commonplace that we concluded the steamboat, like genius, is of no country. Here was the usual variety of passengers—one lady flounced up to the waist, and immensely bedizened otherwise; another, on her way with her three children, to Calcutta, by London, to find her husband; a gentleman and two ladies whom we met at Vevay and Geneva—Americans; and Germans of all grades, with long beards and short pipes—blue blouses or drab sacks. We wanted now to take a good look at both banks of the Rhine in descending, but truly the cold wind and a drizzling rain were too much for us, and we were obliged to content ourselves with the cabin. So many persons were equally deprived of the opportunity of studying the *locale*, that when dinner-time came, it seemed necessary to open a window, the weather having cleared and the closeness being very oppressive. This was instantly objected to by a German in the other side of the cabin, who insisted that the window should be shut. The American gentleman of the Vevay party made some resistance, and after a while the captain was called and the window shut, greatly to the discomfort of most of the passengers.

COLOGNE AT 5.—The stones we left at Geneva to be set have arrived, but are at the custom-house, so that we cannot have them until to-morrow. Deep deliberation whether we had better go to Holland by Belgium or to Belgium by Holland. The names of Duisberg, Nymeguen, Aix-la-Chapelle, Arnhem, are repeated again and again, as different routes are discussed. We decide upon seeing

Holland first, as Brussels is the point of divergence for Paris, in case we decide to go there again, which seems doubtful.

The Dom—what a little sulky name for a grand and beautiful Cathedral!—is the grand lion of Cologne. After just six hundred years of building, when the earlier part is falling into decay and requiring renewal every year, this exquisite specimen of pure gothic seems more likely than ever before to be completed. The towers and the choir are now united; and the foundations of the nave have been laid by the present king of Prussia, who devotes a large annual sum to this great work. It is estimated that *three or four millions of dollars would now finish it*. The king of Bavaria has just presented a whole line of magnificent painted windows, in the best style of modern art. Four prophets, four evangelists, four fathers—(Jerome, Augustine, Ambrose, Gregory,) with their emblems; and on every window the name and arms of Louis of Bavaria, who does not mean to put his light under a bushel. They have been in their places only a few weeks. All Europe subscribes to the building, which is to have four hundred columns, spires 500 feet high, &c.; and it is not long since a convention was held to take into consideration the best means for a general European effort to accomplish the whole. The Drachenfels stone, of which much has been used, is crumbling away, and must be replaced. Ivy and moss overrun the tops of walls yet unfinished. We saw the shrine of the three kings, of course; for relics are the order of the day, here. Those poor crowned skulls, which look like varnished copper, are such a memento of the hollowness of majesty, that I should think kings

would not like to look at them. The shrine is curiously ornamented with gems, cameos, and enamel, including some mythological subjects which one would hardly expect to find here. Many of the precious stones have been replaced by glass. I should say all, judging by the paltry look of the whole thing.

The Church of St. Ursula gratified my passion for relics to the uttermost. Here is every scrap of the anatomical framework of those eleven thousand noble virgins who accompanied the beautiful martyr from Britain—any one may count them to satisfy himself. They are arranged in glass cases above, below, and around this church, looking like some strange form of confectionary or toys. The skulls have each a velvet cap on, to guard, I suppose, against the impertinent researches of the phrenologists. The saint and her followers are represented in the various stages of their pilgrimage and sacrifice, in a very ancient picture on one side. One would think this would be sufficient to silence those cavillers who demur at the number of the troupe.

The Jesuits' church is overloaded with vast riches of sculpture in wood and stone—a most magnificent place but not very pleasing. It has the rosary of Loyola, the founder of the order, and the crozier of St. Francis Xavier. The exterior of the churches in Cologne is almost uniformly good, and interests us particularly from its novelty, being unlike anything we have seen. It is in the style called Romanesque, or early gothic, rich in towers and sweeping lines and Moorish looking roofs. St. Gereon is particularly beautiful, and the church of the Apostles pleased us scarcely less. St. Gereon is full of bones, too

—those of the Theban legion of Martyrs, with whose claims I regret to say I am unacquainted. A dreadful story attaches to the chapel of the Minorites—that Duns Scotus, who was buried there, was found at the next opening of the vault, lying near the entrance; having burst his coffin and then perished of hunger or suffocation.

We drove all about, and bought a little Cologne at the genuine Farina's; but it is dear, and there was the risk of duty in England, so we were not to be tempted far. There are some twenty Farinas here, each claiming to be the unmistakable. We must bear our testimony to the very tolerable cleanliness, just now, of this much abused city. The Rhine may wash it and not need the favor returned.

In the evening we heard the opera of *Jessonde*, by Spohr; grand music well sung. The theatre is evidently for use, not show, for it is but just light enough to recognize those who sit near you, and of course dress is out of the question. The opera commences at seven, and concludes before ten—a very sober affair.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.—At half past five this morning took the “*Preussisch-Rheinisch-Dampschiff*”—designation of evil augury!—for Amsterdam. Breakfast at seven—too cold to sit on deck—crouched in corners of the cabin—reading a little, writing a little, eating a little, and sleeping a great deal, for it was so cold that the dormouse condition seemed natural. The shores were fortunately not very tempting, for each time that we ventured on deck we were driven down by a shower and a November wind. The Rhine between Cologne and Arnheim where we take the rail-way, is just

about as picturesque as the Erie Canal between Syracuse and Rochester, and the towns along its banks in excellent keeping with the scenery. Within, the prospect was not much more lively. A German with a long yellow beard and a moustache that fell over his mouth nearly to the chin, established his hands in his pockets and his back against the wall, and slept bolt upright for hours without stirring. In one corner of the cabin was a young couple who neither saw nor heard anything or anybody but themselves, and between whom it would have been difficult to pass anything thicker than an ivory folder at any time during the morning. Then there were children, but not very interesting or amusing ones, and an old bluff officer, their uncle, who delighted to play tricks on them which irritated and worried them. One man on board was at least six feet six inches in height, and proportionately stout; and he thought proper to walk the deck incessantly, followed almost step for step by a large dog, who only wanted a pipe to make him a complete caricature of his master. (It is fearfully dull! I feel that we are going to Holland; coming canals cast their dampness before!)

We were not sorry to reach Arnhem, where we found a great omnibus ready to take us to the railroad. Once there, we were soon snugly stowed, with a Catholic priest for our sole companion. This gentleman rode in his close black velvet skull-cap, carrying his hat on the end of his cane. He was very polite, and much disposed to converse, which he did in French, very well. But it was not long before, with a bow of half-apology, he said, "Je vais prier," and taking his breviary from his pocket and a little calendar by which to choose his prayers from



his valise, he crossed himself devoutly, and was soon absorbed in his vesper duty. A Dutch lady now got in, at one of the stations, bringing with her a new supply of dampness, for the rain was inveterate. From this time the tide of new comers was unfailing. At every stopping-place there were "friends dropping in," (see Hood,) until the steam from wet umbrellas and broadcloth was well-nigh intolerable. But by the great law of change, matters at length turned in our favor. People began to drop out, too; and those who staid became gradually less evaporative.

A portly gentleman was very curious about America—wished to know whether Americans at home dressed like other people ("comme nous,") and asked whether the Italian travelling-hat whose praises I have celebrated elsewhere, was an American hat. Indeed this hat begins to excite a good deal of attention as we come northward, where people wear the ugliest hats and caps that can be devised.

I had some little talk with the priest after he had done his prayers, and the conversation turned upon miracles. I spoke of that of St. Januarius, and asked him if he believed it. He said certainly! and inquired whether I doubted that God could work miracles now as well as in the early ages of the church; said as to the San Gennaro you could see it with your own eyes. I replied, "I fear I should not believe it if I did." "*Ah! mais le bon Dieu pouvait toucher votre cœur!*"

I asked whether miracles were now wrought anywhere but in the Catholic Church. "No—for if the Catholic Church is the only true Church, how should miracles be wrought to establish any other faith?" "But we are all

God's children—He loves us all—why should he not work miracles for our conversion?" "The existence of the Catholic Church is a perpetual miracle, if you would accept its evidence. It is unchanged in the smallest particular, and will be so to the end."

"Why then do the Catholics need miracles?"

"*Le bon Dieu fait sa volonté!* He ordains that the Church shall be a city set upon the hill; light must go forth from her to enlighten the whole earth."

I mentioned the right of private judgment. The priest said there needed no better proof of its dangerousness than the use which Protestants had made of it. I asked whether it was true that the Catholic Church denies to its members the use of the Scriptures in their own tongue. He said no; the Church allows this, only taking the precaution to provide notes on the difficult passages, and even this may be dispensed with at the judgment of the confessor. He spoke of the devotedness of the Catholic priest, saying, with an air of deep solemnity, "*Le prêtre Catholique s'offre sans reserve.*" Speaking of Father De Smet, and his labors among the California Indians, I felt it incumbent on me to acknowledge the self-denying and boundless labors of the Catholic priests at the West.

This priest seemed a simple and sincere man, and I was much pleased with him. He distinctly allowed that one might be a Christian without belonging to the Catholic Church, provided he practised the duties of one, *de bonne foi*; and on the same conditions the prayers of Protestants might be available. He hoped God would give me light, and at parting invited me to visit him at the Church of St. — at the Hague.

## AMSTERDAM.

OF all the places in the world, this is perhaps the last which one would be willing to see for the first time in the rain; but the clouds gave us of their abundance as we approached it. There was truly a canal in every street, which, as we know on good authority that but for great care and expense Amsterdam would be immediately submerged by her own, we could well dispense with. But all this water looked particularly shining by lamp-light, and the long and broad canal of the *Prinsseu Gracht*, down which we looked in passing, was beautifully silvered. But just as we were admiring the effect, the horse of our *vigilante* took fright at the apparatus of the drawbridge which had to be lowered for us to pass, and we had some alarm and detention. We concluded afterwards that the nervousness of our steed must have been sheer affectation, since how could an Amsterdam horse fail to be accustomed to drawbridges? We saw few carriages of any kind, and at our Hotel des Pays-Bas we passed the night without even hearing one—a circumstance very noticeable, after sleeping or trying to sleep at great hotels in great thoroughfares for four or five months past.

This Hotel des Pays-Bas is altogether a nice place, and clean enough even for Holland. As we entered the hall, quite late in the evening, we found a couple of maids cleaning the marble floor with floods of water—no inappropriate beginning. The bed-canopies in our rooms

are unusually splendid, being adorned with large points of scarlet velvet, with lace and tassels of gold, and the white window curtains have draperies of the same kind. The whole furniture has a French air, more showy than one finds in Switzerland.

But all over Europe there is great attention paid to draperies. The commonest inn will never lack its bed and window curtains, and these are seldom without at least a pretty fringe to set them off. In England the draperies partake of the substantial character which belongs to everything there. The bedstead has high posts, and a tester, all hung with heavy chintz or dark moreen. This kind of drapery is far from adding to the cheerfulness of either parlor or bed-chamber. But on the continent, the curtains are always the gayest and prettiest thing in the room. They are usually of thin muslin, trimmed with lace or fringe. Those of the beds are always suspended from the ceiling, so that they can be entirely put away if one does not choose to sleep within them—an arrangement quite necessary for the comfort of Americans, who generally think bed-curtains unwholesome.

The general appearance of Amsterdam is that of substantial wealth, but there is very little attempt at taste, unless one reckons as such the long rows of trees which border some of the best streets. These streets, or the houses in them, reminded us not a little of Philadelphia, but they are as far as possible from resembling the handsome part of our own city of New York, though she may be considered, in some sense, a daughter. Nieuw Amsterdam is certainly in her present aspect one of the gayest looking cities that can be found. Old Amsterdam

one of the gravest, though it is far from being deficient in dignity, or even beauty of a certain sort. The principal canals are so wide, and so clean, and bordered with such excellent houses, that when we look along them from the high arched bridges, they have the air of rivers, and really add to the beauty of the city, instead of being a blemish as we had imagined. The houses are very high, and the windows generally large, and each front is carried up in a point with some ornamental scroll work at the top. This gives quite a picturesque air to a row of houses, and a characteristic peculiarity to Amsterdam city scenery not unpleasing to the stranger. Walking is, however, not pleasant ; for not only is the pavement bad and dirty, but there are no raised sidewalks ; so that, in most of the streets, one must dodge the carriages, as in Rome or Naples, though there are fortunately not many of them. Besides this, most of the older houses look as if they were about to fall over into the street, not because the upper stories project, as in Switzerland, for that is not the case ; but from the actual settling of the foundations, which throws the walls completely out of the perpendicular. Why they do not fall, one can but conjecture ; it seems to be because they support each other at the sides, being built in solid blocks. But it must require some time to overcome the sense of insecurity in walking the streets.

The same feeling is experienced in the old churches, which are strengthened in the inside by large bars of iron or beams of wood, placed across the nave and aisles, and from pillar to pillar. As this is a great deformity, and the people of Amsterdam have much pride in their

churches, we cannot but conclude the danger to have been imminent which induced the precaution. The churches are immense in size, and not divided except by a screen of rich brass work, which partially shuts off the portion devoted to the high altar in Catholic times, so that it must be very difficult for any human lungs to make noise enough to be heard throughout such vast spaces. To obviate this, the sounding boards are made in proportion to the church, while the pulpit is only suited to the man, so that the whole forms a gigantic mushroom, and the clergyman, with this great pent-house directly above his head, and scarcely twelve inches to spare, makes a most insignificant appearance, reminding one of the sad catastrophe of the gigantic helmet in the Castle of Otranto. The congregation are locked within a sort of pen during sermon, while on the outside of this enclosure the profaner world walk about as they like. When we first entered the Nieuwe Kerk, (built in 1408) it was like an auction room. Men were walking about with their hats on, and the buzz of conversation was heard on every side. When the psalm was given out, the noise and bustle subsided, and almost everybody joined in the hymn, which was exceedingly long and dolorous, and, from the verses not being in any measure to which our ears are accustomed, very unsatisfactory as to cadence. When it was finished, the clergyman, a person with white hair, dressed in the ordinary scholar's gown and not in the fantastic middle-age costume described in Murray, began his prayer, of which we could not, by any effort of attention, hear one word. Those near the pulpit may

probably have been able to hear the preacher, but he must have been inaudible to many of the congregation.

We looked in at the Oude Kerk, where the scene was very similar, and where the organ is considered comparable to that of Haarlem. After this, at the Lutheran—a handsome though unpretending edifice, with a preacher of very prepossessing appearance and manner; but what a dreadful-sounding language! The women were seated on chairs in the body of the church, every one with her footstool or stove; the men cooped up in pews around the walls, as if they were dangerous. This distinction or precaution extended however only to the well-to-do classes. The common people were mingled indiscriminately; all alike, gentle and simple, most rustic and plain in appearance and manners. The women are particularly fresh-looking, and they wear the cleanest white caps with fluted borders, and the most resplendently white stockings liberally displayed, that I have ever seen anywhere.

The three principal streets—those which border the grand canals—are called Emperor's, Prince's, and Gentlemen's streets. One side of the Keizer's Gracht or Emperor's street, being well-paved and much used in cold and damp weather by the ladies, is called the "Pantoufle Parade." Carriages are very few here, and the noise made by carts and wagons in passing over the bridges is so like thunder, that it is well there are no more. One kind in use is quite new to us—it is a sort of sledge, without wheels, and looking very much like a small cab-body set upon runners. This being drawn along the pavement by a single horse, would soon wear itself out,

but that a boy accompanies it whose business it is to throw down before it an oiled rag, which smooths the runner, after which the attendant picks it up and repeats the operation. If this is not the climax of stupid clumsiness I know not what is. These carriages are used principally in going to church or visiting the sick. The finest view in the city is from the central bridge of all, where, from an elevated position, you look down four lengths of canal with handsome buildings on each side.

We followed all the world to "Frascati's," where we were told that the fashion and elegance of Amsterdam are wont to assemble every week for conversation and music. What was my horror to find the room dim with tobacco-smoke! The men walked about with their hats on, or were seated at little tables with ladies, taking tea or lemonade. The music was a thumping, braying, military band. A more disgusting scene of *pleasure* can I think hardly be imagined. I came away with the conclusion, that if all nations of the earth were originally of one blood, wonderful modifications must have been effected since.

The galleries of Amsterdam possess some of the most valued pictures in the world, but the one which is called "the Miracle of the Dutch School"—the City Guard of Amsterdam met to celebrate the treaty of Munster, by Van der Helst—is not the one which an unlearned observer would be likely to select as the most precious. It contains twenty-five portraits, grouped and in action; but the names are not given. Rembrandt's picture of the Night-Watch, which is here also, is considered by Sir Joshua Reynolds an inferior picture. Paul Potter,



Gerard Dow, Van Dyke, Vandewelde, Schalken, Wouvermans, Ostade, Berghem, Ruysdael, Toniers, Weeninx, Snyders, Cuyp, Both, Jan Steen, are all represented here, besides a host of others; and the excellence of most of their performances is undeniable. But the lack of imagination and fancy makes such admirable execution almost painful. The Night-School, by Gerard Dow, is among the most pleasing; Van Dyke's portraits are always charming, though he give you babies in satin and little boys in cocked hats and swords; the horses and other animals of Wouvermans are superior to any other; the feathered race by Hondeloeter inimitable. The Fête of St. Nicholas should be copied for some wealthy New Yorker. It is one of the chefs-d'œuvre of Jan Steen, and an admirable picture. We are enchanted with the perfection with which the thing attempted is accomplished—vexed that something a little more poetical had not been attempted. The impression left on the mind after the inspection of one of these galleries, is rather that of wonder than pleasure. The imagination remains unexcited, the sensibilities dormant; and Art that but confers a momentary pleasure—or a pleasure which, if permanent, is merely that of the eye—has fulfilled but half its office. The admiration with which I have viewed the Amsterdam galleries has been unaccompanied by the least glow.

I noticed in the English catalogue some amusing blunders—one in particular, which calls a still-life picture, dead game, &c. “A Quiet Life;” but I thought it very obliging to make an English catalogue at all.

We have visited this year's collection of paintings by

the native artists of the day, but with no great satisfaction. The first room had so many good pictures, that we anticipated a rich treat; but further inspection convinced us that the "hanging committee" had cunningly presented their best point. Scarce a good picture rewarded our search through the remaining rooms. The subjects, though various, were generally commonplace, and mechanically treated. The lack of fancy which we noticed in the old pictures, is conspicuous in the new. The Dutch seem to have caught nothing from their soaring German neighbors.

After the galleries we took a boat for Buiksloot—a row of ten minutes; at Buiksloot, an open carriage for Saardam; road made on the ridge of a dyke, by the side of the great ship-canal, of which the tow-path is on the opposite side; met an East-India ship coming in, towed by fourteen horses—a curious sight in the midst of green fields. This canal is 125 feet in width and 21 in depth—an immense and most useful work.

Saardam has four hundred windmills, and the house of Peter the Great. What else of interest it may possess must remain unseen by us, for our time was too short to allow of exploration. Peter's house is very old, and has been enclosed in brick by the present Queen of Holland, a sister of the Emperor Nicholas, to protect it against the weather. The walls are covered with the names of visitors; a memorial tablet over the fireplace was put up by the Emperor Alexander, with his own hands, and set crooked by the imperial mason. There are several other tablets and inscriptions, and the great

man's poor bed, and his portrait in his carpenter's dress, and another as emperor, with the empress by his side.

The keeper showed us his own funny little dwelling ; the old lady cooking over a portable furnace, and everything scoured to mirror brightness. Here were little pictures, little tea-cups, little flower-beds, little everything ; and the man and his wife seemed to have no object or ambition on earth, but "to dress it and to keep it," like Adam and Eve in their garden.

Saardam is neat to fanaticism, and this neatness is evidently not subsidiary but principal, as a matter of interest. Everybody bowed to us, in a primitive sort of way, and stared undisguisedly at the white hat. These people seem to have let the world go round without them.

Broek is a quaint, curious place, in which most of the streets, or paths rather, are too narrow for a carriage ; and every house has its canal and its bridge as well as its garden. Planks seem to supply the place of paving-stones ; and there is a law against smoking in the streets, except the pipe be covered. Here everything is ridiculously clean and completely tasteless. We traversed one of the famous cow-stables, clean-swept, and garnished with china plates and bowls fastened up against the walls and ceiling, and paved (temporarily, as we understood) with pictured tiles, the cows being away for the summer. The scales, kettles, tubs, churns, presses, moulds, furnaces, all over scoured, and the mistress and owner of the whole looking—and feeling, too—like the most sordid drudge. She showed us her house, adorned with buffets of china-ware—for show, not use ; and the curious gold

head ornaments of herself and her daughters—something much worn by native women of the lower classes; embossed bands, looking not a little like horse-furniture.

We soon tired of this, and went back to the inn where we had ordered dinner—which proved nowise remarkable, except that it cost us a louis d'or or so: the dearest meal we have eaten, though by no means the best. One dish was a kind of broth much prized here, which seemed to us neither more nor less than the water the fish was boiled in, unsophisticated by any addition.

The garden of Mynheer Van der Beck is a show-place, and described in the guide-books; we saw there some exquisite specimens of common flowers, such as *Gladiolus*, Prince's feather, etc.

On our return to Amsterdam, we heard there was to be a play, and concluded to finish the day at the theatre, where we saw a comedy, excellently dressed and performed, which, though we did not understand a syllable of it, made us laugh, which was very refreshing.

We had had with us all day a very intelligent valet-de-place; and when we returned to the hotel at bed-time found F. quite displeased that we had staid out so long. I secretly wished he had seized the opportunity to run away.

There is much that is both curious and pleasant about Amsterdam. The differences in manners amuse, and the air of devoted industry instructs one. Greater peculiarity can scarcely be seen without travelling to China, for the Dutch seem to be perfectly content with their customs, proud of their country, and disposed rather to give lessons to the foolish whirling world than to catch its thriftless

spirit. Substantial is the word to be applied to men, women and children; houses, bridges, churches; to the wares one observes in the shops, the acting one sees in the theatres; all seems to be moulded by the spirit of the grand public works which redeem the soil from the ocean, and wrench fertility and abundance out of barren sands. The unsleeping care required for keeping up these defences modifies the whole aspect of life; and doubtless the dampness which belongs to the position has its share in inducing a certain stolidity, as it is obviously operative in modifying social customs. This same moist atmosphere bestows great freshness of complexion; we have seen nowhere such bloom as in Holland; and the women are remarkable for a simple and innocent expression of countenance. Their custom of having a pair of small looking-glasses projecting from the front of the house that they may observe unseen what is passing in the street, does not speak very highly for their cultivation; and the scene I saw at Frascati's, will forever settle, with me, the question of their refinement of manners. But they are pleasing in appearance, and dress (the lower classes more particularly,) with a resolute quaintness which adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the streets. The women wear a profusion of gold ornaments, and some of them such remarkable head-dresses that they must be seen in order to be conceived. We are told that each province has its peculiar style. The practice of wearing sabots or immense wooden shoes seems less universal in Amsterdam than in the rural districts; but we see more or less of this everywhere.

The incessant scrubbing of the Dutch is noticed by all

travellers ; and laughed at a good deal as an amusing national peculiarity ; but it seems to me a seriously injurious custom which causes the spending of so much time so uselessly, and that too, in a species of labor inimical to improvement whether in mind or manners. To make the boards and the stairs clean, we have human creatures kept in a sort of amphibious ignorance. The woman is completely sacrificed to the silly pride of a certain routine of useless cleansing ; no woman who had attained a tolerable point in intelligence could consent to pass life so stupidly ; and I never saw one engaged in scouring what was clean before, without feeling as if some malicious demon had cast a spell over the understandings of the otherwise sagacious Dutchmen. The Spectator ironically advocated the working of tapestry because it kept women out of mischief ; I fancy the Dutch have seriously adopted some such notion about scrubbing ; but really, if we must submit to one or the other, let us have the worsted-work, "red with the blood of murdered time."



## HAARLEM TO THE HAGUE.

THE grand organ in the church of St. Bavon is the stranger's chief temptation to remain a few hours at Haarlem, but there is much to interest in this old town, if one had leisure. Here is the statue of Coster, for whom the Dutch claim the honor of having been the inventor of printing ; and there are several fine old buildings in the

rich Spanish style of the days of Philip II. The organ is very fine, certainly ; but according to a hint from Murray, I suspect we did not hear it to the best advantage, as we did not have a *private* session, for which (and the corresponding fee,) the organist is said to reserve his highest skill. We walked to the House in the Wood, a palace about a mile from the town ; saw some pictures, but none that made much impression. Dined at the Golden Lion, where a pleasant bustling, maiden hostess served us well and most reasonably. Everybody below a certain rank here wears those immense wooden shoes which have always seemed to me fabulous. I asked our hostess if they did not last a life-time. She said they often split by striking against a stone. Even the little children, who can but just walk, clatter about in these unseemly things.

Among the curiosities of Haarlem I reckon the gaily-trimmed pincushion which is placed at the door of a house where a child is born. If the new-comer is a daughter, the pincushion is white ; if a son, there is a strip of red introduced under the worked muslin. The exhibition of this token secures to the house certain privileges—such as an exemption from legal execution ; and whatever would be likely to disturb the mother. If troops pass, the drums are silenced for the time. Another curiosity to the stranger is the Moor's Head, which it is customary to place above the door of the apothecary. This fierce head has its mouth wide open, and its tongue lolling out, and is called a Gaper—with what reference to pharmacy I know not. It seemed to me that there was an usual supply of chemists at Haarlem, as well as

of those curious looking-glasses intended for street survey. When any one is ill, instead of tying up the knocker, the Dutch adopt the far more sensible method of putting out a daily bulletin, drawn up by the physician, so that the bustle of ceremonious inquiries is completely avoided.

A good carriage to Leyden, and a pair of horses that went like the wind, over the pleasant, level road. We turned off through the fields to visit the immense steam-power used for drawing off the Lake of Haarlem, which has for some years past been encroaching on the land. Several villages are surrounded by water, and more were threatened, when this great undertaking, fit for none but the Dutch, was begun. The lake is about forty miles about, and being quite unprotected from the action of the wind, often during a storm threatened destruction to whole districts. To obviate all this, it is determined to pump out the lake and empty its waters into the sea. Several *inches* have been gained, and the whole will, it is said, barring accidents, be accomplished in four or five years. The machinery used for the purpose is really sublime in its prodigiousness and force. An Englishman has charge of the work, I think, and he treated us with no remarkable civility.

We dashed into Leyden just in time for the train for the Hague, which we reached at seven, and were obliged, for the first time on our tour, to drive all over the town before we found a lodging. We wished to have put up at the Oude Doelen, as the most noted inn, but came to the Bellevue, which faces a beautiful park, and is very eligibly situated in many respects. But our apartments are



on the ground floor, as at Amsterdam; and there is a chill dampness about them by no means comfortable to one subject to agues. Our bedrooms look out upon a pretty garden, where is a tame stork running about, which, when he would be lively, executes the strangest and most awkward antics, reminding me of the story of the German who, making a prodigious noise jumping over chairs and tables, apologized by saying, "*J'apprends d'être vif!*"

The Hague is a beautiful city, fair and pleasant enough for Italy—indeed reminding us not a little of the cities in Northern Italy. It is the residence of the court, and exhibits many marks of the elegance which should attend courts. It abounds in parks, places, and magnificent old trees; in palaces, in galleries, excellent dwellings, and depôts of fancy articles of merchandize, such as Japan ware, Bohemian glass, etc. We went immediately after breakfast to the king's palace, where we saw an admirable gallery of painting and sculpture arranged with the greatest care, and offering more that was gratifying than anything in its way that we have found lately. The apartments are in the gothic style, beginning with a long and elegant entrance-hall, one side of which is lighted with rich stained windows. In this hall are principally royal portraits. The next apartment is filled with sculpture, and from this a grand staircase leads to the magnificent gallery of paintings, of which it is said that it contains scarcely a bad picture. The Rembrandt portraits alone would suffice to render it inestimable. I think I have a more perfect notion of the merit of that great master than ever before.

The crayon studies of Michael Angelo for the Last

Judgment, of Leonardo for the Supper, of Raphael, Correggio and other great names for various pictures, are among the treasures of highest price; and the elegance with which all are presented, make this a gallery to be remembered with especial pleasure. The king is building a palace *round* the one which he occupies, which belongs to the Queen, and is a favorite with her. The new is to be so arranged as to include the old, and not to disturb her majesty's enjoyment of her preference.

The National gallery contains that wonder of the Dutch school, the Bull of Paul Potter, which at the time of the French spoliations was reckoned the fourth picture in the world, and carried to Paris; in spite of the entreaties of the Dutch government, who are said to have offered Napoleon twenty thousand pounds sterling if he would allow it to remain at the Hague. It is indeed a miracle of execution; but except as the representative of a great school, I should never have thought of according it such a place among the world's best pictures. The Transfiguration, the Communion of St. Jerome, and Titian's Peter Martyr, are alone placed above it.

The Dissection, by Rembrandt, is another of the precious pictures, in the estimation of connoisseurs; but it is of course most displeasing from the subject, from which everything but a severe correctness is studiously excluded. And even this, to my obstinate eye will not look right; for although the figure is considerably foreshortened, the right arm which is extended,—fingers and all,—should surely reach below the point of the hip, which it does not, view it as you will. The death color is wonderfully attained. This picture formerly stood in the Anatomy school, and

to my thinking it should be there still. But execution is all, in the Dutch galleries. Wouvermans, Gerard Dow and Jan Steen, are well represented here.

We have found the Hague charming in all respects. It would be one of the most delightful places for a longer sojourn; but we are obliged to hasten onward, since the autumnal feel of the air reminds us every day of home, and hurries our sight-seeing. We have visited the Royal cabinet of curiosities, including a splendid collection of Japanese wares; the Town Palace, which was elegantly fitted up, a year or two since, to receive the Queen of England, who did not come. We drove out to a woodland palace where a grand apartment is painted with a confused allegorical crowd, in honor of Prince Frederic of Orange—the offering of a wife's affection. The artists were Jordans, Hondthorst, etc. but the undertaking was too vast for unity, though there are some beautiful things. The drive to and from the palace is through a fine old wood.

This city is famous for its shops of Japan ware, old lace, porcelain and curiosities of all kinds, some of which we visited.

We set out for Rotterdam after dinner; passed Ryswick, Delft, Schiedam; and entered the city at dusk. Here is plenty of quaint ugliness; I thought of an old New York saying,—“This beats the Dutch!” Nothing can beat Rotterdam for coarseness of outward appearance. Here are innumerable canals and drawbridges, and the shipping lies all over the city. The High street is built upon a dam; the house of Erasmus is a gin-shop; the public promenade is a quay called the *Boompjes*. What a hopeless language is this Dutch! A railroad is “*Iszerenspoor-*

weg;" an association "Maatschappij"; a tower in Amsterdam the "Schreijershoeketoren"; and in walking through the streets the words on the signs are generally such as you cannot by any ingenuity guess out, so uncouth are their combinations.

The Hotel des Pays-Bas at Rotterdam is not at all like its namesake at the capital; but a dirty, musty, uncomfortable place, where we were ill-lodged and grudgingly served. I think I have hardly had so bad a bed or breakfast. We were glad to leave it for the steamer.

Not that we are glad to bid farewell to Holland. Coarse as some of the customs of the country appear to us, and most unlovely its language, we can still appreciate and respect its many excellent points, and feel that we could profitably spend weeks or months in becoming better acquainted with it.



## BRUSSELS AND WATERLOO.

WE passed Antwerp to come hither, intending to return to the quainter and more antique city to spend Sunday. Brussels has all along been a point with us, for we have had what we called an intention to return to Paris from here. But we are so near England—the weather is becoming so autumnal—Paris has such an insurrectionary reputation, and has suffered so much in interest for the stranger by her recent changes, that when the moment for final decision arrives we determine to return from Belgium to England—giving what little time we may yet spare, to

the mother country. I would not have believed, before I left New York, that I could even acquiesce in such a decision; but the Paris of our five days there was so different from the Paris of my imagination, that I have scarce a regret in passing it thus. This is no doubt to be ascribed, in no small measure, to the weariness of spirit which a tour through Europe occasions. The mind is full-fed, and cannot be tempted to any wish for more. If we could afford a week of entire stagnation here at Brussels, I have no doubt we should wake with a strong desire to go to Paris.

Brussels is a little Paris in itself; everything about it reminds us of the French capital, though to me it is far more agreeable. It is a white city, and looks, in the new parts, as if built more for show than use. I found myself doubting, as in Paris, whether there was anything behind those fine, white, theatrical looking fronts. We are at the Hotel Bellevue, next to the Palace, and "giving" on the Park,—a beautiful enclosure in the French taste, adorned with statuary, but richer in fine old trees. This hotel was "riddled with shot" during the revolution of 1830, when the Park was the scene of the principal conflict; but it is an exceedingly nice place now. Here we received letters from home, making Brussels of course *couleur de rose* to us.

We set out immediately after breakfast for Waterloo—disagreeable paved road and occasional showers. We engaged a good guide, alighted at Hougoumont, and went afoot all over the field, with an interest which I did not anticipate. We gathered some flower-seeds to bring home, and our guide cut some canes from the trees near the Château,

which remains in the dilapidated state in which it was left by the fierce contest. We could not help purchasing a few relics too, although the knowing ones say these are manufactured in large quantities. For my part I do not know why it should yet be necessary to manufacture them; since the slaughter of a hundred thousand men within this space must have supplied the field for many a year's swarm of tourists. The blood spilt was sufficient to increase conspicuously the fertility of the ground; and when we consider the complication of the machinery of war, and the immense amount of bullets that must have fallen, I think we may defer our suspicions of the honesty of the scattered inhabitants of this region for a few years longer. Pirson, who was our guide, interested us by his tenderness towards his wife dying of consumption, and his daughter who has been living as lady's-maid in an English family.

We had partly discovered that F. began his brilliant career as a drummer under Napoleon, and when we reached Waterloo he shone out with a variety of reminiscences. I do not remember anything richer about my whole acquaintance with F. than his air at Waterloo.

We toiled to the top of the sepulchral mound in the centre of the field, for the sake of viewing the whole at a glance. This seems to me the best use of the tumulus, which, as an object in the landscape, lacks both grace and dignity. At the top we found several persons sketching or making notes, though it was rather too breezy to be pleasant. One of these gentlemen, an American, boasted that he never employed a guide, or *valet de place*, in travelling in Europe; finding his own eyes, with the

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assistance of guide-book and map, far more to be depended upon.

We returned to Brussels to dinner ; after dinner walked in the Park, and were caught in a shower ; went to see the Hotel de Ville—a grand old building, on a grand old square. This is considered the most splendid specimen of the kind in the Netherlands. The abdication of Charles V. is said to have taken place in one of its apartments. In the square the Counts Egmont and Horn were executed. Opposite the Hotel de Ville is an ancient building, now used as a Casino, the front of which bears a large and conspicuous inscription to Elizabeth, Gouvernante of the Low Countries. The Cathedral has exquisite painted glass, but its glory is the carved pulpit, by Verbruggen, which certainly deserves its reputation. It represents the Expulsion of our first parents, and is surmounted by a figure of the Virgin, holding the infant Saviour, whom she is assisting to thrust the cross into the head of the Serpent. But the execution is truly Dutch in minuteness and perfection of finish. Here is also a monument to one of the heroes of the revolution of 1830, in which he is represented in a blouse, holding a pistol. This subject of drapery for modern statues is a most puzzling one. Qu. whether it seemed so to the Romans, whose draped statues now rule the taste of the world in that particular.

We did not see the Miraculous Wafers, which are preserved in a side chapel of this Cathedral ; but we might have bought a book giving, by authority, an account of their spouting blood when pierced by certain unbelieving Jews ! One hardly knows how to reconcile such absur-

dities with the modern and knowing air of the city, which is one of the most beautiful we have seen. The new market of the Madeleine is planned and nearly finished, in a style of great amplitude and elegance. The Arcades of Brussels are most amusing places to walk in, but one should leave one's money at home if it be not predestined to the purchase of pretty trifles. We looked for some time at the process of cutting and making gloves, which is curious and pretty from the extreme accuracy and neatness, and the wonderful economy employed.

The lace manufactories attract the stranger, but they are painful places to visit. The show-room, where are the exquisite specimens of this manufacture—every form of covering or adornment for the neck, and a single pocket-handkerchief costing a thousand dollars—might be a pleasant enough sight if one thought no further. But go down into the room where “human creatures’ lives” are sacrificed to all this, and Brussels lace loses all its beauty. There we found perhaps a dozen poor creatures, sitting half bent double, for they are all rendered near-sighted by the nature of the labor; pale and dispirited, poor and hopeless, they scarce lifted their lacklustre eyes to look upon us. One who seemed the principal showed us the mode of making the kind of lace so fashionable under the name of “application;” this is first made plain, by hand, on a pillow, with bobbins or spools; and the pattern, which has meanwhile been most toilsomely wrought in separate morsels by another hand, is sewed on, with some of the impalpable thread of which the ground is woven. They showed us a single M in German Text, which had eight days work on it. In



working, the women have all but the point at which they are immediately engaged covered with colored paper, in which holes are cut to enable them to sew. It is thus that the lace is preserved unsoiled, since to wash it after it is woven would detract much from its elegant appearance.

A visit to such a place, which has an air of the most reckless worldliness upstairs, and of hopeless wretchedness below, puts one out of love for dress, instead of inspiring a desire for what is produced at such cost. One of the poor drudging women said she had worked at it for nearly twenty-five years ; and her eyes were rendered nearly useless for any other purpose. She looked pale and emaciated ; and I could not help secretly hoping she would not live long.

The guide-books say that the manufacture is exhibited without a purchase of lace being first required ; but we did not find it so. This was evidently no part of the plan ; all our questions about the process were resolutely withstood until we had bought something. Besides the thousand dollar pocket-kерchief, there is a landscape in lace, which has a border of flowers, and is framed and glazed, merely as a specimen of the manufacture, not expecting a purchaser.

Another and more humble specimen of skill interested us far more agreeably. A little girl of thirteen, called Marie Salle, came to our hotel with boxes, card-cases, portfolios, &c., made of the stained wood of Spa, and painted principally by herself, with flowers and landscapes. This little creature is so full of ability and modesty, that we promised to recommend her to our

friends. Her wares are pretty and very cheap ; and those which she herself decorates show no little taste in design and execution, although she says she learned by seeing the workmen do it, and seemed surprised that we should prefer her performances to those of more experienced hands. We could not resist the temptation to transfer some of the contents of her basket to our trunks, already almost bursting.

A large and splendid monument has been lately erected in the Place des Martyrs, to the dead who fell in the revolution of 1830. It is an immense pedestal placed in an excavation, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Freedom, with allegorical figures at the corners. The artist is Geefs, some of whose statues delighted us at the Hague. From what we have seen, I should be disposed to rank him among the first of living sculptors. In the sides of the excavation below are catacombs, or wall-tombs, in which the slain are interred.

The Palace d'Arenberg has a small collection of pictures by the choicest hands, and many tasteful and curious things in the way of furniture and decoration. It is a handsome and showy building near the king's palace and the park. The king and his family are now at Laeken, where they spend their summers.

We dined at a Restaurant most agreeably, in the greatest quiet and neatness ; and then took one last look at the beautiful city of Brussels, with a wish that it might be, as the French say when they mean to come back again, " sans adieu."

## A N T W E R P .

WE had a glimpse of Antwerp as we passed through it from the steamboat to the rail-road on our way from Rotterdam to Brussels ; and this glimpse was so attractive that we were almost tempted from our resolve of seeing the more fashionable Paris-moded city first. The immense strength of the walls and citadel, the depth of the fosse, the ponderousness of the gates, and the care with which they are guarded, excite the imagination, and prepare it for being interested in the town.

For some reason or other, Antwerp had always occupied rather a dark corner in my imagination. Its antiquity was its most prominent characteristic ; and it seemed permanently overshadowed by the gloom of Philip II., the cruelty of Alva, and the dreadful sufferings of the siege of 1585. Here the Inquisition threatened to decimate the people, and drove thousands of useful citizens for refuge to England in the reign of Elizabeth. The principal ornament of the city is a cathedral of the thirteenth century, and the pride of this cathedral a Descent from the Cross—all solemn, at least, if not gloomy. So I had drawn it gothic and shadowy, with narrow streets none of the cleanest, high houses with peaked roofs covered with tiles, a mouldering Hotel de Ville, and a population whose attire showed no reference to Paris.

Instead of all this we have here a gay, white city, with broad and clean streets, fine public squares, elegant houses, shops in which every fashionable luxury may be

found, and people flaunting like milliners' windows, with only a sufficient sprinkling of odd Flemish caps and Spanish mantillas to make the coup d'œil of the promenades picturesque and national.

I am perverse enough to be for the moment disappointed by the absence of darkness and Flemishness. Paris seems to have infected this whole region. Brussels is Paris, Antwerp is Paris in a lower degree, and I begin to fear that we shall find Ghent and Bruges Paris, too. Wherever the French have had rule for ever so short a time, they have written themselves down, and it is wonderful to see with how little variety. The Boulevards and the Tuilleries, Arcades and plaster statues, repeat themselves everywhere. Happily, Antwerp at least is made of stubborn materials, and holds her own in many essential respects after all.

The Cathedral can disappoint nobody who is not supernaturally unreasonable. Its outside is peculiar in elaborate beauty; and its spire—which I prefer to that of Strasburg—it is only eighteen feet lower,) was well compared by Napoleon to Mechlin lace. O the cunning tracery of that wondrous web of stone! How it pierces the sky, printing itself clearly against the clear blue, while it seems like a fabric that might float away on the breeze! The soft chimes that come from it every quarter of an hour with such regularity, seem to me like the expression of its harmony. Within, though the rage for whiteness has done some harm, there is much to gratify the longing for evident antiquity which becomes a sort of mania with the traveller. The pulpit is a specimen of that laborious carving in oak for which the Flemings are

so famous, by Verbruggen, the Grintling Gibbons of Plandern. Though confessedly inferior to that of the Cathedral at Brussels, yet without the opportunity of such comparison, it must be reckoned among the finest specimens in this department of Art, and many of the confessionals exhibit similar skill and labor. The choir is in process of renewal in corresponding style, by Clerx, of Louvain; and the portion already finished exhibits carvings in oak, equally felicitous in design and delicate in execution.

Rubens' great picture is kept covered more closely than any other in Europe, and the raising of the curtains is a matter of no little ceremony. An official in white topped boots, whose scarf or baldric bears in great, solid, silver letters the legend "*Maison de l'Eglise*," first places the persons who are to be initiated at a particular angle at the foot of one of the great columns, and looks carefully round to see that no one is taking an illegitimate view from some less favorable point; and then planting his ladder, he slowly unveils this palladium of the Antwerpens, and you see first the pink feet of Mary Magdalene, and her robe of green satin, then her fair face and that of her companion, and so proceed by slow degrees to the miracle of the picture, the dead body on the white sheet, an achievement which Sir Joshua Reynolds says that none but a great colorist would have attempted. When all is disclosed, you may look as long as you will, and you are disposed to look long, for no picture grows more upon the sense. There are others in the church, by the same master, but the interest they excite is so far inferior that they are perhaps undervalued by the ordi-

nary spectator. The Elevation of the Cross is a painful picture, from the necessarily laborious action of the figures, as well as from the perception of life in the crucified body, which last circumstance adds an indescribable horror to the scene. The Assumption of the Virgin is a fluttering, unsatisfactory thing, to my eye, but it is praised by connoisseurs on particular accounts, and by some ranked as a masterpiece. The Resurrection was being cleaned, and we did not see it.

There was in one of the chapels an image of the Virgin, prepared to be carried in procession; perfectly grotesque in its trappings, which were of the most paltry and tasteless kind. Before another image was a wooden frame stuck full of tallow candles, which flared in the wind and shed streams of grease on the floor. Near this was a box for contributions for the benefit of the souls in purgatory. It requires all the candor one can muster to retain any respect for the understandings of those who practice these things or the sincerity of those who prescribe them.

The decorative carving of the choir having decayed, it is in process of restoration by the artists of the country; and the exquisite taste of the designs and felicity of grouping and execution, prove that they are at least worthy descendants of the fathers of this beautiful branch of art. This choir alone is worth a day's study. It is a style of workmanship which I dwell upon with unfailing pleasure.

Outside the cathedral and near the principal door, is a slab commemorative of Quentin Matsys, the painter-blacksmith; and in the square an old pump, the iron-filagree canopy of which is his work. We thought the

slab, which is modern, a surprisingly mean and poor one; but we afterwards learned that it is a facsimile of the original one, which having been broken and defaced is transferred to the Museum for safe-keeping. Its legion signifies that Love made an Apelles of a Mulciber, alluding to the story that Matsys learned painting in order to gain the hand of his beloved, who was the daughter of an artist.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.—There is a *Fête Communale* to-day, and the shops are all in full display, and the people in their best dresses throng the streets. We went first to St. Paul's, where there is a "Calvary;" not merely a hill with stations for prayer, but a minute representation of the Crucifixion and a great deal else. The hill is of artificial rock work, piled against the walls of the church. On its summit you see the Crucifixion, with accompaniments: beneath this a grotto, in which you see the dead body of Christ arrayed and laid as in the tomb, deathly and striking. At one side is a mimic representation of the flames of purgatory, where you look in and see people in torment. All around are saints and angels; and outside, in the garden through which you enter this strange place, are figures representing different portions of scripture history; all as large as life, and really made to look so *vraisemblable* that they are very startling. The whole forms a most curious sight.

This church possesses two sets of pictures; one called the Seven Acts of Mercy—showing each an instance of one of the virtues as healing the sick, clothing the naked, &c.—by the father of the great Teniers. The other series exhibits the sufferings and humiliations of Christ,

and one of them fixed our attention instantly. It is the scourging, and is the only one of the series that is by Rubens. Painful as the subject is, it is a wonderful picture, horribly natural, and so expressive that it makes one's blood boil with indignation—which I suppose is the effect it is intended to produce. This church of St. Paul is rich in carvings in wood.

I have not said a word of our hotel St. Antoine, but it is one of the handsomest we have used. The dining room, where is an elegant and most elaborate table d'hôte, is particularly rich, though rather dark because of the crimson walls and painted ceiling. The table, ornamented with vases of flowers, is covered with empty silver dishes, into which the several courses and removes are put as they are brought in. We had a good deal of not altogether agreeable amusement at dinner. One of our own countrymen made himself quite conspicuous by talking about his travels through the continent. He had been to Rome, and some Americans asked what he thought of Florence; to which he replied, "I didn't go to Florence, though they tell me I'd oughter!" There was an Englishman near him, who was a tolerable pendant; and opposite us an old man with a young wife, and rather pretty daughter—the lady mother loaded with jewelry and eating prodigiously.

There is to be a concert and ball to-night, and an opera! I do not think any one not knowing the day, would have suspected it of being Sunday, at any time since breakfast.

The pictures at the Museum are richly interesting, and we longed for time to see them properly. It has many pictures of Rubens, and some that I should rank above any that I have seen except the Descent from the Cross.



Our Saviour on the cross between the thieves, is perhaps the best; its figures live and act with wonderful power and earnestness. An Adoration of the Magi also pleased us extremely. The house of Rubens is no longer standing, and the pavilion in which he painted, is converted into a dye-house. There is a colossal statue of him in the Place Verte—a public square planted with trees, nearly facing our hotel.

Antwerp is full of rich shops and other evidences of prosperity and wealth. Directly opposite the Hotel St. Antoine, I look into a repository of the most splendid East India china, with great vases that one can hardly help coveting; and everywhere we observe the most expensive articles, showing that there is wealth somewhere in the city. At a shop to which we went on Saturday evening, an intelligent woman told us that the sufferings of the lace-makers are dreadful, in consequence of the check put upon their trade by the present perturbations.



## ANTWERP TO OSTEND.

SEPT. 5.—We left Antwerp very early, in company with a handsome, jolly priest, and quite a number of ladies, who travelled with him. They were evidently people of condition, and the priest's dress was very handsome. I observe that the priests we meet here wear, instead of shirt-collar above the narrow-black stock, a strip of bright blue, of which I have endeavored in vain to guess the material. It is a curious accessory to the priestly

costume, and must be, I think, the badge of some order. The priests of this region wear a three-cornered cocked hat, instead of the wavy sombrero of Italy. The latter is much the more graceful of the two.

We had some little talk with our priest, but he was far from being as intelligent as our friend of the Amsterdam railway. He was wonderfully sleek and well content with himself, at the same time that his want of information was so obvious as to give him an air almost of childishness. He seemed to be acting as chaperon to the ladies, and we saw them afterwards walking about in Ghent, where we looked from the balcony of our great, dirty Hotel de la Poste, upon the public square, admiring the picturesque air of everything, and at the same time feeling that the town had a deserted and melancholy look. Near us was a Corps de Garde, and soldiers made a large portion of all the population that we saw in that quarter of the city. I think of all the attempts at decorative architecture that I remember there is the strangest at this hotel. At the foot of the stairway, and in the hall, are white caryatides some dozen feet high or so ; with an aged human head under the cornice, and on the floor a great pair of human feet, while all between is a sort of mummy-case, tapering like a coffin. I believe these ghastly things must be accountable for the half-shudder which the very thought of the house gives me, though it was dirty and uncomfortable besides.

Ghent, (Gand, French,) was once so large that Charles V. was wont to say that he could put all Paris into his *glove*. It was here that the spirit of liberty broke forth, and that among the weavers, as usual. This spirit was

never crushed, although whenever the tide of fortune turned against the burghers, their feudal lords took the bloodiest and most humiliating revenge for their contumacy. In 1400 Ghent contained 80,000 men capable of bearing arms, and of these one half were weavers. A custom which then arose of ringing the bells three times a day, to summon the weavers to their work, is still in force, and the weavers are yet the true sovereigns of Ghent. The celebrated belfry is, in some sense, the emblem as it was the assertion of their liberty. Ghent is considered the Belgic Manchester.

Gothic architecture is seen in its perfection in these Belgic cities. Not only are the churches rich specimens of it, but the Hotels de Ville exemplify its beauty and impressiveness as applied to ordinary civil purposes. The Town Hall of Ghent is a striking building, with two façades in different styles; and there are several other edifices used for public purposes, as well as many antique private ones, which delight the eye as choice relics of a time when the uses of beauty seem to have been acknowledged even by burghers and weavers. The great old square, in which the market is held every Friday, has for ages been the theatre of all splendid public ceremonies, and its history would almost be the history of the city. It was here that the Van Artevelde's figured; here the smoke of the Inquisition blackened the heavens under the rule of the Duke of Alva. Near this famous old square is a great cannon of hammered iron, used at the old sieges, and now occupying the centre of a quiet street, a suggestive for the moralist or the poet. Not very far distant is still remaining part of the old tower in which

Queen Philippa bore "John of Gaunt—time-honored Lancaster."

Here is a glorious old cathedral, with twenty-four side-chapels, all decorated with pictures, some of which are of the first order. The endless riches of this interior overwhelm the imagination and the memory. The marbles, the statuary, the work in brass, the monuments, the carvings in wood, each would be as much as one could appreciate or remember. *Embarras de richesses!* On the high altar is the figure of St. Bavon, the patron saint, in his ducal robes; and four tall candlesticks of copper, stamped with the British arms, are shown as having belonged to Charles I. of England, probably sold during the Protectorate.

In one of the side-chapels is the celebrated masterpiece of the two Van Eycks—the Adoration of the Lamb—a subject from the Revelations, containing more than three hundred figures. This was originally one of the enclosed pictures once so common in the churches, the shutters being painted both within and without in a style not inferior to that of the main picture. When the painting was brought back from Paris, at the period of disgorging after the downfall of Napoleon, the valves were missing, and they have since found their way to Berlin, by means of the picture dealers. One of the best works of Rubens is in this cathedral—the Self-consecration of St. Bavon, who quits the profession of a soldier to become a monk. He is represented in armor, kneeling at the door of a church, where he is welcomed by a priest; while below, a person, supposed to be intended as his almoner, is bestowing alms, and a noble lady is unloosing a rich gold

chain from her neck, apparently inspired to self-denial by the example. This is a rich and noble picture, in composition and coloring an honor to the great master of the Flemish school. This also has travelled into France and back again. Honthorst and Otto Vennius are both well represented here.

Under the choir is a subterranean chapel, curious from its appearance of antiquity, as well as on account of some monuments and relics.

The church of St. Nicholas, remarkable for an immense nave unsupported by pillars, is the most ancient in Ghent, but much dilapidated and altered, though rich in pictures. In that of St. Michael we saw the celebrated Crucifixion, of Van Dyck, considered one of his best works, but much injured by cleaning. A fine horse in this painting has long been the admiration of connoisseurs. At St. Michael's are a number of pictures by modern artists.

At the Museum we saw little that was very striking, though that may be partly our fault. "The full soul loatheth an honeycomb." I remember one curious old painting, comprising, I should think, thousands of figures—a representation of the ceremonial of the Installation of one of the Counts of Flanders, in the market-place already spoken of. Many of the faces in this elaborate picture have the finish and expression of fine miniatures.

Modern Ghent has not forgotten her ancient city pride and public spirit. A splendid new building has just been finished, comprising a handsome theatre, with concert and ball-rooms in magnificent style. Besides this, and on a scale equally grand, is the new Palace of Justice, the lower floor of which serves as the Exchange or Bourse,

while the upper part is used for the courts of law. These edifices do no dishonor to the former splendors of the city, yet when we walked through the streets and formed a judgment of the present condition of the population, we could not but wonder what occasion there could be for these great buildings, or whence the money for their erection could have been derived. But it is doubtless true that these Belgic cities do not exhibit their real wealth or even their essential activity to the eye of the mere passer-by. Their manufactures are of a kind in which a vast deal may be done in a comparatively small space, and their wealth in the hands of people who choose rather to enjoy than to display it.

Our *valet de place* showed us the house of Philip Van Artevelde, in which he was assassinated. The Gantois, in their furious struggles for liberty, have always seemed willing to wreak their disappointment or failure upon their best friends. He who led a popular effort for freedom took his life in his hand, in those days; in ours he only risks his reputation.

The Beguinage, a nunnery near the city walls is one of the most interesting sights about Ghent. It is a little town of itself, surrounded by a wall, of which the gates are kept shut and jealously guarded. There are six hundred noble and wealthy ladies, who have renounced the world and embraced a conventual life, under the direction of a Lady Superior and certain ecclesiastics; not bound by any vow, no one of the sisters has yet been known to return to the turmoils and temptations of this wicked world. They have a hospital within their bounds, at which they attend in turn; and besides this they give

their services at the city Hospital, as we were told. The sisters live in separate houses; some of them, (the richest,) entirely alone or with only one or two companions. Others form little communities under one roof, always having a chosen directress or superior for the better ordering of affairs. Our guide took us through several streets of this unique settlement, and rang at a gate in the wall, which was opened by one of the sisters, dressed in black, with a white cap and black veil, who invited us to enter. We found ourselves in a paved court with some shrubbery and flower-beds about it, and afterwards in a little parlor simply furnished and adorned with some pictures of saints and churches. The kitchen and some of the apartments were shown to us, and the nun very obligingly gave us whatever information we desired as to the rules of the place. Each nun cooks for herself individually, and after the noon dinner the fire is put out, at all seasons. No light is allowed in the evening after service, which is attended at the church by all the nuns. There is no common fund except for charities, etc., as no person is admitted who is not possessed of an income sufficient for her support in their simple style. The porter's lodge at the gate by which we left the Beguinage is inhabited by a nun who keeps for sale a few small articles made by the nuns, from the sale of which she derives her living.

We dined at the table d'hôte very comfortably, and had a rather amusing passage with an English traveller who sat opposite to us. He was a good-humored and sociable person, and so much disposed to converse over the dessert that we were a little at a loss to account for it. After a

while, however, the explanation came out. "Have you met many Americans?" said he. We replied that we had not met many that we knew to be such. "Can't you always distinguish them?" he asked. "Not always; we sometimes confound them with English people." "Ah, indeed! For my part I can always know them in a moment." "How, pray?" "Oh, by a remarkable twang they have; and then their women are always so bony!" We thought it hardly fair to let our friend, who was really a pleasant and well-behaved person, go on any further, and so took care to signify to him our interest in what he was saying, which indeed had almost convulsed us, from the extreme simplicity and bonhommie of his manner, and the utter unconsciousness he displayed of a most peculiar provincial drawl of his own. His confusion was extreme for a moment, but we assured him that we had not appropriated his remarks, since it was evident that he had not perceived in us the peculiarities of which he spoke. We did not quite let him off without some truths in return, which found place naturally enough in the conversation which followed. His narrowness and self-sufficiency were too honest and good-natured not to deserve a little enlightening; and I fancy he carried back to Hull some quite new notions of the things and people of Yankee-land.

In the evening we went to the opera—*La Favorita*, by Donizetti, most charmingly sung. The plot of this opera is below criticism, but the scenes are very effective. The last act, in which the hero becomes a monk and the heroine dies, is most pathetic and beautiful. Afterwards there was a most amusing thing called a *Chinoiserie*, in



which dancers and posture-makers in Chinese dresses performed a thousand laughable antics, and sent us away in very good humor. The entertainment began at six o'clock, in full daylight.

From Ghent to Bruges by rail, only 28 miles, and nothing on the way the least interesting. Somebody suggested that flounders must have been named from Flanders. Hotel de Flandre very comfortable ; dinner in a handsome saloon, looking out upon a really beautiful little garden, in which we walked afterwards. We set out with a *valet de place*, first to the Cathedral, splendid in marbles and oak-carvings ; and some ekings-out of the marble in wood, curious from the perfection of the imitation. There are some pictures here, but rather curious than beautiful.

The Church of Notre Dame is rich in works of art, and most particularly happy in the possession of a group in marble of the Virgin and child, by Michael Angelo—seeming, so far north, like “a sunbeam that has lost its way.” Tradition says that a vessel which was conveying it to England was wrecked on the coast of Flanders ; but the link between that shore and the Church of Notre Dame is wanting. In this church are those elegant and most elaborate tombs of Charles the Bold and his daughter Mary—the last of the House of Burgundy—the enamels of which are said to have destroyed the teeth of the workmen who produced them, so destructive are the gases evolved in the process, and so immense the surface here covered in that way. The monument of Mary, (grandmother of Charles V.,) erected by her father in 1495, is far superior to the other, which was made by

order of Philip II., in 1558, in imitation. Effigies in copper, of both father and daughter, repose on these splendid tombs, which are surrounded by heraldic shields richly enamelled, showing the rank and titles of the dead. The Duke is crowned, and decorated with the order of the Golden Fleece. So precious are these monuments that they are constantly kept covered ; and at the time of the French occupation they were concealed, by the courage and ingenuity of the beadle of the church.

From the Church of Notre Dame we went to the Hospital of St. John—which is attended by *religieuses* of the order. These good ladies wear a beautiful, flowing dress of black and white, and are as rosy, well-favored women as need be. Half a dozen of them sat in the shady courtyard stringing beans, when we entered. They have a picture gallery, of which they are not a little glorious, and with reason. There are portraits of the directors, benefactors and saints of the institution, and many valuable and beautiful pictures beside.

But the gem of all is the Reliquary, or Chasse of St. Ursula—a sort of tabernacle for the safe-keeping of relics—painted on all its sides by Hans Hemling, with subjects from the legend. In the painting which represents St. Ursula and her maiden train landing at Cologne, a view of that city is given which shows the Cathedral and other well-known objects there ; and then we have the saint and her maidens embarking—landing—meeting the Huns, etc., every face individually beautiful, and finished to the last degree of exquisite softness. A shrine of solid silver of the same size has been offered in exchange for this reliquary, but refused, and I think not unwisely. Unless the

institution becomes impoverished I hope they will not sell it for its match in gold. Such paintings are inestimable, since they give an ever new pleasure and can never be replaced.

In the Palais de Justice there is a wooden chimney-piece of the finest workmanship, with several statues in wood, (life-size,) of former sovereigns. Bas-reliefs in marble too, there are, and very beautiful. The whole chimney-piece, indeed the whole room, is most curious and interesting. Even the cast-iron work is in a graceful and elegant style.

We linger at Bruges with a sort of fond delay, for to-morrow sees us turning from this continent, where we have drunk so deep of a pleasure not without its deep uses, and not likely ever again to be within our reach. The sun-shine seems to have a sadness in it—a “pathetic light” as says the poet; the town gains a tender beauty from the thought that we are taking leave. So strong is this feeling that we can hardly interest ourselves in particulars. We stood before the Hotel de Ville, so celebrated for its quaint beauty, and remembered how little the drawings we had seen had done it justice. Les Halles, too, and the most picturesque of squares on which it faces, where shall we find their like? From the belfry in the centre come those delicious chimes or carillons which have so long been the admiration of Europe. They say farewell to us; “Farewell—Farewell!”

The train by which we came to Ostend was the longest I ever saw. Half an hour in the softest evening light brought us hither, and the Hotel des Bains received us, we hardly cared how.

In the morning F. took his leave, being about to proceed to Paris by the early train. Well—peace to thee for a plague; honest as any courier, I doubt not, and not totally devoid of heart; but a braggart and a bore by nature, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of thy craft, which would spoil an angel! I hope one of the early results of the democratic spirit now abroad will be a total abolition of the caste.

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## THE CHANNEL.

I COULD not but smile to see what prognostics were printed in every face as we went on board the steamer. There was a quietness, a resignation, on the best faces, that was sufficiently comic to the initiated; while the defiant frown assumed by those who wished to pass for old sailors, and were determined not be sea-sick, went a step further, and made one maliciously watch for their discomfiture. There was the Duke d'Arenberg, from Brussels, with a Saxon princess, whom he has lately married: the gentleman really gentlemanly—the lady overdressed. They had only a man and maid with them, and evidently desired to be unnoticed. The water was very smooth as long as we hugged the French coast; but as we neared Calais, and struck across for Dover, the vessel took to pitching, and in less than three minutes everybody succumbed. The Princess-Duchess was glad of a mattress on the deck, where she was covered up first in her own shawls, then with a tarpaulin to keep the spray

off, and lastly with her husband's coat. The Duke was all attention, and the lady repaid him by great suavity, as well as by wearing his picture—something below life size—in her bracelet. A good old clergyman and his daughter leaned against each other in their sickness and sleepiness most piteously; a stout gentleman sat up as straight as possible, plunged his hands deep into his pockets, and shut his eyes for the voyage. These materials being furnished, I leave the finishing of the picture in the hands of the reader.

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## D O V E R.

HERE was custom-housing to be sure! We were pounced upon with no respect of persons, and went up like a gang of convicts to the office, where a single official had the handling of our wearables, taking his time, with nobody to help him. This being one of the things out of our sphere, we were taken to the Ship Tavern, and left there to wait and wonder for two mortal hours, before our affairs were settled by the government.

Meanwhile the Ship's company were getting our dinner, which was to be in truth little more than a lunch; for we were intending to go to London in the express train, which starts at four o'clock. Our amusement consisted in looking out upon the same chopping sea which had spoiled our breakfast, or conversing with the waiter; and we chose the latter the more readily, because the in-

dividual who sustained that character was the very image of those we see in Punch. We asked this worthy man, with a large head and very short legs, many questions about Dover, all of which he answered with alacrity, seeming proud of the opportunity of giving his town a pleasant place in our memory. "There's a many that comes down for the bathing, Mem; very nice people—*carriage* people, Mem!" O, ineffable Dover waiter! shall I ever forget the look with which that assurance was given?

We got off with a pound sterling of duty at the custom-house, besides the loss of a Brussels edition of Byron which had been innocently left on the top of one of the trunks. Not feeling very complacent under this spoliation, we sat down to our dinner at the Ship, which consisted of a leather beef-steak both burned and half-cold—three small potatoes, and as many green beans as could have been taken up in a single table-spoon. The dessert to this was a very sour plum-tart, hardly eatable. The bill was brought—thirteen shillings sterling!

"Remember the waiter, sir!"

"Yes, indeed, I shall remember the waiter a long while, and the house, too!" And so we took our leave of Dover and its famous Ship Hotel, against which we conscientiously warn all our travelling countrymen.

Two hours' time brought us to London, and we were soon seated in our Norfolk street parlor, intent on letters from home.

## CAMBRIDGE AND ELY.

THREE and a half hours by the slow train brought us to Cambridge, and an hour and a half more to Ely, where we were desirous of going for the sole purpose of seeing the Cathedral. We put up at the Lamb—one of the neat and comfortable English inns, a little solemn in its aspect, as fits well enough the first tavern of a Cathedral town. The Lamb was not so ecclesiastical, however, as to prevent some gentlemen from having a dinner-party there; and the house was all in a bustle—some dishes of pastry standing on the stairs as they had been brought from the table, and waiters rushing to and fro, up and down, with decanters and glasses, epergnes of flowers and bouquets of cigars. We had a quiet tea, however, and while it was preparing, took an evening look at the Cathedral, which is indeed of a solemn and stately beauty, eminent both for its size and symmetry—for the grandeur of the whole and the elegance of its details. The sexton, a very prim person, who affects architectural exactness of terms, showed us the Galilee or porch, where excommunicated persons were obliged to sit;—finely wrought and rich in ornament. The nave is of very great length, and offers the finest possible perspective of arches. We were glad to hear that a mean screen of painted wood which now intercepts the view is to be removed, and the organ now in the centre to be placed on the side, in order that the whole length of the nave may appear at a glance. The choir is indeed splendid, having there

tiers of the most elaborate arches, in the finishing of which much variety is introduced. The marble pillars, which have been white-washed, are now in process of cleaning—a labor of incredible tediousness. The Lady Chapel is a fine room a hundred feet long by forty-six wide and sixty high. It was much mutilated in Cromwell's time, but is now to be restored, as are various parts of this immense pile, at the expense of colleges and individuals. There are many curious old tombs, and some very beautiful painted windows. Many of the beautiful carvings were mutilated, or, as our guide said, *mutilated* by the iconoclasts in Cromwell's time.

The Cathedral close, a sort of garden in which the houses of the dean and canons are placed, is a beautiful inclosure, with buildings in the most accurate keeping with the church. We happened, when we entered the town, to drive into this place to set down a Very Reverend; and we quite envied him his quaint personage, and the neat, clerical looking serving-man who ushered him into it.

We met our friend the sexton again at half-past six in the morning, by appointment; and went over all the beauties of the spot, so thoroughly that we came very near being left by the Cambridge train.

Oxford had made so deep an impression upon us that we were desirous of seeing Cambridge that we might compare the outward beauty of the two. Perhaps Oxford had an undue advantage, in the Transatlantic freshness of our perceptions; certain it is that Cambridge, beautiful as it is, will never compete with those grand old halls, chapels and libraries, in our memories. We



determined not to be teased with a guide, and so bought a book and set out exploring. It was fortunately a lovely morning, so essential to the due appreciation of the beauty of England.

King's Chapel is the glory of Cambridge in point of architecture ; so, true to our habit, we went at once to that ; in order that we might give it as large a proportion of our time as we might choose. It is indeed beautiful—the ceiling rich as that of Henry VII.'s chapel,—and one of its long sides made up almost entirely of immense painted windows, so narrow are the piers that divide them. The size of these windows may be guessed at from the fact that the cleaning of each costs £220, in money, and six or eight months' time. They are sent to London for this ; whither the large oriel window is to go, at an expense of £500.

After this we visited one or two of the colleges, all silent and deserted, for this is vacation ; but full of suggestions and associations. Then the Temple church, very ancient, but recently fitted up.

The Fitzwilliam Museum is a new and splendid building of Grecian architecture, built for the reception of a gallery, and for other purposes connected with the University. The architect was killed a few years since by falling from the tower of Ely Cathedral, which he was inspecting for the purpose of some restorations. There are some very valuable pictures here.

We were fortunate in having letters to Cambridge, so that the public part of the town did not limit our view of it. I was tempted almost to envy by a beautiful gothic cottage, that looks as if it might have been inspired by

the genius of the place. Here we found both art and nature in perfection, and acquired a most enticing idea of the homes of Cambridge. The Cam, which divides the town, is a true English river; very small and narrow, but deep and clear, and stealing along under shores cultivated down to its very edge. The view of it from the bridge is beautiful.

The remainder of our stay in London was spent principally in deepening impressions, and returning again and again to what had pleased or interested us, rather than in seeking out further novelties. London grows in interest upon us. We feel that it is indeed a world in itself, and one that would well repay more study than the passing stranger can hope to bestow upon it. Yet we shall return home feeling that we have learned much by our stay in England; and if we have drawn some erroneous inferences, we have at least laid up some little store of significant facts, which will serve us for the time to come when we would judge of what we hear of this great mother country of ours. Some of my own general conclusions from these facts I shall not hesitate to offer to the American reader, as being those at which any American visitor will be likely to arrive, after similar opportunity for observation.

It is difficult to give one's views of a foreign country in the simple style of truth, without appearing to assume the office of the satirist. I must be allowed to insist on the difference between sarcastic remark, and a plain, unvarnished statement of facts or impressions. I am too sincere an admirer and lover of England to have a thought of sarcasm or depreciation in my heart, while I

recal the pleasant days spent within her borders. But, on the other hand, I owe it to myself and my readers to state as plainly as possible the result of my observations, and particularly the conclusions to which I could not help coming, when comparison with our own country was suggested.

It might seem, at first view, that a long residence in a foreign country, was required to enable one to form a rational opinion of its characteristic features, and in some sense this may be true. For some descriptive purposes, it would, indeed, be necessary to become a denizen. But the broader and more general characteristics of a strange land are, perhaps, more fully within the observation of the mere tourist than of the closer student. We assimilate ourselves so rapidly with the people among whom we live, that in a short time their peculiarities are no longer such to us. It is by contrast with previous impressions and habits that we best discover them; and the traveller who would ascertain the points which distinguish his own country from that which he visits, must carefully note down his earliest impressions. To form a general estimate of the merits of the difference is quite another thing, and requires all the candor and good sense and sympathy we are able to bring to the work. In the remarks which follow I attempt nothing but to show how certain things in England seem to an American after a few weeks' observation. It is proverbially safe to believe one's own eyes, and the English are anything but cameleons.

The American in England is irresistibly prompted to comparisons. The language he hears on every side is

essentially his mother tongue, yet it is spoken with such differences that it seems to him almost like another ; or, if he be not accustomed to take much note of peculiarities of language, he is constantly reminded by the manner of those whom he addresses, that his natural talk is in some respects foreign to their ears. He recognizes in the national temperament a strong resemblance to what he had considered to be the prevailing tone at home ; yet when he is in company with individual Englishmen, he is ready to suspect himself of being half French, and discovers, in his own looks, tones, and manner, a vivacity and demonstrativeness of which he had been before quite unconscious. The national maxims and sentiments are such as he loves and honors ; they are just what make his pride and glory at home ; just what form the favorite material for Fourth of July orations ; yet the institutions which are supposed consonant with these maxims in England are those against which he has been a sworn enemy from his cradle. The most ordinary observation shows him that there are no people on earth more substantially free than the English ; more free to act, speak, write, abuse their governors, hatch treason, preach agrarianism, burn haystacks, or do anything else that may pertain to the privileges of a self-governed people ; but the same observation makes evident the fact that no people are more dazzled by rank, more servile to titled, or even merely wealthy insolence ; more ambitious of the smallest rise in the social scale ; more anxious to keep the downs down ; more ready to swell with all their breath, the sails of success. He drops in at a county meeting where he hears a nobleman of immense wealth

pouring out the overflowing of his honest soul in sentiments of brotherhood—of devotion to the interests of the laboring classes, of contempt for the shows and appliances of fortuitous exaltation ; and he goes back to London in a perfect glow of delight, writes home his discovery that he has been all along mistaken in his ideas of the English aristocracy ; that they are fine fellows, after all : as good democrats as can be found even at Albany. The next day he happens to be standing in St. James's Park when the company is passing to the Queen's drawing-room ; and in one of the most gorgeous of all the equipages, round which hang clustering footmen in the most absurd and degrading of all the liveries, he recognizes his democrat of the county meeting. What wonder that he goes home and tears up yesterday's letter ?

It is thus that the American in England walks in a sort of mystification. His ideal of the mother country was made up from books—not to-day's books, but books hallowed by time, and sealed by the whole world's love and gratitude. He did not, to be sure, expect to find Shakspeares ; but he had unconsciously endowed the whole nation with something of Shakspeare's universality—the opposite of mean and narrow prejudice. He knew that a Milton is

“ The single wonder of a thousand years,”

but he had, by a pleasant illusion, admitted a vague notion that the dignity and independence of Milton were national traits—at least we may take the liberty to express by this figure the somewhat romantic expectations with which we approach for the first time the land of our

literature. It is a matter of feeling, not judgment ;—an impression—one of the illusions that we act upon without believing. It is natural for us to suppose that the great bond of a common literature is an effective bond ; that souls fed on the same food must have some constitutional resemblance, some fruitful sympathies. We love England for her mighty ones, for her greatness, for being our mother ; and we imagine that she loves us in return, for the sake of our common origin, for what we have done thus far, for our love of her.

But she does not love us. With all the large exceptions that we well know and remember—with all the private kindness that is accorded to a portion of the Americans who visit her shores, by a few of her noble spirits—

“ Spirits that live inspher'd  
In regions mild of calm and serene air  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot—”

and whose more expanded sympathies enable them to receive us in the spirit in which we come—England, social England, looks upon her American children with contempt only half veiled ; prizes not their love, scorns their admiration, views their efforts at improvement with a lofty disdain, and studiously avoids recognizing their claims to respect. Arrogating to herself a superiority that is never to be questioned, she cannot forgive our showing in her presence any other quality beside docility. If we come as mere learners—if we begin with an acknowledgment of hopeless inferiority—if we are willing to allow that to differ from England in any particular,

important or trifling, is to be wrong—she will look upon us with a certain sort of complacency, abate a little of her superciliousness, and acknowledge that we are not quite irredeemably benighted. But even then, the good sense which perceives English infallibility is considered rather as an individual exception. America—the vague, disagreeable something which universal England means by that word—still lies in darkness, at an immeasurable distance; despising dignities—wild after every kind of unrespectable novelty in politics and religion—abetting all sorts of revolutions—repudiating—self-glorifying—stealing English books—loving slavery for the pleasure of flaying slaves—chewing tobacco—eating eggs out of wine-glasses!

Ideas must have original materials, as well as worlds; and the materials for this monstrous idea of our country are various. England will not (yet) take the trouble of asking herself what they are, but no American who has much intercourse with English society can be at a loss to enumerate the leading ones. The corner of our rock of offence is, of course, that old rebellion, so vexatiously successful, and, moreover, so particularly galling because brought on by the excessively blind and blundering arrogance of the mother country, which, by a little politic kindness, could have held her sprightly child in leading strings for half a century more at least. She is practising every day the lesson we taught her, and may thank this dear-bought wisdom for the present stability of St. James's, such as it is. It is for want of such effectual teaching that the ex-king of the French is now her guest.

But we do not always appreciate this description of good offices.

The next stratum—for this is one of the cases in which we must look deep for the foundations of an airy fabric—is perhaps not unlikely to be the war of 1812, which broke the spell of England as “mistress of the seas,” and awakened her to the fact that Americans against Englishmen makes very different fighting from Frenchmen against Englishmen. So much of England’s arrogance is founded upon her past success in all matters dependant on physical force, that a blow in that quarter tells deeply. She would be better content that we should produce a new Shakspeare, though she would be very slow to acknowledge him. In the department of mind, she has not quite forgotten her ancient nobleness, for here it is her glorious ones that give tone to public sentiment. Military and naval defeats and disgraces are comprehensible by a quite different order of men, and serve to awaken the enmity of the unquestioning crowd who make up the mass of every nation.

As to further material, it is hard to say whether slavery or repudiation is oftenest thrown in the teeth of Americans who venture to have opinions upon any subject in England. And if these matters be considered in the abstract, this is right enough. Nobody could say too much in condemnation of either; and the American who goes abroad ignorant, or perverted, or indifferent on either point, deserves whatever mortification he may encounter, and should bless Englishmen, or anybody else, for showing him the true aspect of such things. But it is quite another affair to receive with submission the impertinence



of those who affect to treat slavery and repudiation as *American* sins ; putting on an air of immaculate, insphered dignity : looking down, as it were, from an unapproachable height of virtue, upon our incomprehensible transgressions ; wondering that we can look honest, pious people in the face, while we indulge our wicked propensities to oppression and fraud. As these subjects are always prominent in the English mind when Americans are present, it is quite natural that frequent allusion should be made to them ; and it is quite as natural that the foreigner who feels the insolence of the imputations and implications never omitted on such occasions, should, yielding the ground entirely as to abstract right, defend himself and his country from contemptuous insult, by reminding his assailants of some favorite national sins of their own—for in England such sins are national, while here they are often, as in the present case, only sectional ;—sins which in their practical results outrun all the miseries and wrongs of slavery, and all the dishonesty of repudiation so far, that nothing but wilful blindness could mistake their enormity.

The mere abolition of the legalized slave-trade, which it took Wilberforce and Clarkson and their associates twenty years to worry Great Britain into, is now the foundation of a self-glorification which throws ours out of the question ; and the purchase of her West India slaves—that miserable expedient which, leaving the slave still at the mercy of the master, while their interests are more at variance than ever, has so signally failed of producing the true benefits of a hearty abolition—this mere drop of ill-managed concession to the opinions of the day, is consid-

ered a counterbalance for all the grinding and desolating oppression allowed in India, where slavery is still encouraged, because it fills the pockets of impoverished nobles and needy soldiers, who might else prove troublesome at home.

These are truths which our natural and hereditary reverence and affection for England would induce us to forget, if we were not forced to snatch up weapons of defence against unprovoked and ungenerous attacks. To enter upon explanations and apologies with regard to the accusations brought against us were a hopeless task; for our good neighbors care only just enough about us to be sharp-sighted to our faults, not enough to take any pains to inform themselves as to our difficulties. It is easier to condemn than to examine.

Repudiation is but a minor item in the list of excuses for dislike; and if it could be visited upon those to whom it properly belongs, we should have nothing to say. But to insist on charging it upon the whole United States, is simply a piece of stolid ill-temper. The English are, to be sure, proverbially slow in the reception of foreign ideas, and doggedly set against the value of new ones; but they could easily, if they were desirous of doing justice, come at some notion of the nature of our confederacy, and our State independence; and so lay repudiation at its proper door, instead of pretending to consider it the bantling of republicanism. But they are peculiarly sensitive in the region of the pocket, and as they can only get three or four per cent. for money at home, it must doubtless have been a cruel disappointment to find that there was any uncertainty attending the reception of ten or twenty from

us. We ought to feel very patient under their anger about repudiation.

With regard to that particular sort of national dishonesty which systematically appropriates other men's property and means of living, because it happens to be of a kind easily stolen, I confess to an humbled silence under British oburgation. If anybody thinks that to write and publish a book, which others read, is not creating a property on which the author has a right to depend as a means of subsistence, I cannot agree with him; and I have never yet seen an argument on the subject which convinced me that it was less dishonest to steal a book than a pair of shoes. If an author has no right to live by his works, a clergyman can have no claim on account of his public teaching, or a legislator because he devotes his time to debate and the preparation for it. People who perform intellectual labor must form the single exception to the law which appoints that men shall enjoy that place in society to which their ability and industry entitle them. So absurd an idea I cannot advocate, even for the sake of defending the land I love against the angry taunts of our English neighbors. They are right in despising the moral coarseness which can think a wrong justified by the ease with which it can be perpetrated. They are quite right in feeling that the American people ought not to be willing to be amused and instructed without rendering some equivalent, merely because the creditor is so placed that he has no power to collect his dues. All that the American in England can say, when the sore subject is mentioned, is, that he hopes the day for such meanness is passing away. A higher general cultivation, and a nobler appreciation of

the blessings and claims of mind, will undoubtedly set us right on this subject. May the time be not far distant!

But besides these larger causes of dislike, and leaving out of the account youth, prosperity, fame, growth—we have a vast number of petty successes to answer for—rivalries in inventions, improvements, commerce, navigation—everything which contributes to the material greatness of nations. To England we seem to be rioting in all the insolence of youthful strength, while she is conscious within herself of the symptoms of decadence. The curiosity, the vivacity, the activity, the restlessness, the forwardness, the want of reverence for age, which characterizes a young people, is offensive to her dignity. It is as if an old lady, seated in her quiet drawing-room, surrounded by all the cherished mementos of her youth, and all the acquisitions of her rich prime, should suddenly suffer the irruption of a parcel of school-boys—her brother's children, from the country; whose relationship she could not deny, and to whose well-developed limbs and good-looking faces her heart would warm under other circumstances; yet whose untamed sprightliness and unconscious nonchalance fill her with alarm. One spies out the darns in her well-saved carpet; another begins twirling the music-stool, soon discovers that its screw is out of order, and offers to mend it for her; another strikes the old harpsichord, and bursts into a gay laugh at its jingling. There may be others, meanwhile, who are quietly admiring the works of art which adorn her walls and pedestals, and yet more who are disposed to sit at her footstool, listening to her lessons of practical wisdom and experience. But she wishes them all gone!

Their presence reminds her of the encroachments of a new generation ; their strength is a reproach to her weakness—their vivacity is oppressive to the quiet self-complacency in which she had enshrined herself. A visit from one of her ancient gossips—whom sympathy would prevent from disturbing her thoughts, and whose elegant decrepitude, being greater than her own, would bring with it a certain amount of consolation—would be far more agreeable. The promise of her stout nephews is acknowledged, perhaps, but the approbation is very cold and unfruitful ; especially if their father had imprudently connected himself, in early life, with “ a young person not fit for good society ”—which is the position our American freedom holds with regard to the liberty so much boasted of by the English. We have gone beyond the standard, and are wrong, of course. If we had contented ourselves with the exact measure and model of liberty enjoyed by our great mother, we might hope for her approbation. A step in advance is license, and vulgarizes us. Captain Hall, a pretty fair exponent of the leading sentiment of his country, said that Americans must forever lack “ the ennobling sentiment of *loyalty*.” He meant loyalty to a man or an idea ; he had no conception of loyalty to a principle, which is a far more ennobling sentiment.

The English feeling towards us is so natural, and so pardonable under the circumstances, that it is the silliest thing in the world to be vexed and made cross and spiteful by it. Personal experience of it is provoking, and I am far from advocating a tame submission in individual instances. But a national feeling of anger on such

grounds, is totally unjustifiable and unworthy. The nation treats us with all the respect we can desire. Governments are not so reckless as to indulge contempt for their equals. The dislike and pretended contempt of which I speak, is a wholly private and social matter. It is closely akin to the Chinese feeling with respect to "outer barbarians," heightened, as that is, by fear, and by the necessity for a certain amount of outward civility. There is this difference, however—that the English have, after all, a vast fund of good sense and good feeling—a fund that must, in the long run, suffice for all exigencies, though it is not always available, or ready for small occasions. For this reason we shall never cease to love and honor them; and for the same they will be ready, in due time, to love and honor us. We can surely afford, therefore, to be patient.

I began, a long while ago, with saying, that it was difficult for Americans in England to avoid comparisons. These begin as soon as we land, when the first thing that strikes us is the plain substantial air of everything. English pride forbids any outward display about a dwelling which is placed among common things, in the daily sight of an indifferent crowd. A country-house, shut in by miles of park from the vulgar eye, may have something fanciful about it; a city one must look as surly and commonplace as possible. French vanity is as far the other way; a flourish can hardly be out of place. We stand somewhere between the two. We are said to have more vanity than pride; but we are not without a leaven of the less amiable fault. It is the iron in our derived blood; but we love a little outward show in our dwell-

ings. If we cannot afford it in any more expensive form, we will have it in paint. The whitest of houses with the greenest of blinds are the most admired of all, here ; but it may be doubted whether an instance of the sort can be found in all England.

Speaking of substantials, I cannot avoid noticing the astounding horses that draw drays and huge wagons, in the streets of London, and wherever else great business is done. These animals, contrasted with those which perform the labor of our country, may almost serve as types of the English nation, as opposed to our greater celerity and lack of weight. They are more like elephants than horses, both in appearance and in pace ; for they are never seen going at any pace beyond a slow walk. Indeed, the mere labor of lifting their immense feet would seem to render a trot impracticable ; but on a walk they will draw castles. The loads thought proper for them—including the wagons, which are of a construction unknown among us for ponderosity of wood and iron—are enormous ; and the whole thing is almost sublime in its clumsiness.

The excellence of the pavements is another thing that must be continually present to Americans, at least to the people of New York, who are accustomed to pavements far inferior to those of Pompeii, laid two thousand years ago. The streets of the great cities in England are either paved with granite blocks, or Macadamized, so that one rolls for miles without a jolt or a tilt. Their cleanness is another feature very striking to us ; and it comes upon us with a certain surprise, from our notion that old streets must be dirty. Philadelphia is, perhaps, the only city in the

United States as clean as London. In spite of the raininess of the climate, and the immense traffic of this huge world of commerce, so excellent is the system, and so admirably ingenious the means employed, that it is only while it is absolutely raining that one finds it difficult to get about. The instant the weather will allow, the mud is not only scraped up, but carried away in huge carts, so constructed as to let nothing escape, not even water ; so that in a very short time the patent street sweeper is available, and no vestige of mud is left.

This patent sweeper is an invention which we long to take home with us. It does its work so rapidly, so effectually, and so cheaply, that our city governments could afford to have it made in silver, and yet save money by its adoption. I hope to see its smooth, clean tracks about our own homes before a great while, for there are few things more needed.

A contrast in the other direction is to be found in the railway carriages, which are so arranged as to make as striking and as disagreeable as possible the distinctions of fortune and class. It would seem in this, as in other instances in England, that there is purposely no provision for that class—a large one in every free country—who, although not abundant in worldly goods, are as refined in their tastes, and as sensitive in feeling, as the rich ; to whom dirt, and discomfort, and coarseness are as offensive as they can be to the hereditary ruler. There are three or four classes of railway carriages ; the first cushioned more than enough, with seats too roomy for Daniel Lambert, and great projecting ears of cushion, which may be very comfortable for night travel, but



which are decidedly offensive in the day-time, to those who adopt the old maxim—"Keep the feet warm, and the head cool." The second class carriage—the one in which almost everybody goes—is just about what would be prepared for negroes in our country, if it were the fashion to have "colored" cars as well as "colored" pews. It is a mean, dirty box, without cushion of any description, or anything but bare boards; and the most anxious exclusion of everything that could contribute to comfort. The price of travel in this intolerable conveyance is considerably higher than that of our elegant, velvet-cushioned carriages; and the first hundred miles on an English railroad shows the American that he need not come abroad to learn luxurious modes of travelling, or to find it cheapened by heightened skill and long experience. Even the superior speed on English railways is confined to a few routes, and the price is always in proportion.

The arrangements at the stations are better than ours, the traveller being completely protected from the annoyance of cabmen and porters, who are kept under the strictest police, and confined absolutely to the limits allotted to them. The invariable practice of having a light in every carriage in readiness for passing through tunnels, is also a great improvement upon our custom of allowing passengers to be shut up in total darkness, whatever be the length of the tunnel.

The lowest class cars are like cattle-pens, and one imbibes a painful idea of the condition of those who are obliged to submit to the use of such a mode of conveyance. A mother who will *stand*, with her infant in her arms, during a whole journey, for want of a seat, must

be destitute indeed ; and if it were not that the poor have kindness and consideration for each other, and will almost always volunteer help in such cases, I hardly know how the poor souls who are always to be found going from place to place seeking for work, or pursuing wandering husbands, could sustain the dreadful fatigue. Long may it be before we have any class who would put up with such accommodations.

The omnibus is one of the most characteristic things in England. The difference between an Englishman and an American is as striking in the tone of omnibus-riding as in the estimate of dignities, or the idea of a church establishment. The omnibus is a business convenience, therefore it must be furnished business fashion. The same dull prejudice which demands that a London counting house, or bank, or lawyer's office should be destitute of all the ordinary graces of human habitation—light, cleanliness and beauty—makes the omnibus which carries the man of business to this den-like laboratory equally dark, dirty, and devoid of all that can charm the eye into a momentary forgetfulness of its character. The office windows are never washed, the office carpet is never shaken, the office shelves are never dusted ; therefore, the carriage which owes its existence to the office must be as thoroughly uncomfortable as possible, or it would not be business-like. The man himself has made a somewhat careful toilet ; would be shocked at a speck on his coat, or an undrest look about the nails. His boots, huge, hoof-like appendages as they are, are fossilized with constant blacking ; his gloves, generally of cotton, evidently go through the wash as regularly as his linen. His hat, in particu-

lar, has a prim, perked up, and dainty air, as if its angularity had never been disturbed by anything ruder than the touch of finger tips. Yet all this neatness gets into a dirty omnibus, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. No wonder that its owner dresses for dinner! He need not pride himself upon what is inevitable.

A London omnibus is a clumsy, low-browed, narrow, uncomfortable carriage, "licensed to carry twenty-one passengers," generally distributed thirteen inside and eight out. The practice of carrying people on the top, makes it necessary to place the roof so low that it is only with humiliation that a person of ordinary height can make his way from the door to the further seat—invariably the last to be filled. If the seats were of the ordinary height, a tall man could not sit upright with his hat on, so that they are most awkwardly low. Their distribution, too, is ingeniously inconvenient, there being one across the front, into which three persons must crowd, with their backs to the horses, the side seats forbidding the least movement of two of them after once the jamming process is completed. The cushions are wretched, the windows are next to nothing, and a quantity of dirty straw is the carpet.

This delectable machine has no door for shutting, no strap for stopping, no mode of communicating with the driver; but on the back step hangs a conductor, who is the factotum of the establishment. A lady sitting in the further end of the carriage, must remember to commence operations in advance, as she approaches her stopping place. She must pass the word down the whole line, until some gentleman who has a cane or an umbrella, pokes

or hooks the conductor, and makes him understand that some one desires that the caravan should come to a halt. The conductor shouts to the driver; the lady exerts all her strength to extricate herself out of the nook in which she has been riding backwards; painfully drags her limbs through a space not wide enough for any one except the Living Skeleton to pass easily, and when she gets to the aperture through which she has been all along contemplating the light of day somewhat in the fashion of Sinbad, when he travelled through the long cave with the old man of the Sea on his back, she has to stop and pay the conductor, who then civilly enough hands her down into the mud, if there be any mud, for the omnibus never swerves for the sake of setting any one down near the sidewalk, and there are no crosswalks. It is easy to imagine how comfortable this is in rainy weather.

It is singular enough that flagged crossings are almost unknown in London. The goodness of the pavements might seem to render this excusable, but practically it makes little difference. A proper crossing, being a little raised above the level of the road, is of course, drier and cleaner than the best paved level can be in wet weather. Crossings are needed if only for the convenience of those who use the omnibus, since the throng seems to forbid that lumbering conveyance from being brought up to the curbstone, when a passenger would alight.\*

\* This inconvenient rule, however, does not always find excuse in the necessity of the case. I had once occasion to be set down in Bow, a suburb of London, where the road was excessively muddy; and the conductor refused, with great rudeness of manner, to turn the coach towards the side walk. I remonstrated, but to no avail; and I then observed to him that

The conductor is usually a civil person, sometimes very rough-mannered and correspondingly drest, in a kind of bangup style, but sometimes polite and well drest. Douglas Jerrold says that London policemen and omnibus conductors are often unsuccessful young men from the better ranks of life, even medical and other students, who find themselves in danger of starving through excessive competition, prefer these modes of life to the only alternative, mechanical or rural labor. These conductors will do any little errand for you while the coach is detained by the crowd or pausing for any purpose. They will even run a little way down a side street and deliver a note, for a consideration; or you may get them to procure change for a sovereign at a shop, while the omnibus jogs on at its own natural London pace, amid the press of wheels. A still greater convenience, considering the immense distances of London, is that of being able to send parcels or notes from your own door by the conductor, to any place within his route, and at a fixed price. I sent in this way an order for a watch which had been left to mend, and received it in safety two or three hours after—from a distance of three or four miles or so.

But there is another regulation quite vexatious enough to counterbalance this useful one. Every omnibus whose route passes near the great centre of business—the Bank, the Exchange, the Mansion House, etc.,—must come to a

In America, such incivility would cause his coach to be avoided by every one. "O! I dessay!" said he, with the most insolent air; "I dessay—but 'ere, ye see, we're quite hindependent! We doesn't care whether you rides or lets it alone."

full stop at some specified stand, and *wait fifteen minutes*, whatever be the haste of all the passengers inside and out. A more intolerable waste of time and patience can hardly be imagined. How long would such an arrangement be tolerated in New York, on any ground ?

It may be thought, and it is sometimes said, that ladies, and people of refined habits, do not use the omnibusses, and that all the regulations are devised for the merest business accommodation of the masses. But this is not true. The ladies of the nobility do not ride in the public coaches, but ladies quite as well bred do ; and gentlemen of all ranks. There is a sort of pride about it, to be sure, as there is even in our own country, where the carriage is clean, comfortable, and well regulated in all respects. Ladies will use the omnibus from necessity, yet with a silly false shame, alighting only at particular points, where they are not likely to be observed, etc. There are shabby-genteel people everywhere ; but in London, as with us, ladies of the first respectability do ride in omnibusses, and the difference is that in America, the omnibus is made fit for women to ride in, while in London the convenience is entirely uncared for. I have seen ladies in full dinner dress, in a London omnibus, amid all the dirt ; brilliant satins that in our country would be thought to demand the privacy of a cab, at least.

No doubt there are many women in London below the rank of nobility who, though without carriages of their own, would not on any consideration use an omnibus ; but there is a far larger class who are obliged to avail

themselves of the public conveyance, disagreeable as it is. More than half the inside passengers are invariably women, and half of these, women of genteel appearance and good manners.

This word manners suggests to me another reason why a London omnibus is less tolerable than a New York one. The English seem heartily to have adopted Miss Martineau's maxim that a woman has no right to expect or accept any attention or advantage on account of her sex. For my own part I have never been able to reconcile this doctrine of Miss Martineau's with the fact that nature has endowed every creature with some peculiar means of self-defence. If you deprive women of their weakness, I see not where their strength or protection is to be found. But the Englishman's motto is every man (and woman, too,) for himself; and he generally acts upon this in the omnibus. Of course there are exceptions; and I was much amused to see a tall private soldier, in his coarse red coat and cotton swabs, jump out of an omnibus every time a lady prepared to alight, that he might hand her out. A coarse man who was with him was disposed to sneer a little, upon which our tall friend observed, "Oh, I like to be civil to the ladies." I concluded he must have served abroad.

But an Englishman in an omnibus generally seems unconscious of any lady's presence, or rather his laborious effort to ignore, betrays the most intense consciousness. But he flatters himself that he appears to notice nobody. He looks either straight before him with a complete abstraction and emptiness of gaze, or down at his gloves, as if he were accustomed to count with the aid of his fingers.

He plants himself so as to occupy every inch of seat and floor to which he is entitled, and by mere *vis inertiae* maintains his place good against all challengers. On one side of him may be a crush of humanity, while on the other there is yet a modicum of available space; he budges not, nor appears to observe that the lady next him is sitting on the very edge-cord of the seat, and supporting her weight on her feet, for miles. I have looked at this sort of man and speculated within myself whether he was really a type of the national cast of character. Certain English writers say yes, and they call the disposition which I have indicated, brutality; but this severity is the duty of compatriots only.

The small steamers on the Thames exhibit the same scorn of the beautiful, the same disregard of the comfort of passengers, and for the same reason—they are not intended for the service of the higher classes. This is one of the most disagreeable manifestations of the aristocratic principle. Everything in England tends to make wealth seem the supreme good, for even birth, if it lack money, is despised. The tendency in our country to a monied aristocracy is sometimes satirized, sometimes lamented; the English represent it as the hopelessly vulgar result of democratic institutions. But let the American who views it as a national folly, and who is led sometimes to fear that the English view of it is true, console himself by observing that in England, under the mildest, and most tolerable and most advantageous form of monarchical and aristocratic rule, the very same evil is most obvious. Money rules the English soul with even more blinding power than the American. We manage to get up a



little illusion about it ; we *can* see the man through his threadbare coat ; in England, poverty, or scanty means, if confessed or even suspected, is simply contemptible. There is practically but one single division in English society—the rich and the poor, and this division is monstrous. I could not help observing it, especially in these public conveyances not intended for the wealthy. The extreme coarseness they display is most striking to the visitor from the United States, who has been accustomed to see plain farmers and mechanics entirely at home amid the utmost splendor and delicacy of furniture, in steamers and railway carriages, as capable of using such things as Prince Albert himself. In England he would find himself condemned to bare boards, slovenly surroundings, and a general discomfort which is positively insulting, when we contrast it with the provision made for the hereditary lords of the soil.

The effect of this kind of distinction upon manners is most obvious. Nobody ever saw an approach to cheerfulness, good humor, or a frank and friendly demeanor among English people in a public conveyance. Look at the deck of a Thames steamer, with a narrow bench to sit upon, out of doors, without awning to protect the head from the sun, or cabin to retire to in case of rain. See the demeanor and general expression of that crowd. It is surly, discontented, all but aggressive. Let a stranger ask a civil question of any man there ; he will not probably receive an uncivil answer, but the reply will be in the fewest possible words, and there will be most careful guard against the least betrayal of sympathy or interest. This must not be considered exactly *national*, for

according to my experience a similar application of a stranger to a member of the higher classes is invariably met with the ready politeness and generous interest, which one well-bred person has a right to expect of another. I recollect an instance which went even farther. We were standing in the lobby of the House of Lords, waiting for the appearance of an official, when one of the gentlemen who were conversing in different parts of the hall came to us, and with the unmistakable air of high-breeding said, "You seem to be strangers; can I do anything for you?" I fear this could hardly have occurred in the lobby of our Senate chamber.

But the rudeness and unpleasant manners of the classes below the decidedly refined, in public conveyances, always seemed to me to be chargeable, at least in part, to the utter and irritating coarseness of all about them. No human creature endowed with the faculty of taste can be in contact with studious ugliness and unnecessary discomfort, without a feeling of repugnance, which, whether detected or not, will affect his humor for the time at least. And to live always in the presence of obtrusive and mortifying contrast between rich and poor, is apology enough for the Englishman, who, though no philosopher, has yet an indomitable self-respect, and who cannot, while he has Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, be convinced that he is properly excluded from so much that beautifies life and refines human nature. If I should undertake the civilizing of the lower English, and the intenerating of the coarse and hard class immediately above this lower, and the sweetening of the manners of an immense class one degree above these last, I know not but I should

take in hand first the public conveyances. I should certainly hope much from the substitution of beauty, comfort, and neatness, for the present disregard of all these.

Private carriages in England have reached a wonderful perfection in beauty and commodiousness. It is a pleasure to stand in Hyde Park and see them pass, almost infinite in variety, yet all so excellent. Of course in this as in all other cases, unity, simplicity, and modesty, are most attractive. The beauty of an equipage is lessened almost exactly in proportion to its showiness and its complexity of ornament. The true English carriage is rather strikingly plain, but of a finish which fascinates the eye at once. The state carriage is of a hideous magnificence. The Lord Mayor's coach approaches nearer to those gilded cars in which the menagerie people send round their musicians through the streets to attract attention, than anything else I know of, and the royal state carriages are not much better. But these must be set aside in speaking of English taste in equipage. On the occasion of a court drawing room, one sees plenty of great, high-hung, lumbering affairs, heavy with gilt plate, and gaudy with armorial decorations; coachman and footmen of gilt gingerbread, corresponding admirably. But walk through Picadilly, or go to a horticultural fête at Chiswick or the Botanic gardens, or stand, as I have said, in Hyde Park between four o'clock and six, and you will acknowledge that the true English equipage is unsurpassed in all the qualities and appointments that go to make a coach one of the most desirable achievements of wealth.

The ordinary cab, again, is almost as forlorn and un-

comfortable as the omnibus, for it is used by people who do not possess the English claim to luxurious accompaniments. After a pretty large experience of the London cab, I can truly say there are few worse things. The seat will either be so high that your feet dangle, anxious in vain to find the distant floor, or so low that one plumps down as into a nursery chair. The cushion will be either entirely eviscerated or stuffed with seeming bullets. The windows will either never come up or never go down, and the coachman is usually a compound of sharper and bully. If one would acquire benevolent views of human nature, he must eschew the common London cab, with its "V. R., No. 3218," or a higher number. I used to wonder that the Queen did not feel shamed by these shabby carriages of hers. The Londoner is a great walker, and no wonder.

The mention of these different conveyances brings to mind those provided for the last journey. A London funeral is a curious sight for an American. Not only is the hearse surmounted by six or eight towering plumes of black feathers, but the "mourning coaches," black as night—pannels, wheels, coachman, horses, and all—are decorated after the same prodigious fashion, so that the whole procession, seen from a little distance, nods like a company of mandarins. These coaches are well named "mourning coaches," for they do the mourning, on such occasions, generally going quite empty, in solemn mockery of woe. The announcement very common in London, "Funerals performed," is a truly appropriate one. Among the actors are two people called mutes, who, in solemn trappings, and bearing each what seems a broom

with a cloth tied over it, stand on either side the front door of the deceased, and when the procession moves, precede it.

The ignoble have gone so far in the "performance" of funeral exhibitions, the nobility have devised a cunning way to be *distingué* in this matter. They invariably bury early in the morning, and in the most private manner; huddling off the body to the family vault, by railway or steamer, as if it were a bale of goods. Lord George Bentinck, Lord Ashburton, and several other distinguished persons, died while I was in London, but no one knew when or where they were interred. Lord George died in the country, but his body was brought to London, and buried privately. In such cases the hatchment—a sort of funeral-armorial picture, of a diamond or lozenge shape—is placed on the outside of the house, and left there for some months, or I believe a year, to keep the deceased and his dignities in mind.

A proposed novelty in the acting of funerals, is "Shillibeer's Patent Family Hearse, arranged for carrying corpse and six mourners." Whether this will be generally adopted may be doubted. Such an improvement might injure the mourning-coach business.

After all, it makes very little difference what particular forms are preferred for stately funerals, especially in cities. I think the English nobility have chosen the wiser part, in making the last ceremony strictly a family affair. There are too many opposing and contradictory influences in the streets of a great city, to allow of any sentiment about the procession, so it becomes merely a matter of form.

The English understand the arts of domestic comfort better than we do; at least their domestic habits are more rational and home-like. The fashion of sitting all the morning in bed-rooms, basements, or other out-of-the-way places, is unknown among people in tolerable circumstances. It is not thought unladylike to pursue one's ordinary occupations in the breakfast-parlor or library, where company is received; and the pleasure of visiting is much enhanced by the certainty of finding the ladies of the house, if they are at home, quietly seated in a comfortable room, with sewing, books, drawing, music, or whatever else makes a parlor look domestic and cosy. The chill which ensues when one is shown into an empty drawing-room, piled with unmeaning splendors, and shining in unused and unusable neatness, is never felt in England. Mrs. Sigourney would never have written her pretty "lines to a shred of linen" there, for the shred would have shocked nobody.

The English have more the air of *living every day*, than most Americans. There is less of a put-on look—less formality—more conversation—more knowledge of ordinary things—more available accomplishments among well-bred people—far less of occasional show, and mere uninteresting display of clothes and furniture. Their taste in dress is, to our Paris-bred notions, odious enough. Half a dozen ladies brought together for a dinner-party will flaunt in every gaudy hue that the sun ever shone upon; and the flowers and stripes on their skirts will be in landscape-gardening proportions of size and distance, rather than like the diminutive parterre which alone we think it advisable for the fair to carry about with them. They

dress their hair most extravagantly, too; with great sweeps of dishevelled curls, or heavy bands that shade not only cheeks but chin. In jewelry, again, they affect heavy and ill-fancied things; valuable, but not ornamental as portions of costume. But the intelligence and good-breeding which one finds under this rather ungraceful exterior—the gentle and self-governed manner—the kind tone—the well-informed mind, and quiet self-possession without assurance, easily make us forget anything merely external. An exquisitely dressed doll, intent upon her own appearance, ignorant alike of the requisitions of good breeding and of all rational ground of talk, would hardly be preferred, even by those of our citizens who make it their grand ambition that their children shall “speak nothing but French from the cradle,” without the smallest solicitude as to *what* they shall say, in that language or any other.

For all the solid uses of life, and the comfort of its weary hours; for friendship—for spirit—for sincerity and earnestness, English women have no superiors; and if we must go abroad for models, I fervently hope it may be to London, rather than to Paris.

But to return to the subject of comfort: though English houses are its home, I cannot say as much for English churches. The churches of the Establishment, however dignified in architecture, are generally most shabby and dingy within; and the dissenting chapels, with the exception of a few new ones, are no better. It would seem to be a point of conscience, in England, to make places of worship as disagreeable as possible, perhaps with the idea that luxurious ease is more favorable

to sleep than to devotion. But it would take a good while to teach Americans this philosophy. A church without carpets, without stoves for cold weather, and with high, uncomfortable seats, and pews so high-backed that one can but just look over the top, would not be much thronged in New York or Philadelphia. Nor would the necessity of waiting in the aisle until all pew-holders had arrived and seated themselves, before we could be shown to a pew, be very popular among us. Then again, the great cathedrals, a world too wide for their shrunk ranks, are fitted for the uses of public worship by a sort of pen, within which are seats for those who come in time, while to be a few minutes too late obliges you to stand on the outside of a locked rail, guarded by an important functionary in a purple or black tagged robe, whom, from the solemnity of his countenance, and his awful frown of authority, it would be easy to mistake for the dean, were it not that, in spite of his robe of office, he has usually very little of the gentleman about him. The general manner of the officials in the cathedrals and other churches visited by strangers in England, is offensive—even insolent. These people seem the exponents of the proverbial surliness of the nation; for we meet often with very gratifying civility in other, and especially in higher quarters.

But if the churches are uncomfortable, what shall we say of the preaching generally heard in them? It certainly would command very little attention in the United States, when an indifferent, drawling, monotonous manner is sure either to drive away hearers, or to put them to sleep. And I cannot but suspect the ordinary English



taste to be very much like our own, for nothing can be more expressive of want of interest than the general thinness of their congregations. A few "fashionable" preachers draw crowds, but most of the churches are scarcely half filled. The bishop of London has lately been building twelve new ones, named after the twelve apostles; but the old ones in their vicinity would have held all who are disposed to attend. A few preachers who were able to arouse the attention of the people, and make the service interesting to them, would be much more likely to answer the proposed end. Churches would grow, of themselves, in that case. \* \* \* \*

Home again by a British steamer—admirable for speed, but unpleasant enough in some respects, particularly in prescribing the form of worship to be used by the passengers, let their faith be what it may—an impertinence which ought to be steadfastly resisted by all Americans, for it is only one form of manifestation of a certain insolence which one feels to be the tone on board these ships. A stronger contrast than that which is observable between the behavior of the captain of the steamer and that of an American captain, can hardly be conceived; and I am assured that this is no solitary instance.

The servants were very civil and well-behaved, and all that was "in the bond" was furnished liberally enough; yet so literally, spite of the immense price paid, that if a lady who had been for some time too ill to eat wished half a glass of wine in her gruel, it was charged as "liquors," which are not included in the thirty-five guineas passage money. The ship was generally kept in pretty good order, though by no means remarkably clean; but one piece of

intolerable neglect of the respect due to the passengers struck me too disagreeably to allow me to pass it in silence. The brass-work,—such as hand-rails, etc.,—of which there is a large amount about the steamer—was never cleaned after we left Liverpool, and became covered with verdigris from the salt spray. This was bad enough; but when we were entering Boston harbor, and the vessel was to be put in order for exhibition to a new set of people, a boy was sent round to cover all this brass-work with grease, preparatory to cleaning it; and this grease, which, mixed with the verdigris, became a strong green paint, was left on all the hand-rails by which the passengers had to go up and down the stairs and about the decks. The consequence was that in the excitement of arriving and of welcoming friends, etc., numbers of people had their gloves and dresses ruined, while those in authority stood coolly looking on, turning a deaf ear to all the complaints and lamentations which naturally arose under such circumstances. My only comfort under the spoiling of a dress, was that no American captain would have allowed such a breach of all civility and even decency. Our captain wore throughout a look of studied unconcern, and appeared as much like a passenger as possible.

The list of passengers comprised many social, pleasant people; and our meals were enlivened, spite of occasional misgivings when the vessel rolled a little, with much good-humored and spirited chat. We had head winds and a heavy head sea all the way; so that the deck was nearly useless for ladies; but after the first few days of suffering were over, we managed to be tolerably comforta-

ble in the cabin. Still, I shall always, in thinking of crossing the ocean, give the preference, in every particular but that of speed, to an American packet-ship of the first class, commanded by an American captain, over a British steamer with her accompaniments. I trust we shall before long have steamers of our own which will give us all we want of such a conveyance;—all the physical advantages of speed and safety, with the addition of others, such as we find nowhere so certainly as among our own countrymen.

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